e Saturday Evening Post · March 26, 1966 · 35c

POST

25

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The season ahead

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the colorfast shampoo — won't change hair color

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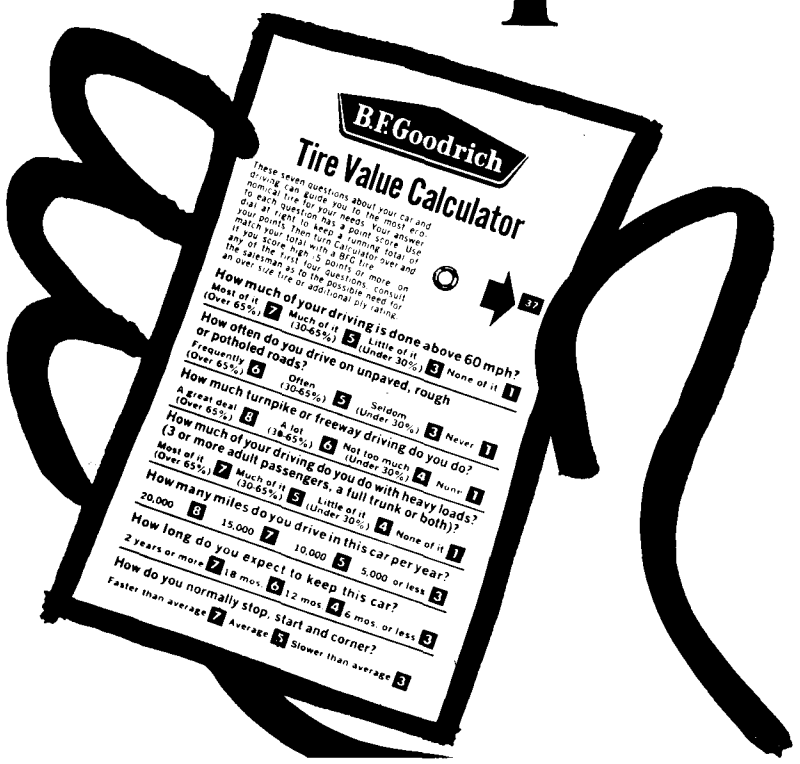
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37
How much of your driving is done above 60 mph?
Most of it (Over 65%) 7 Much of it (30-65%) 5 Little of it (Under 30%) 3 None of it 1
How often do you drive on unpaved, rough or potholed roads?
Frequently (Over 65%) 6 Often (30-65%) 5 Seldom (Under 30%) 3 Never 1
How much turnpike or freeway driving do you do?
A great deal (Over 65%) 8 A lot (30-65%) 6 Not too much (Under 30%) 4 None 1
How much of your driving do you do with heavy loads? (3 or more adult passengers, a full trunk or both)?
Most of it (Over 65%) 7 Much of it (30-65%) 5 Little of it (Under 30%) 4 None of it 1
How many miles do you drive in this car per year?
20,000 8 15,000 7 10,000 5 5,000 or less 3
How long do you expect to keep this car?
2 years or more 7 18 mos. 6 12 mos. 4 6 mos. or less 3
How do you normally stop, start and corner?
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The straight-talk tire people. B.F.Goodrich

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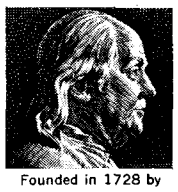
The Saturday Evening
POST



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About this issue

Robert Sherrod

The article on the situation in the Kremlin is ROBERT SHERROD's first story for *The Post* in nearly a year and a half. Now editorial coordinator of The Curtis Publishing Co., he has reported from many foreign capitals during his three decades in journalism and has had exclusive interviews with such world leaders as Nehru, Nasser, Tito, Pearson, and Presidents Roosevelt and Truman. . . . Although he knew little about astrology before tackling his assignment for *The Post*, RICHARD ARMSTRONG soon became so adept at casting horoscopes that he has been doing it for his friends. . . . WILLIAM PRICE FOX, author of a collection of short stories, *Southern Fried*, grew up in the South Carolina moonshine country. His new book, *Moonshine Light, Moonshine Bright*, will be published by J. B. Lippincott Co. next fall. . . . BILL DAVIDSON is author of *The Crickets All Look Alike*, in which he describes a city family's (his) adventures in moving to rural Connecticut. *The New York Times* calls the book "hilarious."/Cover design by NAIAD EINSEL; photo by LARRY FRIED.

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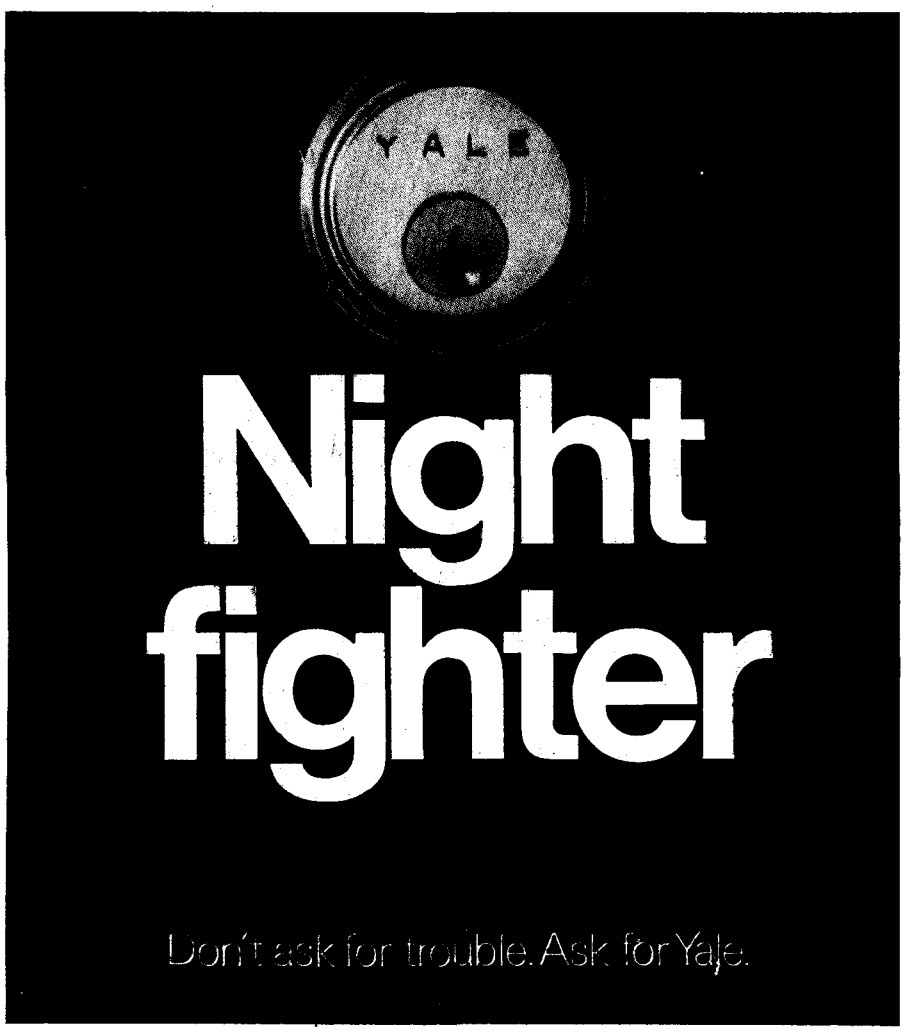


Letters

Country music

Dear Sirs:

I am a former country and western singer myself, and I enjoyed immensely Charles Portis's report on these hard-working performers who enjoy every minute of their work, whether their pay is large or small (mostly large). This article [THAT NEW SOUND FROM NASHVILLE, Feb. 12] brought back memories, mostly happy ones, to lots of us.

SHELVA J. GUISINGER
(ex-Jimmy Walker Chuck-Wagon member)
New Lexington, Ohio

Dear Sir:

Charles Portis, for the most part, handled the story presentation very well, because he dared use some raw details which we in the business shy away from. Unlike Hollywood stars, country music people wish to be clothed to the public in sweetness and light. However, Mr. Portis never mentioned the thousands who come here and never make it. You have to be here quite a long while to really understand Nashville, and the visiting writer doesn't have a chance.

RUTH M. CHARON
Associate Editor, Country Music Life
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Your article should have been written by someone who was not so obviously looking down his long nose. Namely me.

BOBBY WOOTEN
Program Director, Radio KAYO
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed reading the article. For many years I have been an ardent fan of commercial country music. Roger Miller is not only "King of the Road," but the impetus behind this current big boom in country music.

PATSY MARTIN
Rockaway, N.J.

Sirs:

That such obnoxious, puerile idiocy as "country music" can gain national prominence with uncounted devotees and practitioners is another proof that Hemingway was correct in saying we are living in an era of mediocrity.

CHARLES M. EATMON JR.
Asheville, N.C.

Dear Sir:

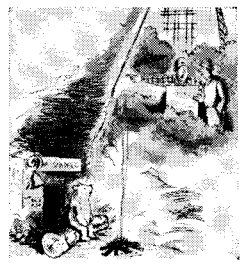
"Citybilly" is a good name for the homogenized pop-country music to which most of the article is dedicated. Portis never clearly describes traditional country music. It still flourishes today, not on pop charts or in cash registers, but in people's hearts.

There are still genuine country artists, *sans* spangles (Monroe, Flatt & Scruggs, Almeda Riddle, Doc Watson, Hedy West, for example) and genuine country writers like Bruce Phillips (*Rock Salt and Nails, Starlight on the Rails*). Portis never gets off the neon highway into the green fields of a beautiful music interwoven with America's history.

PAUL SWENSON
Salt Lake City, Utah

The A. S. P. C. P.

Dear Sirs:



"First of all, this tree comes down."

You horrible sick old men! You should be ashamed of yourselves for printing that "cartoon" showing beloved Winnie-the-Pooh in such a situation [POST SCRIPTS, Feb. 12]. Everyone who knows Pooh (and everyone who knows him, loves him) must have reacted as I did at the sight of poor Pooh's plight. You can ridicule apple pie, baseball and motherhood, but not Pooh.

LESLIE FORESTER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Pity and irony here, no ridicule.—Ed.

State Government

Dear Sir:

THE OCTOPUS IN THE STATE HOUSE, by Trevor Armbrister [Feb. 12], will have served a great public need if it is responsible for starting a national forum on the need for revitalizing state government. If something is not done soon, the abdication of state powers to the Federal Government will be inevitable and complete.

ROBERT SIDMAN, *Executive Director*
A Modern Constitution for Pennsylvania, Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I am retired after 49 years of teaching civics. I have a complete file of the state constitutions and have read them all. I had a text published on the government of Illinois some 25 years ago.

Your article THE OCTOPUS IN THE STATE HOUSE is the best I have ever read.

M. E. STEVENSON
Aurora, Ill.

Dear Sir:

In fairness to the 1965 Tennessee legislature, whose negative accomplishments are catalogued in the article, it should be added that this legislature also enacted sweeping changes in our state's mental health laws, completely updating them. We are very proud of our legislators for giving Tennessee some of the best mental health laws in the 50 States.

SANDFORD F. BRANDT
Tennessee Mental Health Association
Norris, Tenn.

Dear Sir:

Seldom have I been so distressed and nauseated as by Trevor Armbrister's villainous attack on state governments. Out of 30 years' experience as a state senator and parliamentarian, I brand most of the article as false and unfair as a fiend could devise.

With the same voters choosing the leadership on both state and national levels, the state government could hardly be so corrupt and the federal so saintly.

ALBERT E. FERRIS
Milton, Ind.

Dear Sir:

Hearty congratulations on your article. It struck me as fair, factual and most illuminating.

REP. DAVID L. GRAHAM
Maine House of Representatives
Freeport, Maine

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Now . . . Build a Library of America's Most Popular Songs

The American Music Makers Program brings you the best music of such American songwriters as Richard Rodgers . . . George Gershwin . . . Frank Loesser . . . Irving Berlin . . . Jerome Kern . . . in every-other month releases. Each selection is a two-record Treasury of The greatest American Popular Songs performed by the virtuoso Longines Symphonette and the famed Singing Choraliers. Brand new arrangements, fresh recordings, new performances matched into a complete set. It's just like building a library of the best, most nostalgic music ever to be written!

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All 25 of these memorable Cole Porter songs and melodies are yours to keep FREE!

Another Opening, Another Show	It Was Written In The Stars	All Of You
It's All Right With Me	Paris Loves Lovers	Do I Love You
C'est Magnifique	From Now On	My Heart Belongs To Daddy
Can Can	Easy To Love	You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To
Get Out Of Town	Rosalie	In The Still Of The Night
I Love You	Friendship	It's Delovely
Come Along With Me	Be A Clown	I Concentrate On You
True Love	Ridin' High	
Wunderbar	Everything I Love	

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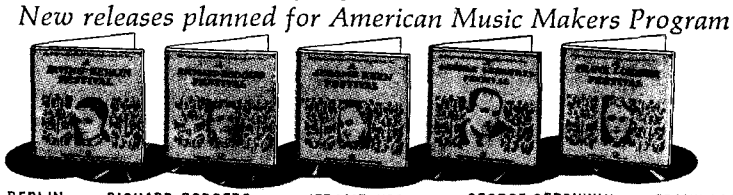

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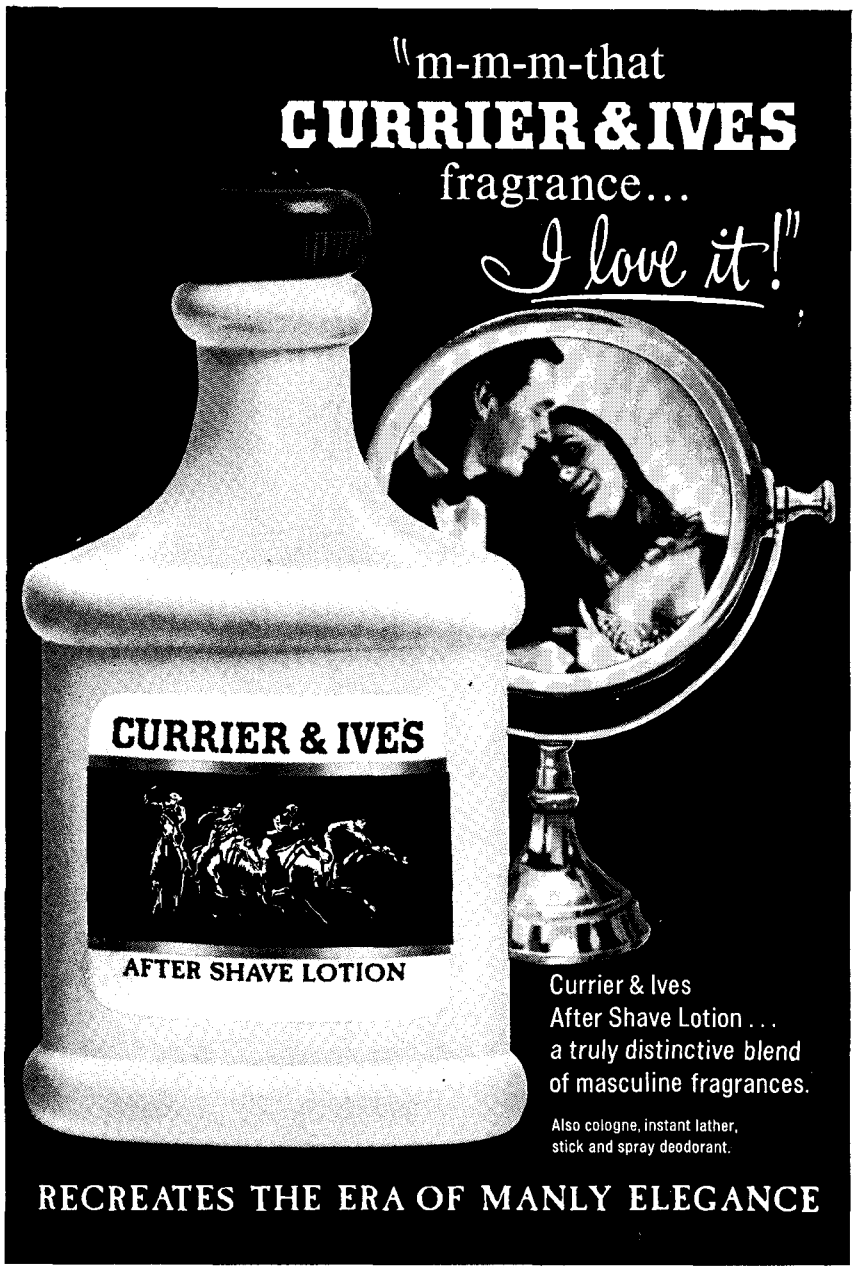

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Letters

Dear Editor:

Your recent article on state government contained many truths. Unfortunately, it was cast in a mold of ridicule hardly worthy of your fine tradition. I am one of the "characters" the story pans. Yet I take my legislative duties quite seriously. As a matter of fact, I knocked on over 6,000 doors just to get elected. You might have treated more fairly those of us who are trying to legislate responsibly.

SEN. RICHARD F. PROUD
Nebraska State Legislature
Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Sir:

As a recently retired Miami newspaperman who covered 18 years of the shenanigans of our legislature, I would like to comment on Trevor Armbrister's excellent article. Most of the examples cited from Florida are embarrassingly true. One reported incident of seeming daffiness, however, should be amplified. Our legislature did, as reported, "pass in effect, a law making it illegal for a monkey to drive an automobile." But this came just after one of our enterprising animal trainers had schooled a chimpanzee to drive a sports car—and a picture of this simian feat had been widely publicized.

Our solons have so few alibis for their other dunderheadedness, let's give them a break on this one.

STEVE TRUMBULL
Miami, Fla.

Draft-card burners

Sir:

Congratulations to Richard Rubenstein for SPEAKING OUT [WE'RE UNFAIR TO DRAFT-CARD BURNERS, Feb. 12]. When there is an "unjust" war such as Vietnam, there should be an alternative "just" occupational war for those who find combat a moral strain.

BRUCE L. TWEEDY
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sir:

Nowhere in Mr. Rubenstein's article did I notice the words "patriotism" or "patriotic." It would seem to me that any young man who lacks that fervent "My country, right or wrong" emotion of patriotism when our great and bountiful country is at war, has had an important chapter omitted from his education.

PAUL HUNTON, *3rd Dist. Cmdr.*
Disabled American Veterans,
Dept. of Kansas
Salina, Kans.

Dear Sir:

Many thanks for publishing Richard Rubenstein's logical solution to the growing problem of freedom of conscience within the state. Are we not fighting in Asia against state domination of the individual? And did we learn nothing from the Nuremberg trials?

BETTY NEILSON
Latrobe, Pa.

Parson Sims

Dear Sir:

Ogden Nash has brought the gift of laughter to experiments in worship with his "Parson Sims" [Feb. 12]. It's a pleasure to answer an old friend in kind:

To the whims of old Sims drink a toast,
They're amusing and harmless to most.
But if you're perplexed
About what's coming next,
Just read Ogden Nash in The Post.

BENNETT J. SIMS, *Rector*
Christ Church
Corning, N.Y.

Sir:

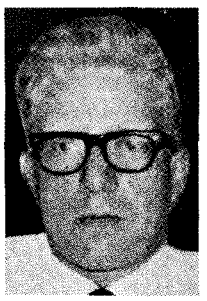
There was an old poet named Nash
Who could jot off a verse in a flash.
His poems, so funny,
Sure brought in the money
And mostly were written for cash.

And I hope his delightful work will continue for a long, long time.

(REV.) R. C. THOMPSON
Mishawaka, Ind.

Impostor arrested

Dear Sir:



Martin Sven Joffe

You may be interested to know that as a consequence of a recent *Saturday Evening Post* article, a medical impostor has been exposed for the second time.

The article, YOUR DOCTOR AND THE A.M.A. [by John Bird, Jan. 1], discussing the work of the American Medical Association's Department of Investigation, mentioned "a young man named Martin Sven Joffe, who some months ago used forged credentials to pass himself off to a Denver hospital as a Swedish-trained M.D." Joffe, the article continued, had been unmasked and dismissed.

He was exposed again when a New York official of an Israeli bureau read the *Post* article, recognized from the description of Joffe ["virtually an albino, with pale pink skin and near-white hair"] a man who had relocated to Israel as a physician, and checked his record with the A.M.A. Department of Investigation. An American couple also identified Joffe as the man who had been their neighbor studying Hebrew in Natanya, Israel.

Israeli officials were notified. Joffe had finished his crash program in Hebrew and was ready to begin work as a general practitioner when he was arrested. According to the *Jerusalem Post Weekly*, Joffe was sentenced to three months in jail on a plea of guilty to a charge of posing as a physician. He was ordered deported on completion of the jail sentence.

F. J. L. BLASINGAME, M.D.
Executive Vice President
American Medical Association
Chicago, Ill.

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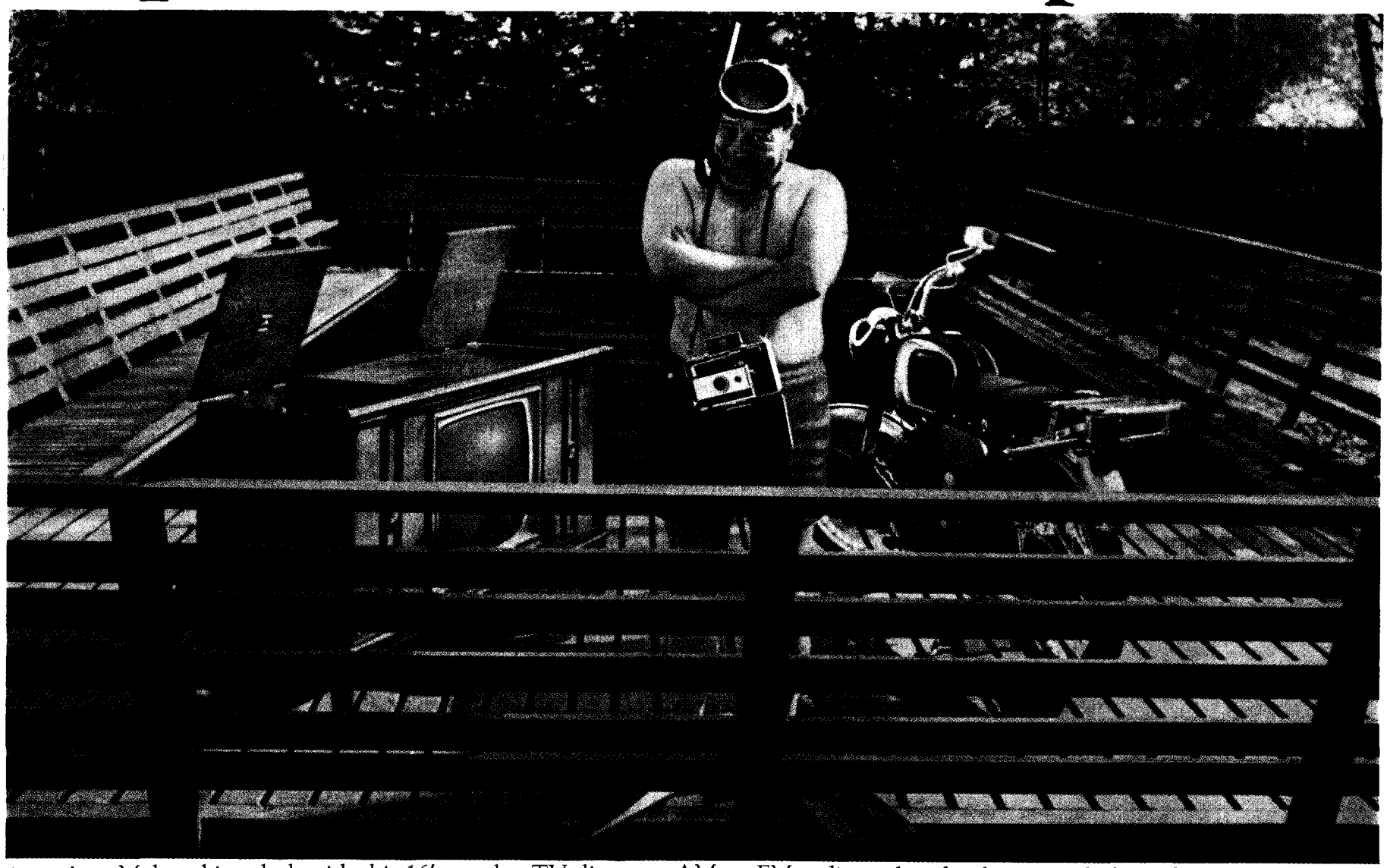

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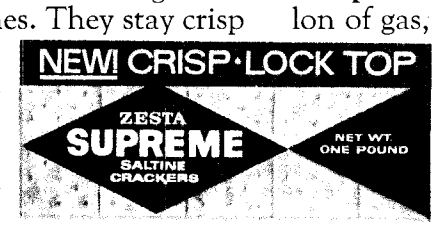

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Speaking Out

WE MUST COLONIZE VIETNAM

BY JIM MORRIS

The author, 28, served five years in the Army, with two tours—eight months—as a captain in the Green Berets in Vietnam, where he was wounded three times in action against the Viet Cong. He left the Army last June and now lives in Oklahoma City.

Day after day I hear our military's reports about how many Viet Cong have been killed, and it dismays me that so few Americans realize killing alone does no real good. Day after day I hear of the legislators and diplomats squabbling over Vietnam policy, and I wonder if they are talking about the same country where I served with the Special Forces—the Green Berets. Our men are most efficient in killing, but we can kill every North Vietnamese and Viet Cong soldier in South Vietnam, and still lose the war. Our military and government leaders meanwhile ignore a basic fact. Escalation is not the answer. South Vietnam is a country whose government is totally dependent on us. But its leaders are running the place corruptly and stupidly. We must force them to reform or else forfeit the hope for a real victory.

The two most stable democracies in Asia—Japan and the Philippines—were created within forms molded by the American military. But the billions of dollars we pour into Vietnam go to a regime whose principal characteristics are inefficiency and corruption. None of this will change of its own accord; nor will more planes and tanks and men, more Presidential conferences or Vice Presidential tours, change the situation.

We are going to have to impose rule on this country. We must use the only real weapon we have: money.

Let me stress that I speak without anger toward the U.S. Army, in which I served with pride for more than five years, or Special Forces, which is as much my religion as my former outfit. But Green Berets live and fight with the people, and so they acquire experiences unavailable even to the highest American officials, who make their tours under the guidance of the Vietnamese mandarins. The Vietnamese government, since its inception, has been the private preserve of these mandarins, who comprise one of the most detestable oligarchies in the world. The late President Ngo Dinh Diem was one of the mandarins, and control has remained within the Vietnamese Establishment, which contends with the Viet Cong for the support of the people. Some choice. On one side is Saigon and on the other the VC, who would organize the country into a system of interlocking informants so tight it would make *1984* look like an anarchy.

Since returning home, I have often heard Americans talk offhandedly of the "corruption" and "misunderstanding" in places like Vietnam, but I do not think they understand what it really means in this war. In the spring of 1964 the Rotary Club of Hawaii donated a load of presents to the people of Vietnam. For some reason it was decided to give it all to the Montagnards of Phu Thien district, Phu Bon province, in the Central Highlands where our strike force was operating. In short order the donation turned into an extravaganza. Officials of the Hawaii Rotary were flown in to make the presentation. Gen. Paul D. Harkins himself flew down by helicopter to make a speech. A large crowd of Montagnards was gathered at the speakers' stand.

Back in Ceo Reo, the province capital, meanwhile, the local Agency for International Development representative was frantic. He had examined the cargo. In a society where soap is just beginning to catch on, there is a limited demand for 3,000 Barbie dolls.

In order to save the United States from embarrassment, the AID man denuded his warehouse, collecting all the farm implements he could find, along with wheat and blankets.

The gift-giving was a huge success, and the VIP's departed in an orgy of mutual congratulations. The day after, as we later learned from our friends in the village, the district chief, a lieutenant in the Vietnamese army, seized all the farm implements and other useful merchandise (the dolls were spared) and had them loaded on a truck, donated to him by the U.S. Army, and shipped to Pleiku, where they were sold.

This chief and another not far away had a more regular system of acquiring income. This technique was to move villages. Each time a village family is resettled it is entitled to 1,000 piasters (officially about $14) to establish its new home. But the villagers received only 200 piasters, and the chiefs kept the rest. Several times we tried to acquire evidence to prove this corruption—but who is going to testify against a man whose duties include those of judge, jury and executioner?

We figured that these two swine were each worth a battalion to the VC.

Although upper-class Vietnamese officials give lip-service to winning the people, they are usually incapable of understanding the respect for human dignity which this requires. About two months after the Rotary Club incident, two of the Vietnamese guards on the Ca Lui bridge decided to get a little carbine practice. For their target they chose an old lady in a village about two hundred yards away. They started kicking up dust at her heels with their bullets. She ran across the field toward her home and began climbing the notched log that Montagnards use for ladders on their stilted houses.

She was halfway up the ladder when one of the bullets killed her. I don't think the guards really meant to kill her; their marksmanship isn't that good. One of our strike force company commanders was a nephew of the old lady, and he reported the incident to us. My detachment commander and the province adviser, an American major, went to the province chief and told him the story. The chief responded with an elegant shrug, a legacy from the French, and said that he doubted that it was true, but if it was, there was nothing he could do about it, and why bother? It was just another savage.

This is the way the mandarins normally treat the Montagnards, who are 95 percent of the population of the Central Highlands. The Montagnard tribes have had wars among themselves for many years, but they share a hatred of the ethnic Vietnamese. The Montagnards fight the VC now because it pays pretty well, and because they like Americans, but all they need do is stop fighting the VC, and the Highlands—the middle half of Vietnam—is lost. Should all the VC be killed today, the Montagnards would launch their own war for some form of autonomy. The Hoa Hao and Cao Dai are religious

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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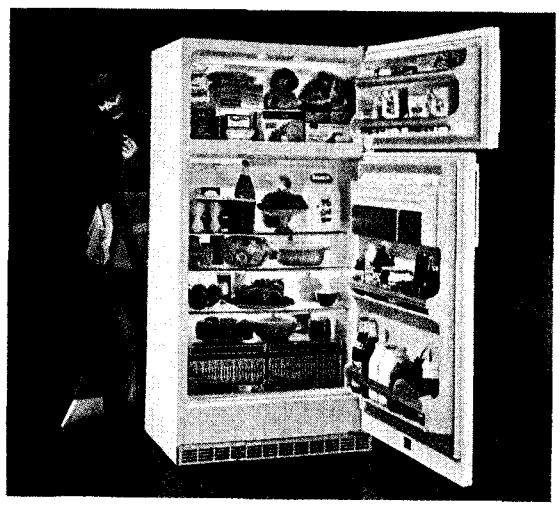

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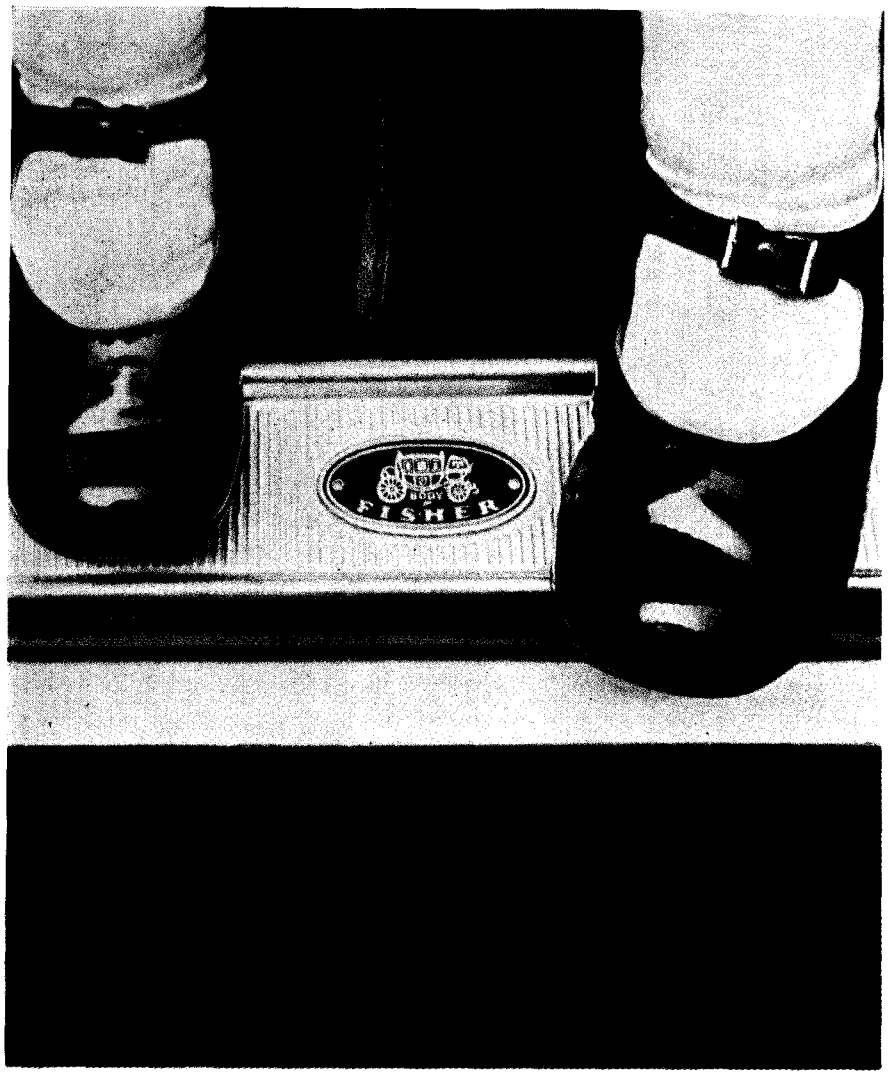

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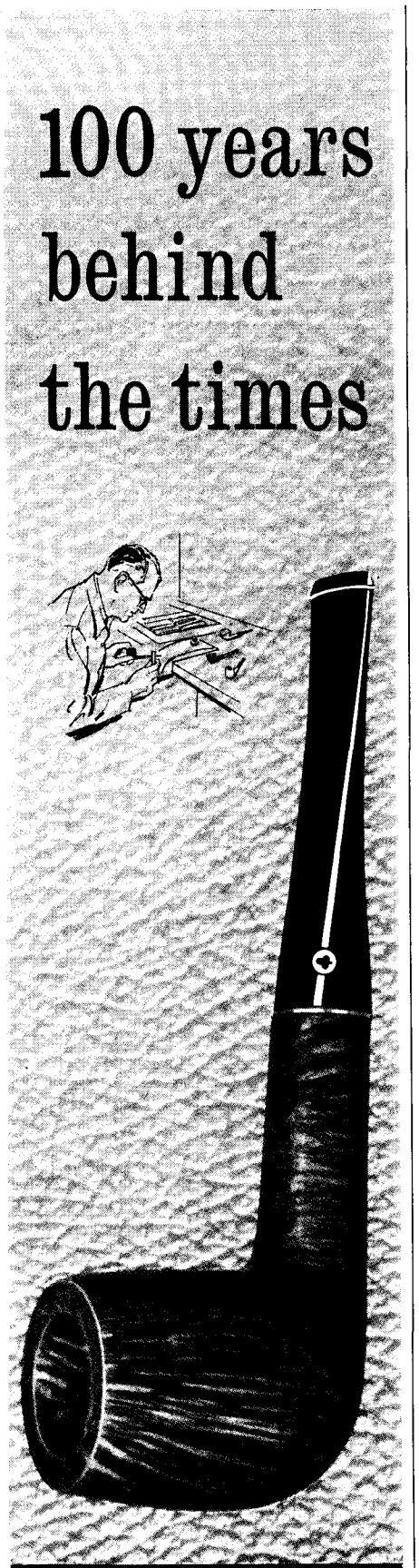

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sects whose hierarchies want to carve their own feudal fiefdoms out of the country. The Khmer Serei, a group of ethnic Cambodians, wait the chance to reannex to Cambodia six of the southern provinces along the Mekong. All these groups have well-trained military units, currently serving under the Vietnamese and fighting the VC. The idea that the Vietnamese mandarins can, without reform, mold these people into a nation is a mirage.

Of course there are competent people in Vietnam now, but few have any chance to rise to power, and we must force the mandarins to give them the chance. There was a second lieutenant named Luan in the Vietnamese Special Forces. The first time we went on patrol together he had a flunkie carry his pack and he walked gaily along leaning on a staff. He wore tailored camouflage fatigues and dark glasses. He was elegant. Eight miles down the trail the flunkie was still carrying his pack, but Luan was carrying the pack of a private who couldn't make it. He had guts and he was smart. If we suggested something in the afternoon, Luan had already done it in the morning. If it was advised in the morning, he had accomplished it the afternoon before. He would have been an outstanding soldier in any army in the world.

I made the mistake of mentioning to his higher headquarters that he was a good man. Two days later he was whisked away, into some limbo that the Vietnamese army maintains for pro-American lieutenants, and replaced by a man who read maps upside down and paraded around with a rusty sword. He is a lieutenant, and his father is wealthy. In Vietnam, talent is dangerous, for it threatens the Establishment.

We brought in a prisoner once, a pretty nice old man, the chief of a VC-controlled village. As a conversational opener, the CO asked him if he knew Diem was dead.

He said no, but he was very sorry.

The CO thought he had misunderstood and asked the question again, and the answer came back the same.

The village chief thought Diem was a friend of the CO, and he was sorry his friend had died. He himself had never heard of Diem, or Vietnam either, although he knew who the Viet Minh were and in his extreme youth had been to Pleiku and seen a Frenchman. People like this aren't worried about the premier, whether he be called Ky or Diem or Khanh. To them, the district chief is the government. We have counted on the Saigon government to win the districts, and they have failed. Yet Americans acquire the friendship of these people because they tender their own friendship honestly.

Recently, our attention has been drawn to the large-scale attack forces we have assembled to sweep valleys and hillsides, and the suggestion is that we are mounting an offensive that can finally "win." In fact, the infiltration of North Vietnamese units has distracted American forces into a gaudy, but essentially diversionary, war. An insurgency is a very special kind of war: A significant portion of the population must find the government despicable; there must be a countryside to hide in; and there must be help from outside.

At no time within memory have the conditions for guerrilla war been met so fully as in the Republic of Vietnam. Thus the new, escalated American attacks bring a danger that we will delude ourselves with shows of strength—a very real danger, for most American commanders, as well as most generals giving advice back in the States, were schooled in World War II and Korea. The ramifications of guerrilla warfare do not come easily to soldiers trained to think in terms of real estate. We may conquer real estate, kill VC by the thousands, and still lose the support of the people and thus lose the war.

Yet the situation is not hopeless, in my opinion. We have a dependency named South Vietnam. So far it is a disaster. Now we must get tough with the Saigon government.

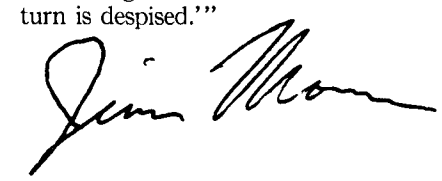
Our entire AID and military advisory effort has been run from the top down, meaning that we have entrusted the funds to the mandarins. This has been a drastic mistake we must rectify.

One of the Viet Cong's principal techniques is the creation of a shadow government. For every government official they have an equivalent VC official. The French called this system Parallel Hierarchies. The Americans have created a parallel hierarchy too, with the AID and military-advisory effort. But our parallel hierarchy cannot force changes in the Vietnamese government.

I am not suggesting that we use our parallel hierarchy to get rid of inept administrators by assassination and terror, as the VC do. But I do recommend that province AID representatives should have final veto on any money or goods which are distributed within the province. They should be encouraged to use this leverage to insist on honesty, fair treatment and the replacement of corrupt officials. Whenever possible, the replacement should be a respected local leader. Our military advisers should have all pay and supplies in their possession until they are issued to the troops. It has always been that way in the Special Forces, and in our detachment the VC-kill ratio between our troops and all other troops in the province, man for man, was 33-to-1 in our favor. The people supported us because they respected us, as they despised the mandarins.

In this way, in a sense, we will be running the country altogether—and such a program may take a generation to succeed. But the country cannot run itself, and it is our responsibility. It is axiomatic in revolutionary warfare that an insurgency can be resolved in one of two ways. Either the legitimate aspirations of the people are satisfied, or a regime so cruel and oppressive is established that the mere utterance of an antigovernment remark results in prison or death. Unless we force Saigon to provide the former, the North Vietnamese will establish the latter.

We are successful at the killing, and well-meaning about the diplomacy. But we must accept this country on its own terms. An Australian colonel, chosen for Vietnam duty because of his knowledge of the language, of the people and of guerrilla warfare, once summed it up well: "The Vietnamese have a proverb which they don't quote to Americans. 'He who gives and asks nothing in return is despised.'"



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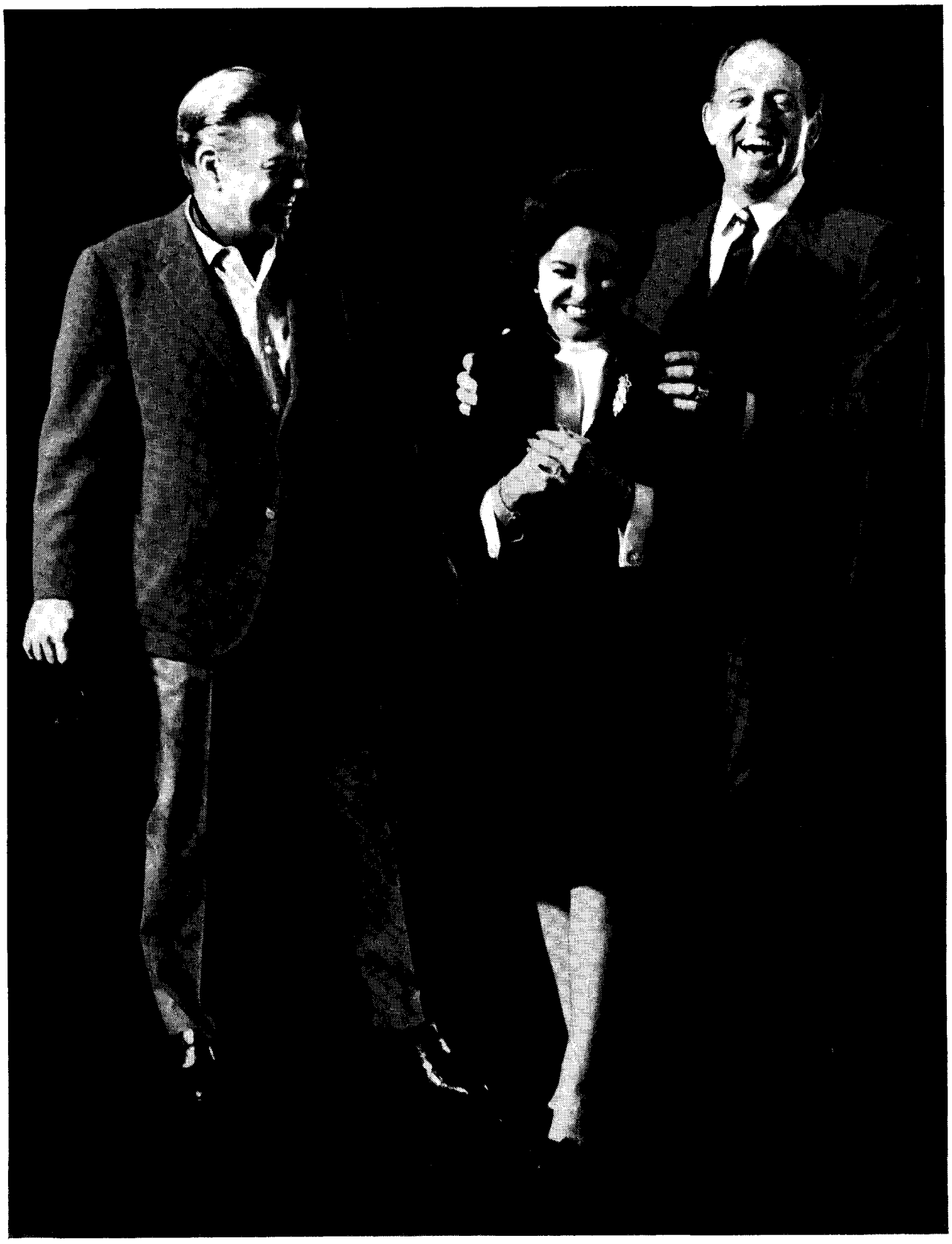

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOR CITIZENSHIP, COMMUNITY SERVICE
AND CONTRIBUTION
TO THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY
TO

GEORGE NEIL HIGGINS
1966

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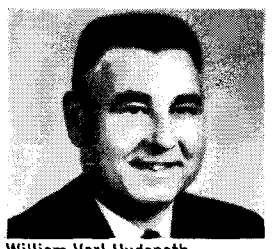
We at The Saturday Evening Post are convinced that dedication to service in both business and community life lies at the heart of our free enterprise system. And that the manner in which Mr. Higgins conducts his business in Ferndale is important throughout our country.

The purpose of the Benjamin Franklin Award is to focus national attention on the admirable qualities Mr. Higgins and the 20 winners of Honors Awards and Merit Awards represent. We are proud to join with the National Automobile Dealers Association and the Automotive Trade Association Managers in presenting this seventh Benjamin Franklin Quality Dealer Award.

1966 Winners of Benjamin Franklin Honors and Merit Awards

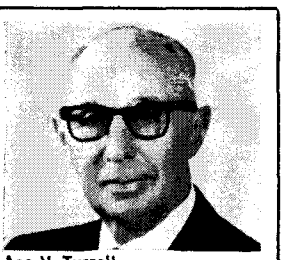


William Verl Hudspeth
Harrison, Arkansas

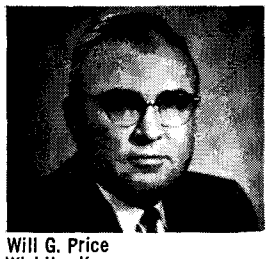
John F. Struckman
Huntingburg, Indiana

Clarence Odell Sapp
Salisbury, North Carolina

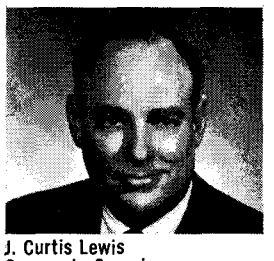
William H. Mitchell
Waltham, Massachusetts



Ace V. Tyrrell
Cheyenne, Wyoming



Will G. Price
Wichita, Kansas



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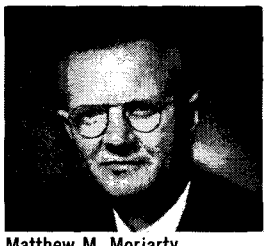
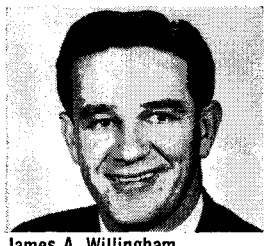
Savannah, Georgia



Matthew M. Moriarty
Manchester, Connecticut



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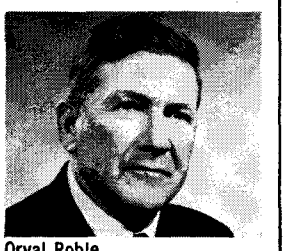
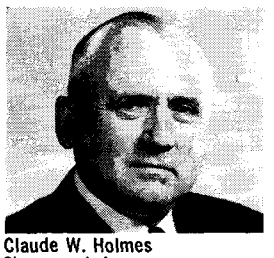
Long Beach, California



Orval Roble
Harvey, North Dakota

Charles H. Smith
Newark, New Jersey



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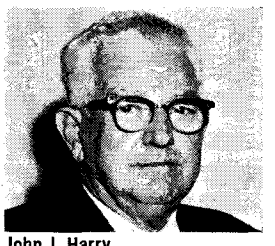

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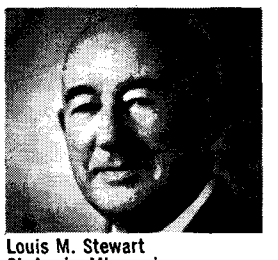
Gulfport, Mississippi



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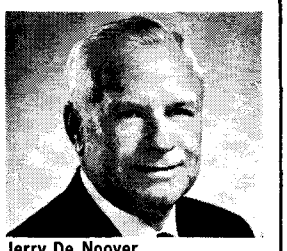
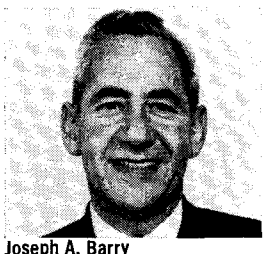
St. Louis, Missouri



Jerry De Nooyer
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Harold G. Reslink
Erie, Pennsylvania



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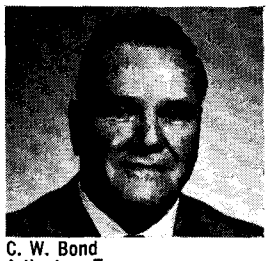
Providence, R.I.



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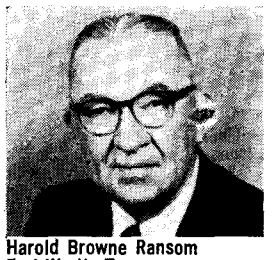

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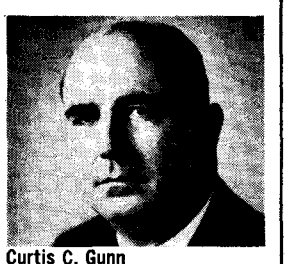

Curtis C. Gunn
San Antonio, Texas

The National Automobile Dealers Association/The Automotive Trade Association Managers

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Growing tall in the saddle business

Vice President G. M. Powell of Employers Mutuals and President J. E. Watkins of Chattanooga Saddlery Company, Inc., anticipate the excitement these new western saddles will bring their owners. (They didn't allow this lunch-break amusement to become horseplay—a plant taboo.)

In fifteen years the Chattanooga Saddlery Company has grown from a 12-man shop into an operation employing more than 200 men and women. Each week, now, some 1500 saddles are distributed across the U.S. and overseas.

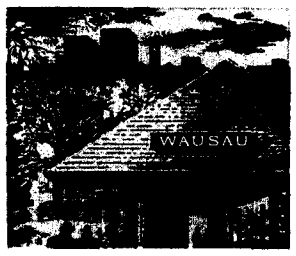
"We must be doing something right," says President J. E. Watkins of his company's growth.

Many things right, we'd say—and among them, having the experienced counsel of Employers Mutuals of Wausau from the start.

With Employers Mutuals' sound guidance in safe procedures, Chattanooga Saddlery has integrated safety with routine, spared loss to employees and the company through the control of accidents and insurance costs.

If your company is growing or grown up, right now is the time to take a look at your business insurance needs. Workmen's compensation, group health and accident plans, all forms of fire and casualty insurance. Let the "good people to do business with" help you. Call Employers Mutuals of Wausau, listed in the Yellow Pages. Or, write Employers Mutuals, Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Insurance of Wausau



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Battling Bobby Baker

WASHINGTON:

Robert Gene Baker, usually known as Bobby, is one of those people who seem to thrive on adversity. Only in his late 30's, he is closely threatened by baldness. But his face is pink and healthy, he is as nattily dressed as ever, and his eyes, at once shrewd and humorous, dart constantly about as he surveys the scene around him with wary curiosity.

When he was Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's principal assistant, Bobby Baker was a friend of mine, as he was of a great many Washington reporters. I liked him then, and I like him now, even though he is under indictment for crimes and misdemeanors which could theoretically send him to jail for 48 years.

Whether he is guilty of those crimes and misdemeanors is a decision for the courts. But guilty or not guilty, Bobby Baker is rather looking forward to his forthcoming ordeal, to judge from a luncheon conversation I had with him some time before he was indicted.

Moreover, if he is going to have to go to jail, he has no intention of going quietly and decorously. He intends to fight, kick and scream every inch of the way, and during the course of his fighting, kicking and screaming, a good many important persons are likely to get painfully sideswiped.

Baker and his counsel, the redoubtable Edward Bennett Williams, both point out that Baker's position in a court of law will be totally different from his position before the Jordan committee of the Senate, which first investigated his alleged wrongdoings. Williams will have the right to cross-examine hostile witnesses, and the court, unlike the committee, will operate under the rules of evidence. Baker has no intention of resorting to the Fifth Amendment in court, as he did before the Jordan committee.

It is no secret that the prospect of Bobby Baker's trial has induced a certain queasiness in the stomachs of a number of important politicians. The queasiness has been accentuated by the news that Bobby Baker also plans to write a book.

"I know what Lyndon Johnson is saying to himself right now," Bobby Baker remarked at lunch, his eyes both more shrewd and more humorous than ever. "He's saying to himself, 'What's that little s.o.b., Bobby Baker, writin' about me?'"

If Lyndon Johnson is not saying something of the sort to himself, a lot of other people are. For if there ever was a man who knew precisely which skeleton was in which closet, it is Bobby Baker. In this respect, indeed, Bobby Baker is in the happy position of the Hon. Galahad Threepwood, younger brother of Lord Emsworth of Blandings Castle. The Hon. Galahad, a creation of P. G. Wodehouse, kept busy in his old age by writing his "recollections of his colorful career as a young man-about-town in the 'nineties." As a result, "all over the country, decorous Dukes and steady Viscounts, who had sown their wild oats in the society of the young Galahad, sat quivering in their slippers. . . . It was as if the Recording Angel had suddenly decided to rush into print."

The Hon. Galahad repeatedly used the bargaining power conferred on him by his memoirs to smooth the course of young love, or for other useful purposes. It is not impossible that it has also occurred to Bobby Baker that his memoirs, aside from their monetary value (his agent is said to be asking a price on the order of $500,000), may give him a certain bargaining power.

He has already started work on his book, and his first several thousand words are devoted to the period before and after Lyndon Johnson was nominated for Vice President on the Democratic ticket. This first draft of the Baker memoirs describes a tiff between the future President and his young protégé. According to the Baker account, the tiff ended after several days in which neither spoke to the other, when the President magnanimously apologized. Also included is a description of candidate Johnson's side trip during the campaign, to Pickens, S.C., hometown of Bobby Baker, where the future President spoke many kind words about Pickens's most successful hometown boy.

All this is seemingly harmless stuff. But is it so harmless? Baker's trial is scheduled for October 17, just before the election. Sen. Hugh Scott, one of Baker's Republican inquisitors before the Jordan committee, is willing to "bet a thousand to one that the trial will be put off till after the election." The bet may be a good one.

Even so, the inevitable talk about the upcoming Baker trial and the upcoming Baker book will have one inevitable effect. It will remind the public how very close the man now accused of major crimes once was to the President of the United States.

This is a subject on which the President himself is excessively sensitive. Back in March, 1964, in a television interview, President Johnson was asked by William H. Lawrence of ABC what he thought of Bobby Baker, "your protégé and your friend" as a "campaign issue." The President replied that Baker was "no protégé of anyone. He was there before I came to the Senate for ten years, doing a job substantially the same as he is doing now. He was elected by all the senators, appointed by no one, including the Republican senators. . . ."

This remarkable disclaimer was greeted by snickers or guffaws among the knowledgeable, and it serves to suggest how sensitive the President is about the man he once described on the Senate floor as "my strong right arm." Actually, there is no good reason why the President should feel sensitive about Baker. Bobby Baker began to get into big trouble only after he had ceased to be a "protégé" of the President. Moreover, anyone who knows Bobby Baker can very easily understand how enormously useful he was to the former leader of the Senate.

Yet the President *is* sensitive about Baker, and where his emotions are involved, Lyndon Johnson's usually brilliant political instincts are dulled. The Baker book and the Baker trial will probably involve a good many political figures in the Baker shenanigans. Thus the political impact of the "Bobby Baker issue" could be very considerable indeed.

John F. Kennedy once remarked on "the ebb and flow" which always affects the political situation of any President. Ever since Lyndon B. Johnson became President, the political tides have been running very strongly for him. But a period of ebb tide may now have set in. The cruel dilemma of Vietnam and the insoluble racial problem at home are the President's real nightmares. But the man who was once the President's "strong right arm" looks as though he might become at least a small nightmare in his own right.

Stewart Alsop

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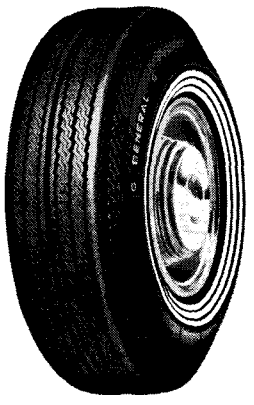

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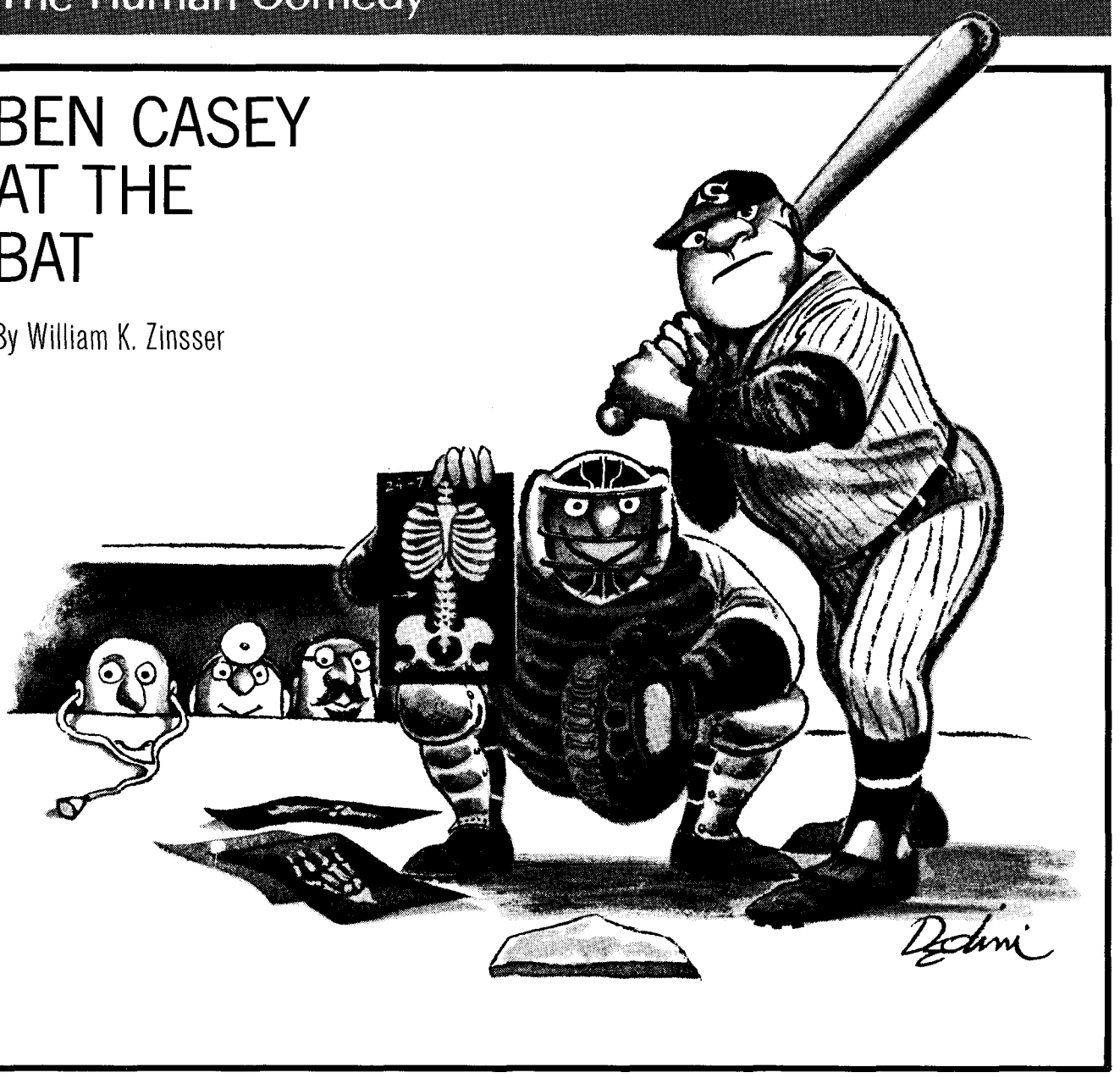
BEN CASEY AT THE BAT

By William K. Zinsser



WHIRLPOOL BATHS, FLA.—Dr. Louis N. (Lou) Ledlie, new manager of the Blue Sox, fielded his initial questions from the press this afternoon as the Sox began spring training here under warm Florida skies. The 46-year-old orthopedic surgeon, first M.D. to pilot a major-league baseball team, expressed surprise that his new appointment as skipper of the injury-ridden nine caused such a stir.

"Baseball has undergone profound changes in the past decade," the ex-Morrow Clinic staffer told scribes. "There's no question that medical factors dominate the game as it is played and written about today. It's what your average fan wants to read about and it's what your present generation of players wants to talk about." He flatly predicted that all 20 teams would have a physician at the managerial helm "in another five years."

The well-spoken freshman manager was wearing number "1" on the back of his white doctors' coat, the same number sported for nine years by his predecessor, Mickey (Black Mike) McGrew, who was fired last fall after refusing to allow six science writers to travel with the team on its final western swing.

McGrew, it will be recalled, lashed out at the journalists in these words: "I came to play ball—these monkeys never heard of bone spurs and calcium deposits till you guys put all that highfalutin talk in the newspapers. You give me a pain in my posterior lalapalooza." Today's press conference by Doctor Ledlie was generally conceded to have smoothed over the "hard feelings" left by that episode.

Doctor Ledlie, who came up to the Sox via Harvard Medical School and an internship in the fracture ward at Bellevue, took the occasion to introduce the coaches who will replace Ed (Gabby) Moran and Al (Lippy) Muldoon. They are Dr. Frederick E. (Fred) Auchincloss and Dr. Thomas d'O. (Tom) Sedgwick, both highly regarded in the medical profession.

Realigns Coaching Posts

"I'm confident we've found the two best men in baseball to round out our staff," Doctor Ledlie averred. "Doctor Auchincloss is a specialist in ankle breaks, and he'll be my third-base coach. You get a lot more sliding there, obviously, than at first base.

"Doctor Sedgwick is a topnotch man in clavicles, and I'll have him out in the bullpen working with our pitchers. He was bullpen coach for Abilene in the Western League last year," Doctor Ledlie explained, and was singled out by the *Journal* of the American Medical Association as the man most responsible for the stretch drive that wrested the flag from Amarillo.

The new skipper admitted that "we went pretty high" to get Doctor Sedgwick. "Two other clubs were talking to him, and we had to give Abilene our best osteopath, a group medical-insurance plan and $50,000 in pharmaceuticals." But he characterized it as a trade that "would help both teams."

New Farm Chief

Doctor Ledlie also disclosed that he had hired "the best X-ray man I know" to head up the Sox farm system. He is Dr. Charles H. (Charles) Van Pelt, former chief radiologist at Lenox Hill Hospital. "He'll be sending me X rays every month of all the players on the lower teams, and of course I'll give them my personal evaluation."

The personable new manager next discussed the players on the 1966 Sox roster. "I've been over every one of them with a stethoscope and a rubber hammer, and I won't say that we don't have a few problems, especially in the lumbar region, but I'm personally optimistic that by opening day we're going to have a team that will make an extremely strong run for the pennant."

Asked to guess a starting lineup for the season's opener against the power-laden Gulls on April 17, Doctor Ledlie impressed sportswriters with his detailed analysis of every position, though he admitted that he "didn't yet know" all the players' names.

"I'll go with Bone Chips at first base," Doctor Ledlie said, "and at second I'll stick with Floating Cartilage unless new calcium accretions form around his patella. At third I'd like to stay with Slipped Disc, if he's ready—and, by the way, if your picture editors want anything on that, you can get a set of today's X rays from our new press secretary, Doctor Mandible. At shortstop I may start with the new kid. He can't make the double play as well as Bursitis, but he's got the clearest X rays on the squad."

Cites Possible Operation

"In left field," Doctor Ledlie went on, "we had a loose bone particle removed from the tendon sheath, but you fellows know that situation pretty well—most of you went out to Rochester to cover the operation—and in right field, of course, we've still got that inflamed sacroiliac process. I'm thinking of sending him to the Porringer Clinic for a partial sacrotomy, and that should cure the patient's complaint that he can't hit a low-breaking curve."

Doctor Ledlie was asked why he as manager didn't elect to perform the surgery himself. He said in rejoinder that his operating calendar was completely booked by the pitching staff for the spring-training period. "I plan to take them in their regular rotation," he announced. "First the starters and then the relief pitchers—you can get a schedule and tickets to the operating theater from Doctor Mandible—and on the one open date, I think it's March twenty-fourth, I promised to do my wife's tennis elbow."

Doctor Ledlie concluded by reading a monograph on the "orthopedic history" of famed Blue Sox centerfielder Slugger (Slugger) Modell, which he said he presented last month to the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow. Illustrating the talk with medical charts showing all 15 of the operations that Modell has had in the 15 years since he came up to the Sox from Wichita in 1951 with splinters, Doctor Ledlie climaxed his paper by diagnosing the "fuzzy sensation" that the $100,000-a-year star has described between the tibia and fibula, alleging he can no longer "go to his right." It will be recalled that his 1965 operation attempted to cure the condition of not being able to go to his left.

"I have every reason to believe," Doctor Ledlie stated, "that Modell is suffering from Stevenson's Syndrome, which is an abrasiveness on osseous structure, more commonly called 'bone,' caused by Scotch tape inadvertently left inside the patient by a previous orthopedic surgeon." Adding that Modell would be sidelined for "six to eight weeks," the grim-visaged pilot outlined the 11-step "open-shin surgery" that he will perform on the highly paid batsman on Friday, March 25, at 2:30 P.M. in Operating Room C of Medicare General Hospital, 2471 Citrus Street, St. Petersburg. □

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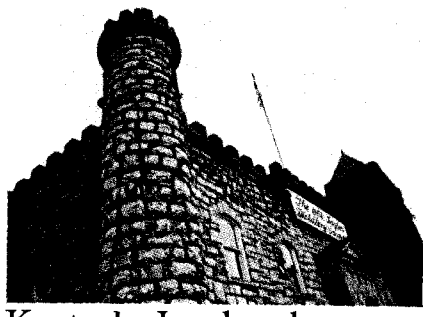
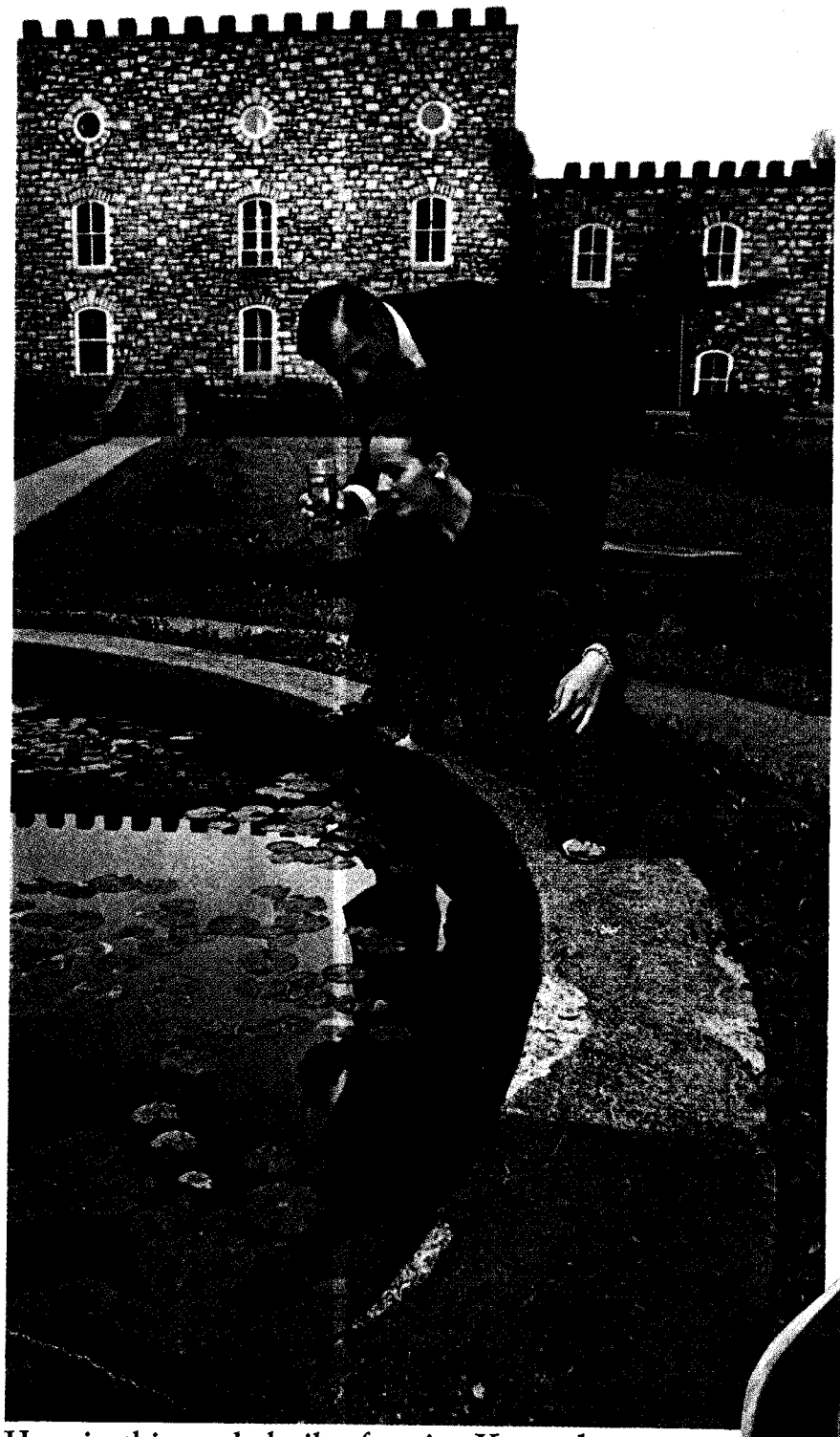
Photographed in Kentucky at the Old Taylor Distillery



Kentucky Landmark:
The Old Taylor Distillery at Frankfort, built in 1887 by Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr.



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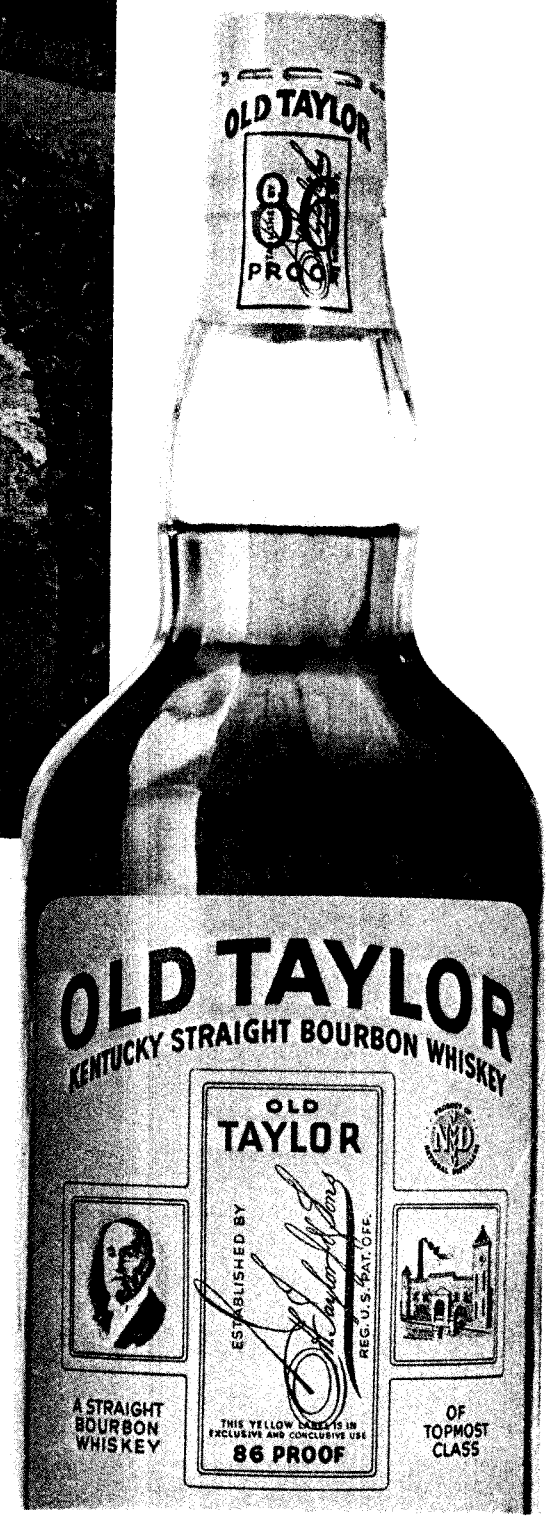

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor except the people who drink it

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The Saturday Evening POST

A LOOK AT TOMORROW TODAY

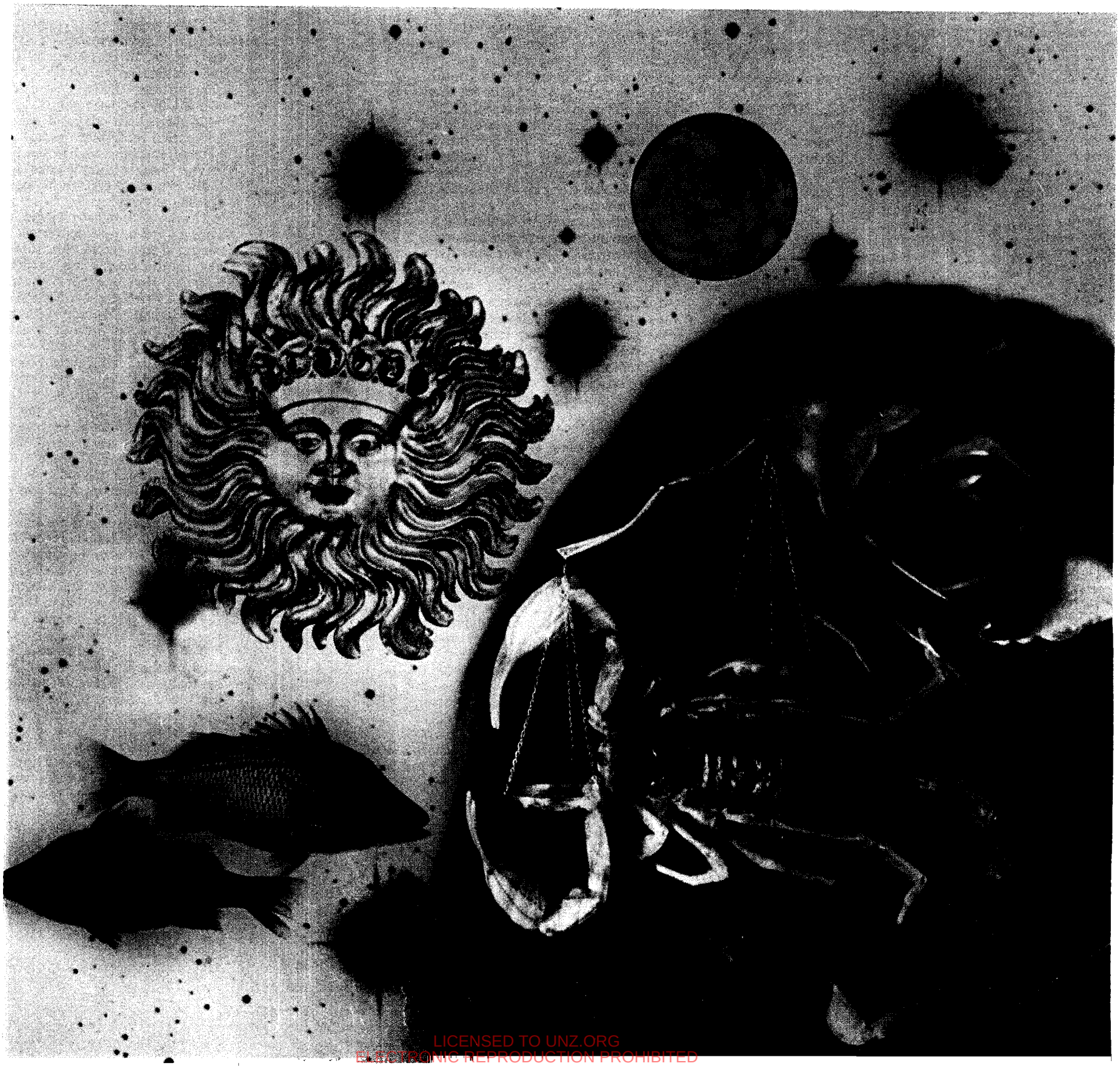
For 5,000 years astrologers have survived despite ridicule, persecution and their own mistakes. Today some 10 million Americans follow this ancient art.

BY RICHARD ARMSTRONG

On November 21, 1963, the day before the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, a plump and gregarious lady from New England came to a New York television studio to undergo a pre-program interview for an appearance on the David Susskind show. She was one of the country's most respected astrologers, and it soon became obvious that she was frightened. "I told them that I would not answer a single question about the Kennedy family. They kept pressing me, and I got so upset that I just walked out.

"I had just done a horoscope on the entire Kennedy family," says Shirley Spencer, 68, who writes an

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID ATTIE



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Hitler consulted astrologers, and so did Churchill.

astrology column for the New York *Daily News* syndicate under the trade name, Constella. "All of the charts showed a severe disturbance. He had had an eclipse on his Saturn. He had taken office under the fatal conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter. I was afraid."

Mrs. Jeane Dixon, the Washington seer who uses a combination of prayer, astrology and the crystal ball, had forecast back in 1956 that a "blue-eyed Democratic President," elected in 1960, would die in office. She marred it somewhat by predicting in 1960 that brown-eyed Richard Nixon would win, but the original forecast was much discussed in connection with a recent best seller about her life.

The pure astrologers were much more direct, and almost unanimous, in their auguries of disaster. Every 20 years, the planets Saturn and Jupiter come close together in the heavens, an event known as a conjunction. For 100 years every President inaugurated in the year of this conjunction has died in office: Lincoln (who took office in 1861), Garfield (1881), McKinley (1901), Harding (1921), Roosevelt (1941), and Kennedy (1961). Four out of the six were murdered.

The astrologers are now predicting a rough year ahead for President Lyndon Johnson. He was born with his sun in Virgo, a sign strengthened further by the presence of the moon and two planets there. This year that dire and sluggard planet, Saturn, is moving through the sign of Pisces, in exact opposition to the gathering of planets in Johnson's Virgo. A progression of Johnson's chart shows the war planet, Mars, in evil aspect during March and June, and the astrologers have advised both soldiers and diplomats to keep their heads down during these months.

This advice will be taken much to heart by the 10 million or more Americans who passionately follow the ancient art of astrology and plot their lives in harmony with the heavens. Their number is growing every year. For astrology, as has happened time and again through its bumpy 5,000-year history, is enjoying a major revival. An estimated 5,000 American astrologers make some sort of living out of charting the heavens. The astrology magazines have reached a total circulation of more than half a million. The sale of *Horoscope* magazine's annual guidebooks has jumped from two million copies in 1962 to four million copies last year. "This year I think we'll hit five million," says the editor, Edward Wagner. An astrologer named Zolar sells another five million copies of annuals across the newsstands and through chain stores. The number of newspapers carrying an astrology column has grown from little more than 100 twenty years ago to more than 1,000 today. "Most people won't admit they believe in it," says Los Angeles astrologer Sydney Omarr, whose column goes to 200 papers, "but ten out of ten people know the sun sign they were born under."

Most of the women's magazines slip in an astrology article whenever they can find a pretext, and one of them has just begun an astrology column as a regular feature. The French fashion magazine *Elle* has had one for years, the French being even more star-conscious than Americans.

Through Asia, astrologers ply their trade on every other street corner, and their charts determine the marriage and burial dates of kings. When an American girl named Hope Cooke got engaged to the Crown Prince of Sikkim, the marriage date was postponed for a year, until March, 1963, a date which the prince's astrologers found propitious. In the East astrologers determine not only the time but the precise direction of great ceremonial marches, and palace walls are torn down so that the funeral or marriage procession can move in harmonious alignment with the planets.

In South Vietnam the government has blanketed the country with astrological calendars showing a most propitious year ahead. Because of this Eastern fascination with the art, American astrologers say that we should have an astrologer in the White House. As Constella explains it: "We are dealing with people who don't make a move without consulting their charts. Whether or not President Johnson or Secretary McNamara believes in astrology, wouldn't it be wise to know what the Communists are thinking? I am convinced from my own study of the planets that the Viet Cong chart them before a major attack."

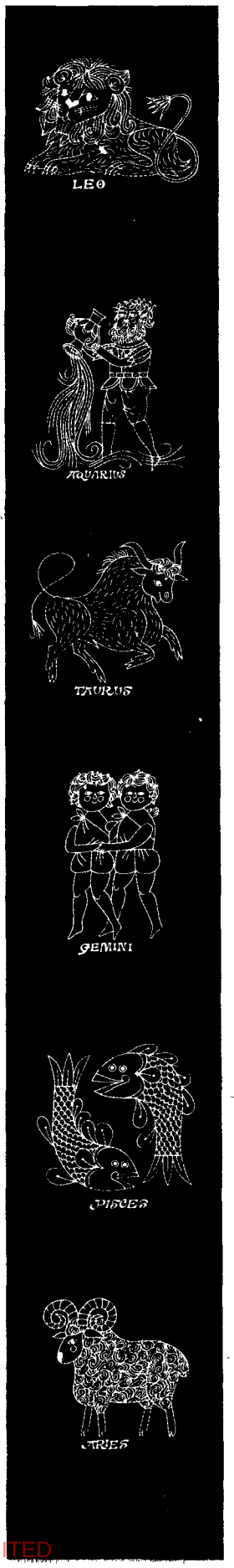
In this area the astrologers are dealing from quite recent historical precedent. During World War II a number of top Nazis, including Heinrich Himmler, were counseling with astrologers. Winston Churchill installed his own astrologer, a Hungarian-born British army captain named Louis de Wohl, whose sole duty was to keep Churchill informed on what the German astrologers were telling the Nazis. Unfortunately for the German astrologers, they were not saying the proper thing. Hitler had been something of a skeptic to begin with, and after the invasion of Russia, when the predictions became more and more negative, Hitler threw the astrologers into concentration camps, where most of them died.

According to Ed Wagner of *Horoscope*, the American revival of astrology came about "quite simply because it is true. It is not a matter of belief, but of knowledge. If you have studied astrology and followed it through the years, you know that it works. Astrology ought to be back in the universities, where it once was. It is the mother of all the sciences." (Wagner himself was converted when, as a young reporter on the Cleveland *Press*, working on an exposé of astrology, he discovered in his own chart that he had lost his father at the age of eight through death by lightning, which was exactly what had happened.)

One factor in the revival was the open-minded interest of the Swiss psychologist Carl Jung in all sorts of odd phenomena, including not only astrology but palmistry and handwriting analysis as well. The entire field of extrasensory perception, or "parapsychology," as it is now most often called, has gained some academic standing through the so-far inconclusive experiments into psychic phenomena that Dr. J. B. Rhine has been conducting at Duke University. Constella is one of many astrologers who have made the trek to Duke, and she says the tests showed she had psychic powers, "though I don't use them in my work."

The contemporary astrologer's craft is very much a mixture of the scientific and the psychic; he will draw up his horoscopes by strict mathematical principles, but the interpretation of the charts is mostly by intuition and varies according to the astrologer.

If his basic bent is mystic, he is apt to be a Rosicrucian or a Theosophist as well, the kind of person who, like that enthusiastic astrologer William Butler Yeats, will stay up all night waiting for visions to appear from the ashes of a rose. If his bent is scientific, he pores through journals in several languages and comes up with startling information about the effect of the full moon on infant frogs.



Astrology originally started with the Babylonians, who erected great stone ziggurats from which to chart the planets. In those days astrology had nothing at all to do with the common man. Charts were cast only on the king and used only for predictions about high affairs of state, the assumption being that the fate of the common man was tied to the fate of his ruler and the common man wasn't really important enough for this sort of thing anyway.

The devotees of astrology in America are women, by the overwhelming margin of four to one. For some reason, theater people are particularly fervent. "How one can deny the influence of the stars is beyond me," says Marlene Dietrich, who rarely makes a move without consulting the heavens. Walter Slezak's wife is an astrologer and charts propitious opening nights for his performances. The West Coast astrologer Carroll Righter has on the advisory board of his astrological foundation such show-business types as Dietrich, Robert Cummings, Joan Fontaine, Arlene Dahl and Jean Dalrymple, as well as at least one tycoon, Texas financier Clint Murchison.

American astrologers are, like Texas millionaires, a bit short on formal education. As a group they are not well paid. They tend to be intelligent college dropouts who find in astrology, through its combination of the scientific and the occult, the magic key to the universe they had always known was there. They are generally tolerated by the law. Columbus, Ohio, is the only city to license astrologers, and through most of the U.S. they practice in unregulated abandon. In New York, astrology as a form of character analysis is legal, but an old law forbids "fortune-telling" for money. Evangeline Adams, who was J.P. Morgan's astrologer, won an acquittal in 1914 in a test of this law, and it is rarely nowadays enforced. But the law is still on the books and makes Manhattan astrologers a secretive lot. The American Federation of Astrologers, which requires its members to pass a test and sign a code of

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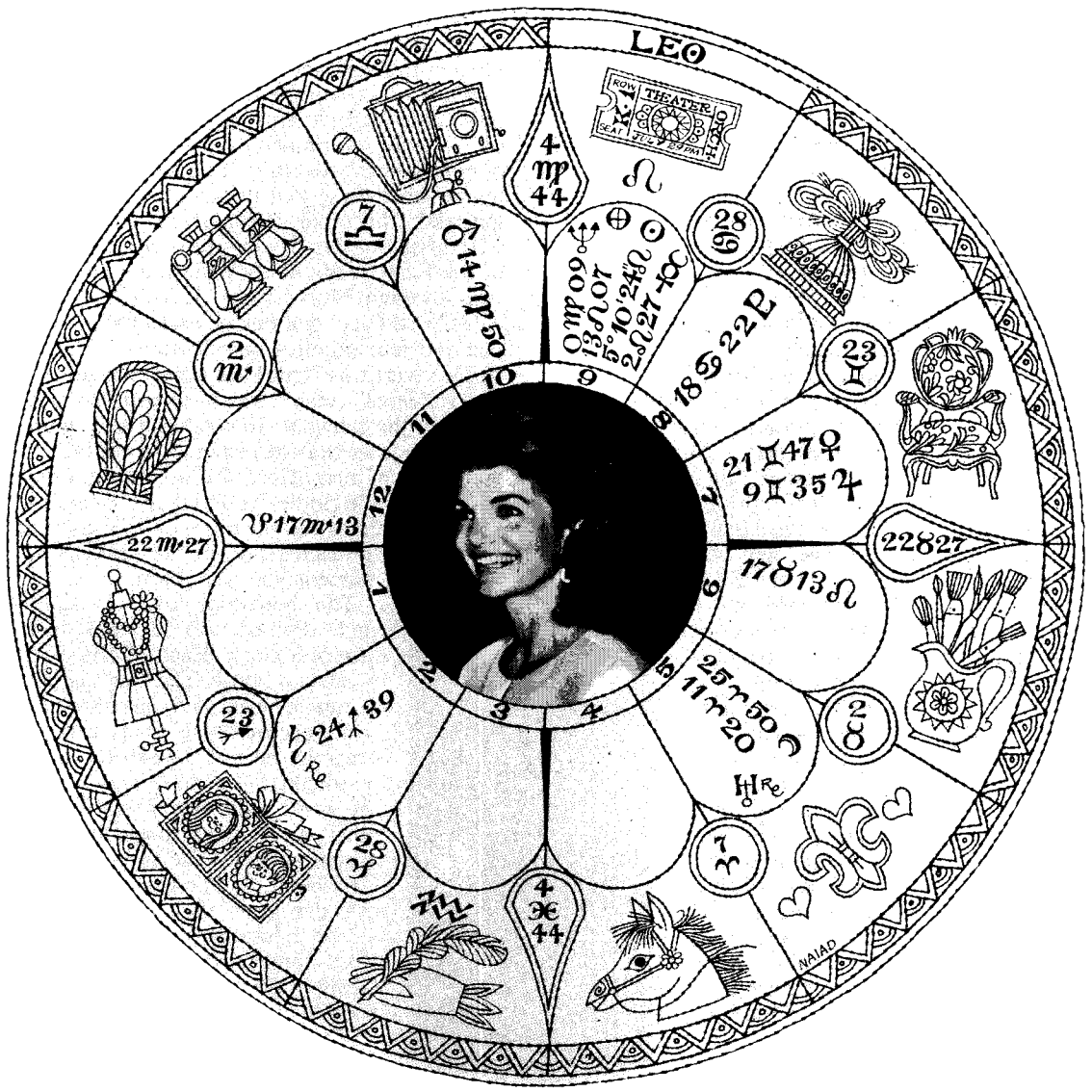

JACQUELINE KENNEDY *High in the sky of East Hampton, N.Y., at the time when Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy was born—July 28, 1929—four planets foreshadowed her future destiny. On July 28, of course, the Sun is in the sign Leo. The sign which was on the zenith at the exact time of her birth was Virgo, which signifies work and duty.*

The Zenith-sign Virgo in Mrs. Kennedy's chart is ruled by Mercury, the planet of intelligence and communication. Since Mercury is found together with the Sun in the royal sign Leo, in the ninth sector of her birth chart, her duties will consist of communicating with the public through her writings and establishing herself as a goodwill ambassador for her own country, with special interests in youth welfare.

A young woman has an emotional life, too, and the questions on everybody's mind are: Will she be dedicating her life only to her children and duties of a professional nature, or will she eventually marry again? This latter question I would answer with a very firm "No."

The delineation of a human personality is made from the zodiacal sign which rises on the Eastern Horizon at the time of birth. In Mrs. Kennedy's case, it is the sign Scorpio. Individuals with such a sign on the horizon do not change their emotional ties. Scorpio is the sign of life and death, and the emotional attachment goes beyond the grave. Where Mrs. Kennedy is concerned, she does not feel that her husband is dead. His children serve as a replacement for him.

The part of the horoscope containing the Sun and the planet of her destiny, Mercury, is related to religion, foreign countries, writings. Putting all of these aspects together, I find a highly ethical person, a fighter for light and for betterment of mankind.

The planet Uranus is the one which gives an indication of sudden and unpredictable events. On November 22, 1963, Uranus was in the zenith of Mrs. Kennedy's Midheaven, squaring Jupiter, the planet of good fortune. Another planet of bad omen, Pluto, was on the planet Mars of her natal chart. In about 22 years, Uranus will again be harmful to her destiny. Pluto moves too slowly and cannot influence her destiny during her lifetime. At the time she became the First Lady, Jupiter helped her destiny; at the time of her great tragedy, her destiny was influenced by a bad aspect to Uranus.

Jupiter has a cycle of twelve years. Whenever it passes through the zenith of a birth chart, something important and good is expected to happen. In Mrs. Kennedy's chart, such a transit is due to occur around August, 1968. Therefore, this will be the time when once again she will be strongly in the public eye in connection with important assignments of political and diplomatic duties. But Jacqueline Kennedy will not marry again. She belongs to her country. This is what the stars destined for her at the time of her birth.

—Zoltan S. Mason

Drawings by Naiad Einsel

ethics, wants to see some uniform licensing procedure, "We would like to get rid of the frauds, the fakers and the pretenders," says the current president of the Federation, Oscar Weber of Boston.

Astrologers charge anywhere from $5 to $500 for drawing up a horoscope, and instead of laboring through the elaborate mathematics involved, often resort to a paper wheel, a rough slide rule of the planets. One New York astrologer with a strong suburban following offers a "family plan" and gives yearly advice to the whole family for an annual fee of $50. But there is not much money to be made in individual readings; the wealthy members of the profession, and there are only a handful, are almost all on the publishing side.

The richest of them is Zolar, who is now 68 and who was born with the name of Bruce King. He describes himself frankly as a salesman. He had sold men's clothes and stocks and bonds before getting into astrology because "with my business training I thought I could become the biggest man in the field." He was inspired by an astrologer named Professor Seward, who had made a fortune selling one-dollar horoscopes on the Atlantic City boardwalk. Zolar has since sold more than 100 million horoscopes. He has a line of more than 50 items, including a *Zolarscope* and dream books that he merchandises through newsstands and five-and-dime-store chains.

The top newspaper astrologers are Carroll Righter, Sydney Omarr and Constella, and all three are affluent. Righter is the most prosperous, though a rival astrologer explains that "Carroll is from a moneyed family and had the right social contacts from the start. That's why he can play The Colony circuit." Righter's "birthday parties" for celebrities having the same sun signs are events of some social note in Hollywood. At a party a few years back for those born under the sign of Leo, the guest of honor was a 500-pound lion. Held by two trainers, who had a chain attached to each side of his collar, Leo nuzzled up to Rhonda Fleming, then took cold from a nasty fog blowing off the ocean and was wrapped up in an electric blanket and sent home.

A Manhattan astrologer named Pauline Messina has a considerable following with members of the jet set, who are said to check out the planets before boarding a plane. But most astrologers never see such giddy social heights. The current president of the New York Astrologers' Guild, for example, is David Williams of Bayside, Long Island. His lifetime interest has been charting stock-market fluctuations according to the planets, but he made his living, until his recent retirement, as an executive in purchasing at Consolidated Edison.

Williams got interested in astrology through the "sunspot theory" of business cycles, proposed at the University of Manchester in 1875. It holds that since sunspots affect crops, they also affect commodity and stock-market prices. Williams moved beyond sunspots to a correlation of all the planets with business fluctuations, and his meticulously detailed charts and graphs, dating back to the French and Indian Wars, have been published by the New York Academy of Sciences. A wispy, gray-haired man, Williams does his charts at home in an upstairs study, wearing a red smoking jacket with black grosgrain lapels. "I don't mind saying I've done very nicely in the market," he says. "Of course, we have had a generally rising market. But out of one hundred and eight stocks I have purchased since 1958, I have a profit on one hundred and five of them."

Williams prides himself on some judicious profit-taking just before the May, 1962, stock-market break. He sees the ebullient, optimistic planet Jupiter as the stock-market key. "When Jupiter is dominant, people will spend like sailors. The price of stocks, after all, depends on *people*, and people are affected by the planets. Of course, if you

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Astrologers see trouble for L.B.J. in March and June.

buy a dog, it's still a dog, no matter what the planets may say." He now sees the Dow-Jones averages moving up until the third or fourth quarter of this year, when "three major planetary cycles will be topping out" and the market should take a dip.

Williams's predictions have been quoted in *The Wall Street Journal*, and he has a considerable private following among the brokers. This is not surprising, considering the vagaries of the market, and the only wonder is that brokers have not yet been combining astrology, as did the ancients, with divination from animal entrails. "They don't talk about astrology with their customers, of course," says Williams. "There are a hell of a lot of fakers in the field."

The key question, of course, is whether astrology works or is merely superstitious hogwash. The astrologers and their enemies have been batting this around for several thousand years and, so far at any rate, neither proof nor disproof exists. Time and again individual astrologers have been laughably wrong, as was Washington's Jeane Dixon when she predicted that Walter Reuther would be a candidate for the presidency in 1964. Astrologers predicted worldwide floods for 1186 and 1524, and the floods did not come. On February 5, 1962, great crowds of Hindu holy men sat up all night waiting for the end of the world that Indian astrologers had predicted from a conjunction of all the major planets in the sign of Capricorn. In 1939 the leading British astrologers predicted unanimously that there would be no war, and when war came, they predicted it would end the following year with the fall of Hitler. A survey of predictions by the three most popular British astrologists in 1941 showed one of them right only 12 out of 30 times, the second only 9 out of 30 and the worst only 4 out of 30 tries.

The most famous prediction in all history was made by a Roman astrologer named Spurinna, who told Julius Caesar to beware the Ides of March. Many another forecast has had chilling accuracy, as when Tycho Brahe (1546–1601), one of the fathers of astronomy, predicted the approximate birth year, the exact death year and the life mission of King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. The 16th-century French astrologer Nostradamus couched all his predictions in riddles, which have been used to explain everything from the French Revolution to World Wars I and II.

Scientific tests of astrology are enticing. They indicate there may be something to it, but the weight of the evidence is not strong enough to convince any reputable statistician. Carl Jung, who cast horoscopes on his patients, did a statistical analysis of 483 marriages and said that an astrological tradition dating back to Ptolemy—that a favorable aspect between the sun and moon of the two partners tends toward a happy marriage—seemed to be valid. He found a more recent tenet—that the male planet Mars should be in favorable aspect to the female planet Venus—completely lacking in proof. In the end he wrote off the results as interesting but inconclusive.

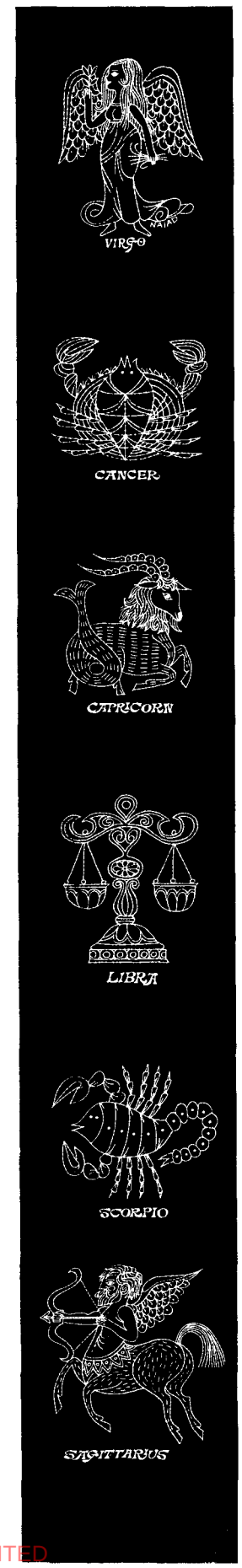
In 1960 a psychologist in Illinois, Dr. Vernon Clark, matched 20 astrologers against a control group of 20 laymen. Each was given 10 horoscopes and 10 case histories and told to match them up. The control group came out almost exactly according to chance, since they merely matched them up at random. The astrologers did only slightly better. The most exhaustive analysis was done by a French psychologist, Michel Gauquelin, in the 1950's. He drew up and analyzed 24,000 horoscopes and concluded, to his surprise since he was a non-believer, that on certain points his survey coincided with traditional belief. Clergymen, by more than a statistical average, had in their charts a prominent Jupiter (the optimistic planet), and sportsmen had a strong Mars, the planet of daring and war.

Just after World War II the Radio Corporation of America told one of its meteorologists, John Henry Nelson, to look for a way of predicting ionospheric disturbances that were interfering with R.C.A. radio-telegraph communications around the world. Nelson came up with a chart that had 85 percent accuracy, published the results in a scientific journal in 1951—and suddenly found himself the hero of astrologers around the world. His predictions of disturbances in the ionosphere coincided almost exactly with what the astrologers were saying about the daily lives of Virgos, Capricorns and Cancers.

There is a considerable jump—and one that a scientist like Nelson does not make—between predicting smoothness or turbulence of the ionosphere and forecasting events in the lives of individual humans here on earth. Jung made a try at bridging the gap in a thesis on "synchronicity," or "causeless order," which held that a man or woman born in a certain time and place bears the mark of that time and place. Jung added that "it is just conceivable that there is a causal connection between the planetary aspects and the psycho-physiological disposition." The British poet Louis MacNeice, who wrote a long and impartial book on the subject, argues that some of the remarkable predictions and character analyses of individual astrologers must be conceded. He says, as did Jung, that the horoscope is a useful trigger to the intuition of a skilled astrologer, just as an ink-blot test may be to a psychiatrist, though neither may be able to explain what was triggered or why.

The drawing of a horoscope has come down pretty much unchanged through the centuries. The arithmetic is no more troublesome than the average family income-tax return, and once mastered, it puts the home astrologer in command of, at the very least, an interesting parlor game. MacNeice's book and several others include a do-it-yourself astrology guide. Anybody who gets this far is probably hooked and will move on to the standard reference works, a pamphlet called a "table of houses" and an "ephemeris" printed in Switzerland that charts the positions of all the planets since 1890.

The starting point for any horoscope worth its name is the exact moment of birth—a leeway of 15 minutes or so is generally allowed—plus the approximate latitude and longitude of the place of birth, easily determined from any atlas. Your time of birth is converted into "true local time" by adding or subtracting four minutes for each degree of longitude that your birthplace lies to the east or west of the center of your time zone. The center of the Eastern Standard Time zone, for example, runs through Philadelphia. If you were born in New York City, one degree east of Philadelphia, you add four minutes to your time of birth. You then convert this "true local time" in an ephemeris into "sidereal time," which corrects for inaccuracies in the calendar, then consult the chart in a table of houses that corresponds to the latitude of your place of birth. Here at last you begin to solve the riddle. Your sidereal time of birth gives you the name of your ascendant, the sign rising in the heavens at the moment you were born.



The horoscope itself is simply a circle divided into 12 parts, like the face of a clock. Each of the divisions is called a house. The starting point is at nine o'clock, and the movement is counterclockwise. Your ascendant controls the first house, the outward personality, the mask you present to the world. Once this is established, the other signs march along in rigid and ancient order. If the ascendant is, say, Capricorn, the first sun sign of the calendar year, then the ruler of the second house is Aquarius, Pisces the third—and on through Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio and Sagittarius.

Though interpretations vary, the second house is generally said to control money; the third, education; the fourth, the parents; the fifth, sex and other pleasures; the sixth, hard work and unpleasant chores; the seventh, marriage; the eighth, death; the ninth, the life of the intellect; the tenth, social and professional rank; the eleventh, friendships; and the twelfth, assorted troubles such as illness and disgrace. Once you have assigned to each house its ruling sign, you then enter, from the ephemeris, the position of the sun, moon and the eight planets at the time of birth, and your horoscope is complete.

The truly bewildering part of astrology is trying to interpret what you have drawn. Any horoscope, even a rather dull one, contains hundreds of different factors. With commendable simplicity, the ancients ignored most of these and cut right to the bone. In his *Tetrabiblos*, the original sourcebook on astrology, incorporating lore dating back to the Babylonians, Ptolemy bluntly predicted "death by beheading," "death in the ruins of buildings," or "death by the halter or scourge," for any man, woman or child who happened to have the dread malefics at the wrong place in his chart. Modern astrology is more sophisticated and much less specific. So large and contradictory is the body of lore that an astrologer can examine a chart that would have turned Ptolemy or Brahe ashen with horror and still predict that the lovely lady will have an exciting romance in the coming year.

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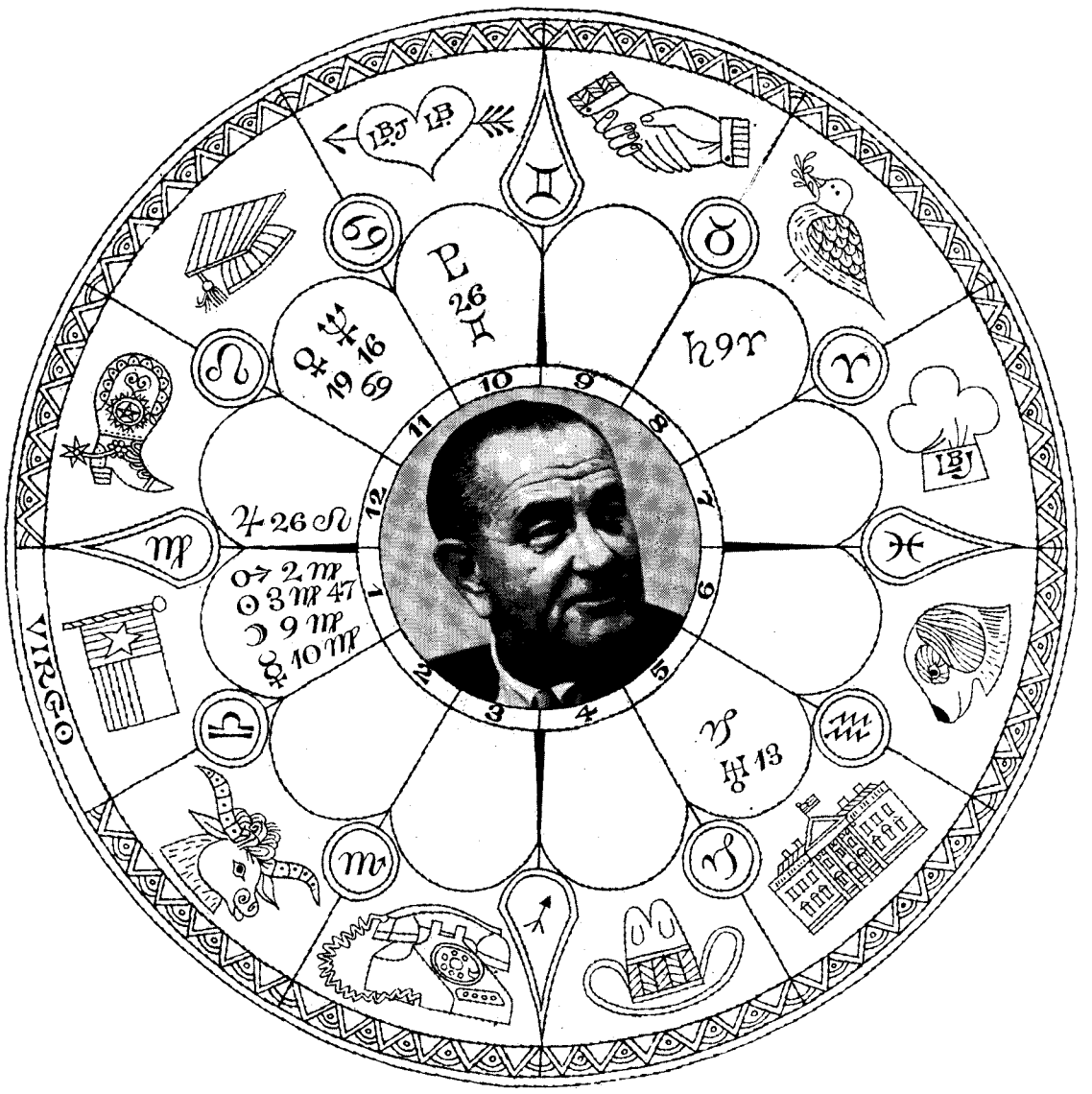

LYNDON B. JOHNSON *Jupiter was at 26 degrees of Leo rising at the time of President Johnson's birth—a very fortunate position for a favorable planet, sign and degree. Following the rising Jupiter there are four planets in Virgo in the first house. This is the house of personal appearance, personality and personal approach to life and people. Such a stellium assures one of success. The Sun and Moon, which conjunct next, is the signature of singleness of purpose, highly concentrated interests and personal drives. Mercury, next in the tightly conjunct stellium, indicates his preoccupation with details.*

This single-minded drive for small details may account for the criticism that he lacks a universal, overall grasp of foreign affairs. A person with so many planets bunched together in his horoscope is often so busy counting the trees that he fails to evaluate the forest.

Mercury closely trine Uranus gives him ingenuity and a quick tongue. The fact that Uranus is squared by the conservative Saturn curbs what would be more originality and wit.

Uranus in Capricorn turned direct by progression in his horoscope in 1934, the year he met Lady Bird and proposed at once! Her birth sign is Capricorn. His progressed Jupiter was conjunct his Mars that year, and her progressed Mars and Jupiter were conjunct her Sun. It is putting it mildly to say that this sudden romance was written in the stars.

However, Uranus is now being squared by progressed Mars, the trigger planet which opposes his Saturn in the eighth house. This is a highly explosive, even dangerous aspect.

There is also a physical significance to this aspect, which suggests he should guard against accidents and drains on his physical resources. Accents come in March and again in June. His progressed Venus is at a degree highly involved in the Saturn-opposition-Uranus-Pluto configurations this year. This could bring loss, sorrow or separation through his emotional ties. This could also mean public criticism and decreasing popularity.

June holds varied complications and triggering of events which could make this a crucial period, and there are indications of a highly exciting first week in August.

This year a very significant progression in the USA 1776 horoscope is at the exact degree of this Cardinal point of 19 degrees of Cancer, a sensitive degree between Johnson and Humphrey. The North Node of Pluto, considered the signature of the Atom Bomb, is also at this degree. However, Jupiter transiting Cancer this summer could save the day.

That President Johnson wants peace is shown by the fact that it is his Venus, the planet of peace, which is sitting like a lone dove threatened by sinister planetary forces all around. It seems strong evidence of escalation of the war. It looks as if there would be plenty of excitement exploding all around the President of the United States in 1966.

—Constella (Shirley Spencer)

For the ancients the dread planets were Saturn, the cold planet of death, and Mars, the planet of war. The worst possible horoscope was the "grand square," where one of the evil planets stared straight across at your moon, and the other evil planet, 90 degrees away, stared straight across at your sun. The happiest of horoscopes was the "grand trine," where each of the evil planets was faced off at an angle of 120 degrees to the sun or moon or such happy planets as Jupiter or Venus.

These concepts have become greatly watered down in modern times. The young lady born under the grand trine would now be told that she might be lucky both in love and in Wall Street—and then sternly warned not to depend on luck alone. The young lady with the grand square, whom Ptolemy might well have consigned to a quick hanging as the most merciful of fates, will be told that she faces great challenges and that, in overcoming them, she can attain great victories, both in Wall Street and in love.

Astrology has never really gotten around what is sometimes called the "twin problem." Why do many fraternal twins, born at almost the same moment and therefore endowed with identical horoscopes, develop such strikingly different personalities? St. Augustine put the problem a different way in his *Confessions* when he declared he had given up all belief in astrology upon learning that a wealthy landowner and a slave on the landowner's estate had been born at exactly the same time.

St. Thomas Aquinas took a friendlier view, and one that would be endorsed by most astrologers today. He held that the planets influenced the more elemental part of man, the passions, but that through his intellect man could arrange his life in harmony with the planets. A popular phrase in Aquinas's time was *sapiens dominabitur astris*, the wise man will be ruled by the stars. Considering the thousands of future felons and junior executives born within any 15 minutes in the same hospitals, this seems a limitation on astrology that is sensible indeed.

"So much of it is just superstition," says a Manhattan astrologer named Zoltan Mason. "Popular astrology concentrates on your sun sign, calling you an Aquarius or a Capricorn, when that is only one part of your chart. A newspaper columnist will advise you in the middle of January that you should wear a heavy coat today. Now what kind of prediction is that?"

In agreement with Saint Thomas, Mason and other modern astrologers talk about such things as a "developed" or an "undeveloped" Capricorn. "A man with a dominant Mars, which is the sign of the knife, might be a murderer," says Mason. "If semideveloped he might be a butcher and, if fully developed, this man with the same sign might be a surgeon. Whatever your chart may say, you have complete free will to go downstairs and enroll in Columbia University or throw yourself in front of a truck." Or, as Carroll Righter puts it, "The stars impel but do not compel."

The advice of a good modern astrologer would be to get your chart drawn up and then keep an eye on the "transits." When an evil planet such as Saturn transits a point in exact opposition to the point where your sun was at the time of your birth, you would be well advised to avoid work and family crises and, if possible, take a week's vacation in Bermuda. If Venus is prominent, think about sex, perhaps with your wife. If Jupiter is dominant, avoid dice and poker games. (Your optimistic spirit, induced by your Jupiter, would lead you to double up or to raise and call, often with ridiculous cards.)

If you have not had your horoscope done at all, the best advice is to button up your overcoat. Any proper Babylonian would scorn your chart anyway, having concluded from L.B.J.'s that it is going to be tough all over this year. □

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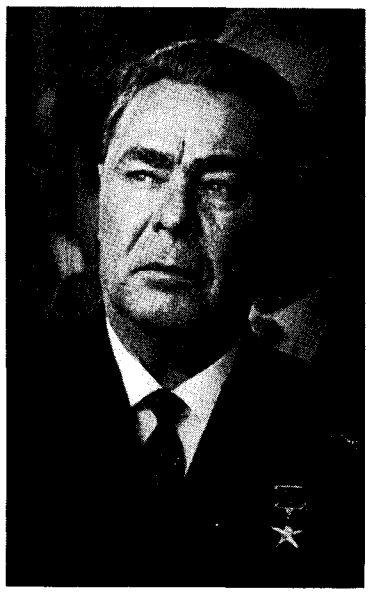
Muscovites who are nostalgic for old-fashioned winters can pay a few kopecks and take a fast ride on a troika, which appears when the snows begin to fall in October.

RUSSIA AT THE CROSSROADS

Premier Kosygin



First Secretary Brezhnev

At the Party Congress, the men who seized power from Khrushchev will be tested and judged by the way they meet Russia's enduring problems.

BY ROBERT SHERROD

In the ocher-colored building that houses the offices of Russia's leaders, just inside the Kremlin's red walls, the lights burn late these nights, throwing a soft glow on the Moscow snow that has been piling up since October. Inside the building, two men little known to the outside world stay at their desks for hours: Leonid Brezhnev, aged 59, a heavy-set Metallurgical Institute graduate with eyebrows as thick as a tomcat's tail, and Alexei Kosygin, 61, a dour economist who started as a textile engineer. These are the officials who toppled Nikita Khrushchev a year and a half ago, and became the rulers of the Soviet Union, Brezhnev as First Secretary of the Communist Party, and Kosygin as Premier.

On March 29 in the new, modernistic Palace of Congresses, Russia's pair of leaders will bring forth the results of their late-night work at a new Communist Party Congress, a ceremony that has been held only 22 times in the history of Russian Communism. The meeting bears little resemblance to an American political convention, but in both cases the orators do spell out their versions of (1) where we stand and (2) where we are going. Most of the work of the Congress will have been done in the plenary session preceding the gathering of 5,000 delegates, including the top echelon of 175 newly designated Central Committee members.

Long ago the chancelleries of the world learned to rivet their attention on these gatherings. It was here, at the 20th Congress in 1956, that Khrushchev revealed the monstrous deeds of the late Joseph Stalin, who had liquidated "many thousands of honest and innocent Communists. . . . Of the 139 members and candidates of the Party Central Committee who were elected at the 17th Congress, 98 persons, *i.e.*, 70 percent, were arrested and

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But there is no place for a horse on most of the busy boulevards of Moscow, which are starting to fill with traffic although some are a hundred yards in width.

shot." Here, also, in a six-hour speech before the 22nd Congress in 1961, Khrushchev finished the job by decreeing that Stalin's body should be expelled from its place beside the sainted Lenin's in the mausoleum on Red Square. He also announced that he would explode a 50-megaton bomb, and he issued his blueprint for the triumph of Communism "in this generation."

No seat is reserved for Khrushchev at the 23rd Congress. He lives out his years—he will be 72 next month—in desolation and disgrace. After his rejection, he was given a six-room apartment on the eighth floor of a building on Old Stable Street, next to the Canadian Embassy, whose employees used to see him come and go. Now he is said to occupy a modest country home, or *dacha*, allotted him in Usovo, 24 miles from Moscow. From time to time he is reported to be in the hospital. Westerners last saw him a year ago when he was trotted out for the benefit of foreign correspondents to vote the ticket in a local Moscow election. When the new rulers allowed no word about him to appear in any newspaper across 7,000 miles of Russia, it was evident that Khrushchev was in purgatory. He had been relegated to the status of being what is known as an "unperson."

His memory lives on, nonetheless, for the Russia of today was molded by Nikita Khrushchev. He botched the economy; he horrified not only the Russians but the whole civilized world with his brinkmanship during the Cuban missile crisis; he was guilty of nepotism (having made his son-in-law editor of *Izvestia*, he was about to put him in charge of agriculture when the end came). But during his 10 tempestuous years at the top Nikita Khrushchev ended government by mass terror, a remarkable remission in a country which had known no other way of life during the preceding quarter century.

As the successors of Khrushchev, Brezhnev and Kosygin will be studied with appraising eyes when they rise to make their presentations at the 23rd Congress. In every capital in the world, experts will study every word that is released about the proceedings. For the first time the world is getting a chance to judge the men who took on the awesome job of trying to make Communism work.

As the first of two equals, Brezhnev will make the main speech; Kosygin will present the new five-year economic plan. They can take pride in Luna 9 televising the first close-up pictures of the moon. They can say some cheerful words about industry; their figures show that industrial production rose by 8.6 percent in 1965, highest in three years. They probably will view with alarm Russia's worst domestic problem, agricultural production, which rose only one percent. But they certainly will present a hopeful plan for it, as Khrushchev did time after time.

Will Brezhnev and Kosygin make a final break with the insulting Chinese Communists? In Moscow I found some astute observers who thought the new leaders might even do that. What about the problem of Vietnam? Certainly, the American "imperialist aggressors" will come in for hard words, but how far can the Soviets commit themselves to support a war in the jungles on the other side of China?

Since they took command in October, 1964, each of the two has made one major speech—Brezhnev on agriculture, Kosygin on industry. Both were crisp, businesslike presentations, devoid of the rambling rhetoric of Khrushchev, who spoke a total of nearly 20 hours at the last Party Congress. Both the new rulers readily admitted past mistakes—by Khrushchev, of course.

"You'll never find Brezhnev or Kosygin banging on a desk with a shoe," a Russian official told me. "They are intellectuals like Lenin, not peasants like Stalin and Khrushchev." He added thoughtfully, "I don't think you'll ever see the Khrushchev type again."

In contrast to Khrushchev, Brezhnev and Kosygin have made themselves as devoid of public personality as any two leaders can be. After being absent from Russia for five years, I got the impression that the country was being run by two faceless men. However, Brezhnev and Kosygin do resemble Khrushchev in that both are veterans who worked their way up in the party, which Kosygin joined at 23, Brezhnev at 25. In Russia only veterans of the Establishment can make it to the top, since the gift of power comes from above, not from the people below.

Leonid I. Brezhnev was born in the Ukraine, Khrushchev's republic. The son of a steelworker, Brezhnev started out as a land surveyor, but after he joined the party he was sent to study metallurgy for five years. In 1938 he met Khrushchev, who was then head of the party in the Ukraine, and became one of his protégés. During World War II Brezhnev was a political officer in the army under Khrushchev on the Stalingrad Front. During Stalin's last days he became a Secretary of the Central Committee and a candidate (*i.e.*, alternate) member of the Presidium. After Stalin's death, Brezhnev was demoted for a while but took wing again as First Secretary in the huge Kazakh Republic when Khrushchev rose to the top. He regained his candidate membership of the Presidium in 1956 and reached full membership a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN LICHTNER

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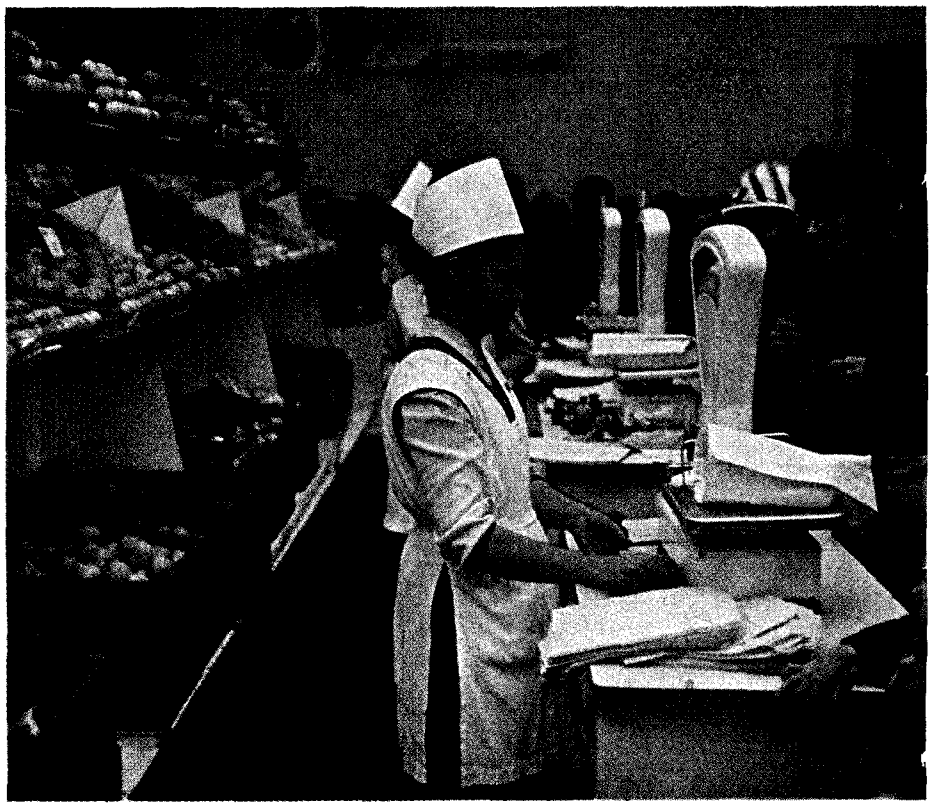

To meet the demands of the people, the Soviet leaders have gradually shifted the economy to produce more consumer goods, such as these cars, and to increase the food supply.

year later. From 1960 to 1964 he served as Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet.

Brezhnev, a burly, darkly handsome man, favors Italian silk suits and carefully knotted ties. (Russians do change, at least outwardly; the young poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko recalls that his father not many years ago was accused of bourgeois leanings because he wore a necktie.)

Associates say Brezhnev has never subjected himself to a press conference or an interview. His pretty, 21-year-old daughter is occasionally seen at diplomatic receptions, but Brezhnev himself stays away from social events except when protocol dictates, as in the case of visits by Communist Party heads from other countries. His Garbo-like determination to remain quiet and almost unknown will focus special attention on him when he rises in the vast Palace of Congresses March 29 to manage his big show.

Not only is Alexei N. Kosygin dull in public; from all reports he is dull in private. Kosygin is the prototype of the zealous Communist bureaucrat—a humorless, slight, wan man who gets his pleasure out of life by working 16 hours a day. Kosygin, who is 62, made his choice for Communism early. He was 15 when he joined the Red Army to fight in the civil war. By diligence and the knack of keeping out of harm's way, he rose in the party. When one of Stalin's purges wiped out every other likely candidate, Kosygin was made mayor of Leningrad at the age of 34.

Kosygin earned a reputation in the party as a shrewd economist and a good administrator who would tackle any job. He was also agile enough to keep his head during Stalin's later purges, although he was removed from the Presidium in the dictator's last year. His diligence caught the eye of Khrushchev, who restored him to the Presidium in 1960 and made him First Deputy Premier. In the end Khrushchev could not protect himself from the men he had put into power.

Kosygin has a buxom blonde wife who turns up fairly often at social events. Their daughter is married to Dzherman M. Gvishiani, a Soviet official who was the boss of Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, the man who spied on Russia for Great Britain and the United States. Penkovsky was caught and executed in 1963—but not before his purported memoirs, *The Penkovsky Papers*, had been smuggled out to become a current best seller exposing the Soviet spy network. This embarrassing relationship is never mentioned in Russia, where officials claim with considerable heat that *The Penkovsky Papers* is a fraud perpetrated by the CIA.

From the beginning of their tenure Brezhnev and Kosygin have maintained a balanced relationship that is without precedent in the Soviet Union. Brezhnev seems content to let Kosygin make more public appearances, take more bows, shake more hands. Will either Brezhnev or Kosygin try to displace the other? Even the most speculative Kremlinologists have failed as yet to detect a jot of jealousy. "This doesn't mean a time won't come," one qualified Western observer told me. "When it does, Kosygin won't put up a fight because he knows he's outclassed, and Brezhnev will come out on top. But he'll wait until he has anchored his own men in key positions."

What is it like in the Russia of Brezhnev and Kosygin? For a tourist, it's still something less than paradise. The reason, I think, lies in a Frenchman's remark as we watched a waitress in the restaurant of the National Hotel, the best that Moscow offers. "These people simply aren't consumer oriented," he said.

The girl was serving two men seated at a table near us. She put down her tray on a table about 15 feet away, on the other side of the room. She picked up a bread plate and walked across; then she went back and brought the other bread plate. Then she brought a plate of fish *solyanka* soup and went back again to get the other plate, containing chicken *kiev*. Then she brought a potato for one man, followed by another trip to get the second diner's potato. In all, she made 14 trips across the room to serve two persons.

To make a purchase in a store is as complicated as getting fed. The buyer makes his selection, receives a ticket, goes to the cashier, watches her calculate on an abacus, pays his money, gets a receipt for the exact amount, then goes back to the counter and receives his purchase.

About 20,000 hardy American tourists visit Russia each year and some soon learn that a close record is kept of their movements. Communication between Soviet agencies is rapid indeed. One day in Leningrad photographer Marvin Lichtner and I visited the Hermitage, one of the world's greatest art museums. In front of a Picasso painting, *The Three Graces*, Lichtner paused to take a picture of an ancient crone with a babushka covering her head. Russians don't like their poor and infirm people to be photographed. Our guide whispered a few words to the woman and came back and said, "She doesn't want her picture made." It was nothing; Lichtner found a soldier and his girl to pose in front of the same painting, and they would do just as well. The very next day in Moscow a Russian official in another bureau said, "I hear you had some trouble in Leningrad yesterday."

If Moscow is not a very good place to visit, it is also not pleasant to live in. Even the 788 Africans at Patrice Lumumba University, who get special treatment, are homesick, and quite a few African diplomats' wives have packed up and left their husbands to bear it alone. The Western European and American diplomatic corps mixes only occasionally with the Russians, except at formal diplomatic receptions. Since the Vietnam crisis, Americans find the climate cooler than ever, as U.S. Chargé d'Affaires John Guthrie learned recently when he gave a reception in honor of some American visitors, inviting 120 Russian professors and other scientists. About 30 percent showed up; a year earlier, he calculates, 60 percent of them would have come.

The 16 American correspondents stationed in Moscow are regarded as special poison. One of them, who speaks Russian fluently and has formed a kind of attachment for living in the Russian maelstrom, surprised me by saying that in his five years he had never been inside a Russian home.

By Western standards the Russian's life is grim even in Moscow, which gets first choice of everything. Despite hundreds of new five- and eight-story apartment houses, which line the boulevards like Stonehenge slabs, a two-room apartment is still standard for a couple with two children. Such an apartment costs only $4 or $5 a month, but the price of clothing and food makes a mockery of the average weekly wage, $25. Eighty percent of all wives work, however, so the average Russian manages somehow to afford a pair of shoes even at the cost of a week's pay. Fourteen million Russians have bought television sets ($450 for a 14-inch screen), and the Moskevitch automobile factory last year manufactured 76,000 of its tiny Fiat-sized cars, which sell for about $4,000. There are now enough cars, buses and trucks to cause occasional traffic jams on Moscow's broad boulevards.

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After years of wearing shapeless garments, Russian women can now buy more stylish clothes in Moscow.

Give Nikita Khrushchev credit. The Russian family living on $50 a week would be worse off if he hadn't decided in 1963 to spend precious foreign exchange for over 10 million tons of grain. Conservatives in the Presidium argued that the people ought to tighten their belts, as they had done in Stalin's day. He knew about those days, said Khrushchev, because in 1947 "grain was being exported, while in some areas people were even dying of hunger." Given a choice between hard currencies and hungry Russians, Khrushchev cast his vote for food.

Khrushchev fumed at the success of American agriculture, which he said influenced "the entire world," and he worked frantically to improve the yield of Russia's farms. He tried all sorts of harebrained schemes—planting corn in sub-polar areas, plowing up the virgin lands of Siberia.

In the end, Khrushchev failed badly. His plan called for increasing agricultural production by 70 percent between 1959 and 1965, but First Secretary Leonid Brezhnev took a look at the books and announced a year ago: "The increase amounted to barely ten percent. The rate of increase for cattle was reduced by half as compared to the previous five years. As for pigs, sheep and fowl, their number declined considerably in that period." Brezhnev promised to double the investment in the next five years in farm equipment, buildings, irrigation and other capital improvements to a total of $78 billion. He proposed to raise the peasant's standard of living, which amounts to no more than half of the city worker's.

Western agricultural experts doubt that Brezhnev has found a solution. "He can't cut his way out of the jungle of Marxian economics," says one. Fully one fifth of Russia's fertilizer capacity is wasted because of poor planning. Russia's peasants generally do not have enough tractors, but, ludicrously enough, the system sometimes forces them to use tractors for jobs that could be better done by horses. Many of the controls were clamped on the peasants by Stalin decades ago because he did not trust them. "The problem is that Russia needs a new generation of farmers that the government can trust with more autonomy," says one Western official.

One startling fact shows how well the Soviet farmer can do with even limited autonomy. He is allowed to maintain a small plot, about 1½ acres, and to keep the yield for himself. These tiny plots of land amount to only 3 percent of Russia's cultivated land, yet they furnish 34 percent of its food—including 42 percent of its vegetables and 44 percent of its meat.

Many peasants make extra money by selling part of their crops on the side. In the central market of Moscow, I was startled to see blond peasants from Moldavia, about 600 miles to the southwest, selling apples and onions for 30 cents each, and swarthy Georgians and Armenians, who lived about 1,000 miles from the capital, peddling tomatoes at four dollars a pound. I discovered that these people had packed suitcases with vegetables and fruit that they had raised on their own plots and flown to Moscow to make a quick profit. Plane fares on the government airline are cheaper than a suitcase full of tomatoes.

While Brezhnev took over Khrushchev's agricultural shambles, Alexei Kosygin made the problems of industry his own, without such fanfare as Khrushchev had displayed in 1961 when he said, "You can write it in your little notebook that we will overtake America in per-capita industrial production by 1970."

At the time, Khrushchev had some basis for his bragging. Between 1951 and 1960 the Russian gross national product growth rate averaged 6.4 percent a year, exactly twice the American rate. In some areas, notably steel production (current production is 91 million tons, compared to 128 in the U.S.), the Soviets have advanced impressively. But during the next six years, with the American economy booming, the growth rates balanced at 4.3 percent. By 1970, at that pace, the Soviet G.N.P. would be about half the American, and the consumer's share of the G.N.P. would be about 30 percent of the U.S. per-capita consumption.

At the Party Congress, Premier Kosygin is expected to outline his program for decentralizing planning and giving industry some new incentives. Kosygin has already allowed many Soviet factories much more independence than they ever enjoyed under Khrushchev, who was only beginning to relax Stalin's tight controls. Managers of many plants, long used to being told what to do by Moscow, are even being allowed to decide on wages, bonuses and how to use their resources.

Kosygin's proposals don't amount to a "reversion to capitalism," as some old-line Marxists claim, nor do they add up to an economic revolution, as some liberal economists have argued. Kosygin has not yet allowed—nor is he likely to allow—a free flow of prices.

Characteristically, Kosygin has been playing it safe; he has struck a compromise with Stalin's system that loosens the controls somewhat—but not enough for him to be accused of turning to capitalism for the answer to Russia's problems. When Kosygin stands before the 23rd Congress, the economists of the world will be waiting to see how much more, if at all, he is willing to compromise.

At the moment, Russia's clothing factories are being allowed the most freedom in the economy. I saw the new system at work at the Bolsheviska clothing factory in Leningrad. No longer does Moscow tell Bolsheviska how many women's coats to make, and in what style. Instead, Bolsheviska's own styling department designs styles that are test-marketed by stores. If the customers like the model, it is put into mass production. Assistant Manager Roman Zinberg says results have been so satisfactory that incentive payments to workers increased 20 percent during the last half of 1965.

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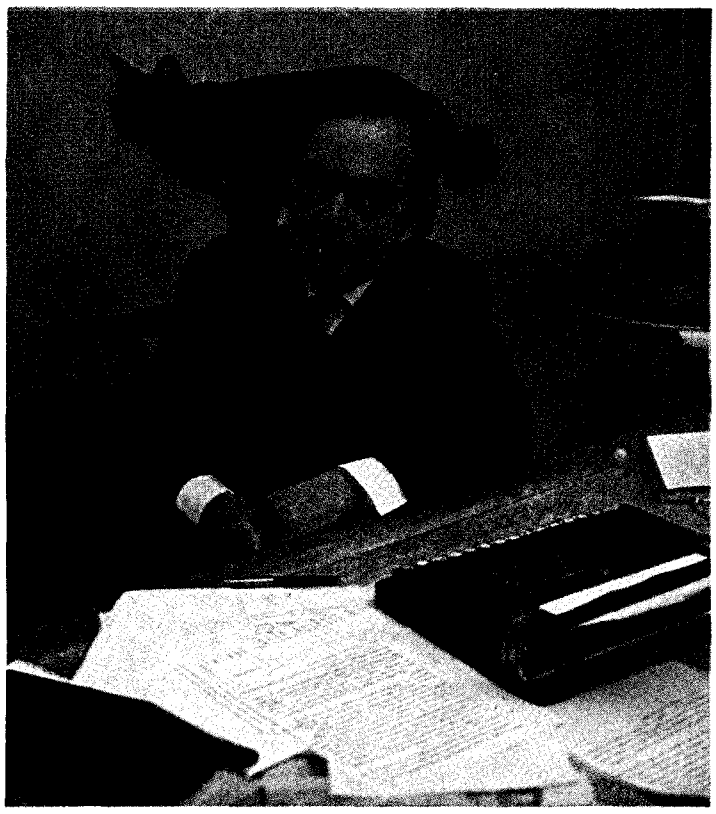

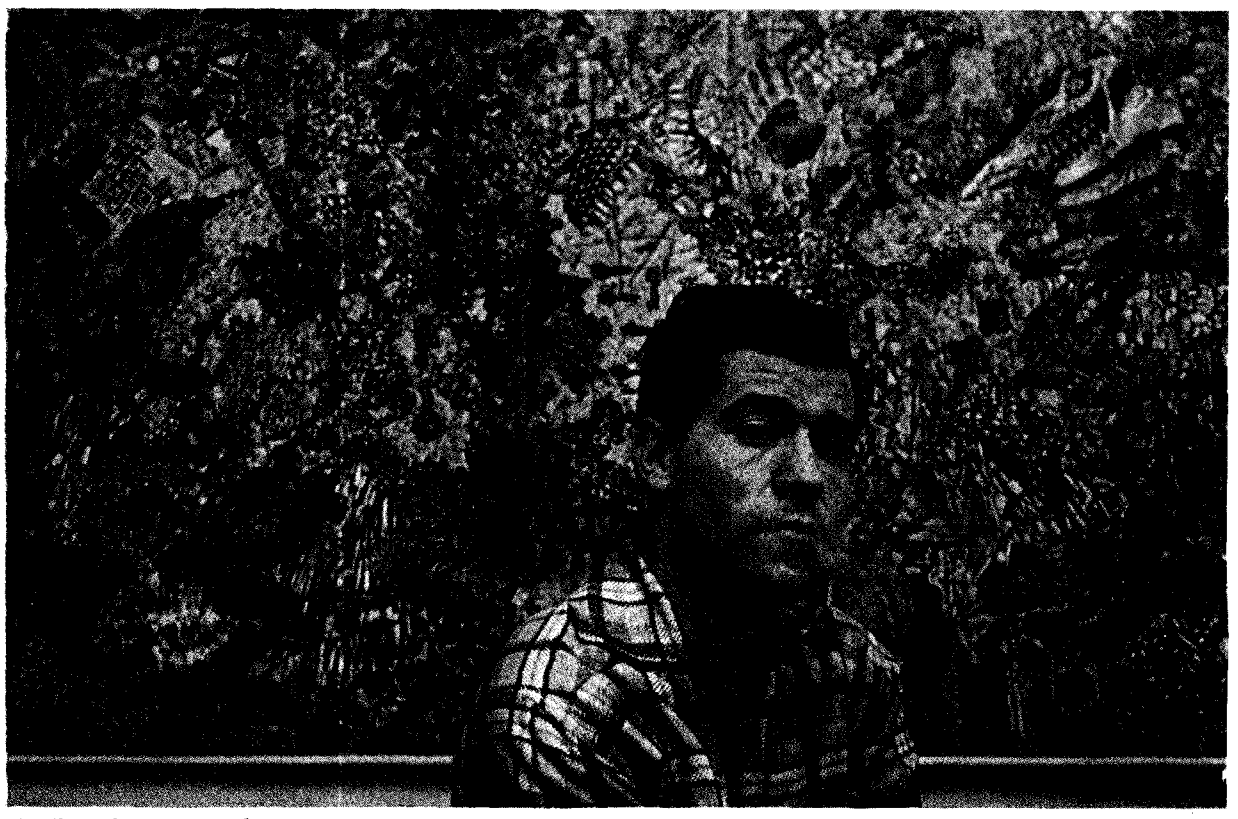

Novelist Dudintsev and Painter Plavinsky are two Soviet intellectuals whose freedom of expression will depend on how daring Brezhnev and Kosygin decide it is safe to be.

The new styles are showing up in Soviet stores, and the Russian women, at least in Moscow, are looking better than ever. In fact, despite all of the problems with the economy, the Russian women have been improving in style for some years now. "I've made more than fifty trips to Moscow since the war," a Western businessman told me one night over dinner, "and about seven or eight years ago I noticed that something was different. What was it? I kept asking myself. And then it hit me. The women had taken to wearing lipstick. The next year I noticed they had nylons, and a year after that costume jewelry began to appear. This year I see they are dyeing their hair—not good dye, but it's a kind of evidence—and a few of them have false eyelashes. See those two girls—they're both wearing net hosiery. That's new too."

The most serious problem facing Russia today is China, and it overshadows every other trouble in the country. Brezhnev and Kosygin will either have to grapple with the China issue at the 23rd Congress or show they have no new answers by dodging the question. The two leaders inherited a rapidly deteriorating situation. Khrushchev was on the verge of a complete break with China, partly because of his savage personal feud with Mao Tse-tung, who once said, according to an eavesdropping interpreter, "Khrushchev is not only a boor; he smells." At first Brezhnev and Kosygin tried to soothe the Chinese, but Peking would have none of what it called these perpetrators of "Khrushchevism without Khrushchev," these "lackeys of American imperialism."

Meantime, the Soviet Union has been quietly winning new friends in Asia. In January Kosygin flew down to Tashkent, his country's biggest city in southern Asia, to perform a historic mission. To everybody's surprise he successfully used his good offices to persuade Prime Minister Shastri of India and President Ayub Khan of Pakistan to pull back their opposing forces from a cease-fire line in the disputed province of Kashmir. Never before had a Russian been able to act as peacemaker between two non-Communist nations—and right in China's backyard, at that.

At the same time, the Russians were busy in other parts of Asia. Brezhnev flew to Outer Mongolia, the buffer between Russia and China, shoring up the Soviet position in that country. A third high-ranking member of the Presidium, Alexander Shelepin, went to Hanoi to promise the North Vietnamese more military support in their war against South Vietnam and the United States. But Shelepin had no success urging the North Vietnamese to look for a solution to the conflict. Eleven months earlier, Kosygin himself had had no more luck when he visited Hanoi to say, "You've got to leave the Americans a way out."

Brezhnev and Kosygin at times have demonstrated a surprising reasonableness in foreign affairs. One example occurred last December when Foy Kohler, the U.S. ambassador (who surely has one of the world's toughest jobs), returned from Washington and told Foreign Minister Gromyko, "Why don't you quit staging all these anti-American demonstrations? Every day *Pravda* carries a photograph of demonstrations for North Vietnam in Kiev, or Sverdlovsk or Gorki or somewhere. President Johnson is trying hard not to escalate the Vietnam war, and you aren't helping a bit." Next day the demonstrations (and the *Pravda* photographs) stopped abruptly. The Western diplomat who told me this story—not an American—shook his head and said, "I wonder why they did it? I wonder why they did it?"

Hunting for reasons to Russia's behavior, Western diplomats long ago realized that there is sometimes a clue in the way that the country treats its intellectuals. When Russia is about to take the hard line, it clamps down on freedom of thought; when it is considering being moderate, it loosens up. At least, that is the theory, and it has often worked in the past.

Under Stalin, the creative life for the intellectual virtually ceased; he was allowed no personal freedom at all. When Khrushchev first took power, he eased controls during a period that was called "The Thaw" and lived to rue the day, as intellectuals began to stir throughout the Communist bloc. After the Hungarian revolution of 1956, Khrushchev summoned a group of leading Russian writers and told them that the revolution would never have happened if the Hungarian government had shot a few liberal authors. If it became necessary to use force on Russian writers, he warned, "My hand would not tremble." Yet two years later Khrushchev did not dare shoot Boris Pasternak, who became a world figure when he smuggled *Dr. Zhivago* out of the country. But Pasternak had to turn down the Nobel Prize.

As Khrushchev's power grew, his attitude hardened. In 1962, he summarized his philosophy before an audience of 900 artists and writers by saying, "You have strong tools in your possession. They must all be directed to the attainment of a single goal—the triumph of Communism."

When they appear before the 23rd Congress, Brezhnev and Kosygin will be watched closely to see if they take a stand on the role of the intellectual. Until now, they have been acting ambiguously—giving some freedom here, taking away some there. Early this year the government granted Poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko a passport to Australia after keeping him at home several years. Yet the chairman of the Artists' Union still spouts the same conformist line that he has been spouting for three years, and most of the members of the union are still as shackled as they were in 1962 when Khrushchev took one horrified look at a collection of abstract paintings and shouted "Dog dung!"

The confusion in the minds of Brezhnev and Kosygin about the proper role of the artist is best shown by two events that occurred last month. A court gave a seven-year sentence to Andrei D. Sinyavsky, a well-known Moscow literary critic and teacher, and a five-year sentence to Yuli M. Daniel, a poet and translator. The charge against both was slandering the Soviet Union in works that were smuggled out of the country. Both men admitted sending their books to the outside world, but both insisted that they had written for artistic rather than political motives. "A man must remain a man in whatever conditions, under whatever influences," Daniel told the court.

The trial was a tremendous blow to freedom of expression in Russia, but while it actually was under way the Soviets allowed one of their most bitter critics to go to England and speak his mind. The critic was Valery Tarsis, who began sending anti-Communist stories out of Russia in 1960. In 1962 Tarsis was thrown into a mental hospital for eight months. There he gathered material for a book called *Ward 7*, also published abroad, which was an even more caustic attack upon an idiotic Soviet bureaucracy.

For a while the Russians seemed willing to let Tarsis say whatever he wanted. Tarsis himself believes they let him talk because they feel he is a harmless madman (and under government law he is not responsible). Whatever the reason for his freedom,

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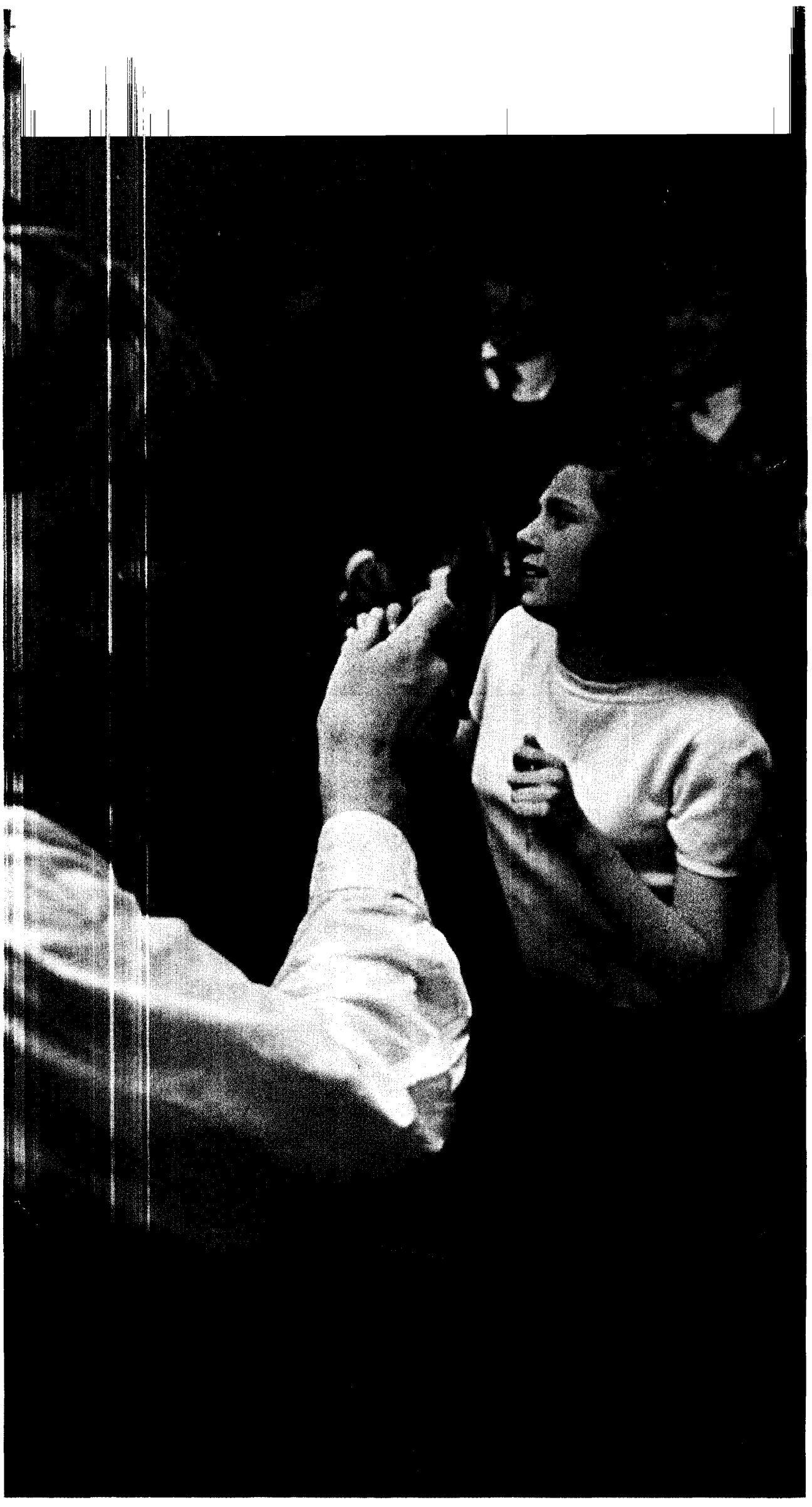

Young Russians (at right) squirm to the music of the Beatle-like "Christmas Stars" in a Moscow night spot.

Tarsis makes good use of it. "The authorities know very well that I detest Communism, that I hate the Soviet regime," he told one interviewer. "I believe in God and I cannot live in a land where one cannot be an honest man." When Tarsis forecast the overthrow of the Soviet regime "within five or six years," the Russians revoked his citizenship.

One Soviet writer who has suffered from the changing judgment of the government about his work is a short, owl-eyed man named Vladimir Dudintsev. A decade ago, during "The Thaw," he became famous for writing a novel called *Not by Bread Alone* which was serialized in the magazine *Novy Mir*. Despite its literary mediocrity, the novel caused a sensation in Russia and in the outside world because it dared to depict the dreariness and stagnation of Soviet life. One evening Dudintsev told me how he had been cheered at a meeting of the Writers' Union. "One after another, the great writers praised my novel," he said. "It was amazing."

Then the reaction set in. Khrushchev ranted against the writer, but said, "Comrade Dudintsev, with our assistance and his own desire, can find the correct path." Dudintsev could and did. He wrote an explanatory introduction, and Khrushchev permitted publication of a limited hard-cover edition. Now the new regime is allowing the republication of *Not By Bread Alone*, and next fall Dudintsev will publish a second novel, *The Unknown Soldier*.

"The difference between now and ten years ago is like heaven and earth," Dudintsev told me. "I'm going to give a big party."

Dudintsev's party plans may be premature. No one knows what line Brezhnev and Kosygin will be taking by that time. What is more, the Kremlinologists are wondering how long the two men themselves will be able to hold power, although there have been no indications of any real unrest as yet.

Neither official has shown the strong-man qualities Russians have come to expect of their leaders. In the Kremlin, as in every government, there are ambitious young men who are certainly hoping to take command someday. The toughest, and one of the brightest, young men at the top is Alexander Shelepin, the 47-year-old official who has been called the "Stalin of the future." Shelepin was Stalin's head of the Young Communist League and later Khrushchev's head of the KGB, the security police agency. He is considered a ruthless, orthodox young man who would have the support of the old line conservatives if they felt Brezhnev and Kosygin were carrying liberalism too far. Shelepin may have had more to do with the fall of Khrushchev than either Brezhnev or Kosygin.

Another possible threat to the two Russian leaders is Dmitri Polyansky, 48, a forceful, intelligent Ukrainian with an urbanity usually lacking in Soviet leaders. When he visited the United States six years ago, he seemed more like a Madison Avenue executive than a Communist leader. But he is as tough as he is charming, and he has a reputation for being on the winning side, helping to save Khrushchev in 1957 and helping to demolish him in 1964.

No one knows who will succeed Brezhnev and Kosygin, or when, or how. Since the end of World War II, the experts have been baffled time and again by what happened within the Kremlin. After Khrushchev was overthrown, the Indian government sent its ambassador in Moscow a wire asking why he had not warned the home office. The ambassador cabled back, "If Khrushchev didn't know, how could I?"

One thing is certain. The performance of Leonid Brezhnev and Alexei Kosygin at the 23rd Congress this month will go a long way toward determining how long—and how well—they will be able to govern the Soviet Union. □

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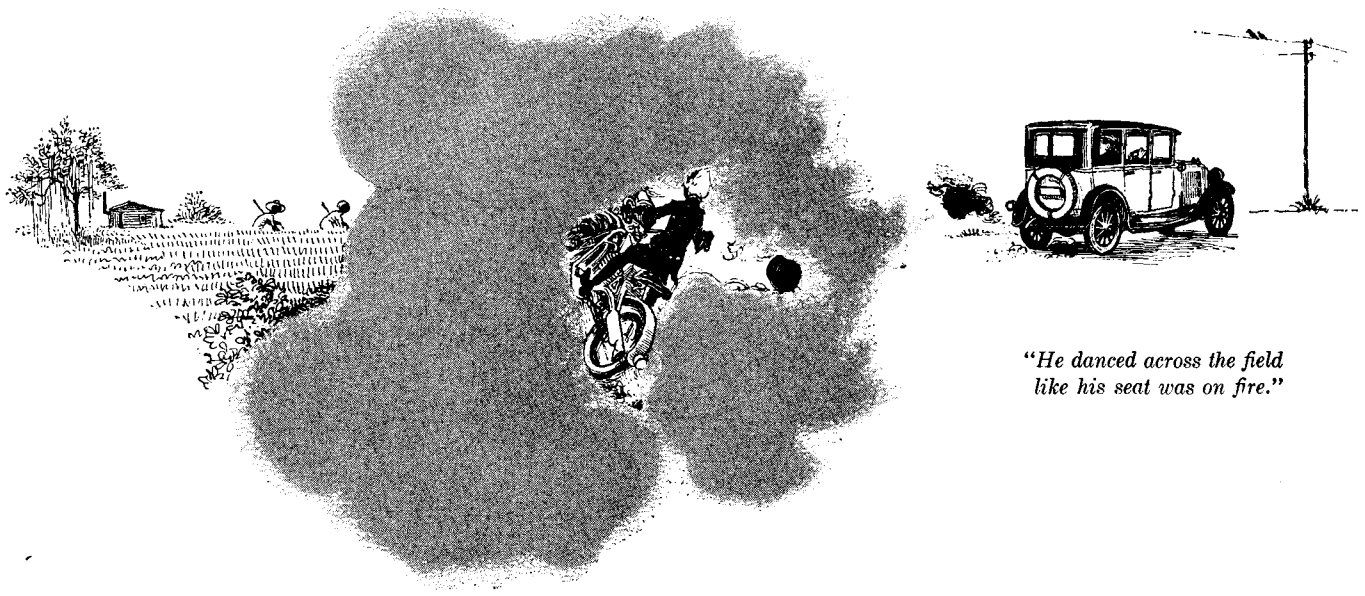


"He danced across the field like his seat was on fire."

The lost art of Moonshine

A connoisseur's fond farewell to a vanishing American—the old-time Southern pot-still man who can make illegal corn whiskey that tastes smooth as a silk glove.

By William Price Fox • Illustrated by Erik Blegvad

Carrying a suitcase full of dynamite, Federal Revenue officers William Thompson and Jarvis Brewer were closing in on a moonshine still in the tall timber near Charlotte, N.C., a few months ago. Suddenly they heard the cries of an animal in distress, and came upon a bobcat painfully caught in the jaws of a steel trap. Mistaking the agents' motives, the beast lashed out with fang and claw. The agents emptied the suitcase of explosives, slammed it over the cat, freed the animal's leg and snapped the lock of the suitcase.

Then came the rumble of the moonshiners' car returning to the still. As the agents leaped to a hiding place in the bushes, Thompson, in his haste, dropped the suitcase. Up drove the car, carrying six tipsy Negroes. One jumped out, having spotted the suitcase, and tossed it into the back seat. Off sped the car. The men in the rear seat opened the suitcase. Out snarled the wildcat. Four doors burst open. Six men fled furiously in six directions, and the driverless car careened into the woods.

Somehow the wildcat in the empty car with the six men scattering in all directions typifies the state of frantic haste and chaos in the illegal production of corn whiskey in the South today. The Alcohol Division of the U.S. Internal Revenue Service last year seized and destroyed 7,432 operating corn-whiskey stills, 156,000 gallons of whiskey and over 3,600,000 gallons of mash, and from all indications, hardly a drop of it was fit to drink.

The prairie buffalo

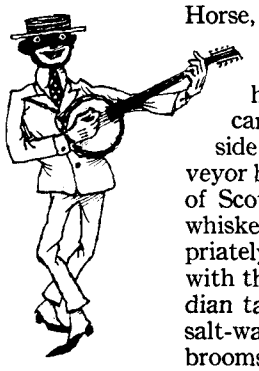
But things weren't always this way.

Before what's left of moonshining—practiced as an art, not just a way to make quick money—dies altogether, I thought it might be a good idea to talk to some of the old-timers I have known in Georgia and Carolina who have been in and out of the whiskey business since the '20's. These men are vanishing and leaving no records behind. When they are gone, the real pity will not be our loss so much as our lack of any sense of loss for not knowing more about them.

Much of what the old-time moonshiners told me was tinged with a kind of righteous indignation. The Law's pursuit of still men varies widely from county to county, depending on local attitudes toward state liquor laws and on sheriffs' willingness to cooperate with Revenue agents in enforcing Federal law. The still men feel this is unfair, and they enjoy reminiscing about lawmen who have been fooled or caught in the wrong.

Bradford Cutshaw's favorite story (I'm using fictitious names for all these men) was about a raid up near the Carolina-Georgia border. He told me: "Yeah, they caught old Claude working his pot still. Four of the sheriff's men jumped him at dawn, right when he had his mash cooking in the kettle. By the time they got down to the courthouse, two of the agents had taken off, and Claude was madder than a turkey in a thunderstorm. He told the judge he'd bet anything they were back at his still stealing his whiskey. Well sir, the old judge drove out and took a look for himself, and sure enough, there they were, sitting up there like frogs on a log around that blending tub, stone drunk and singing hymns like it would break your heart."

Later the old ex-whiskey runner broke out a five-gallon keg of straight corn that had been made in the '30's and aged in a charred maple keg for more than 25 years. It was as smooth as a silk glove, and it would have been a sin to chase it with anything except a smile. I tried to talk him into selling me a gallon to take back to New York City. He poured a few drops in his palm, rubbed it back and forth and cupped his hands over his nose. "This whiskey is just too good for any Yankee s.o.b.," he said. "If I let you have it, you got to promise me you'll pour it out in a dish and make them get down on the floor with it and lap it up like a dog. I swear I just don't like letting this kind of quality go north."



The old-time minstrel man

But old-time moonshiners miss the prestige they often had in the community during Prohibition, when the North bought millions of gallons of rectified and flavored corn whiskey that was made in the South and passed off as smuggled goods from Scotland and Canada.

While Georgia made most of the straight corn whiskey then, South Carolina had the big rectifying plants which did the final processing and shipping to the North. One link between the states was the Old Augusta Road, and this narrow highway saw many terrible races between the moonshiners and the law. Low-slung Buicks, Cadillacs and Hupmobiles heavy with a thousand pounds of whiskey made the 60-mile run every night, and every night the families of the drivers would turn their eyes west and wait and pray.

"Yeah, we had us some nice races back then," a veteran recalls. "Nice. I had me a 1926 Buick that wouldn't quit. Had the back end jacked up so high with special heavy-duty springs it looked like a jackrabbit with a sore tail when it wasn't loaded down with seven or nine hundred pounds of whiskey. And smoke screens? Why we had us more smoke back then before anyone ever heard of your Mister Al Capone. Used a specially welded little steel box that held about two gallons. Put maybe a gallon of crude oil in and put the can under pressure with a gas-station air pump. I kept that can right by my right knee when I drove and had her linked up through the manifold. All I had to do was throw a little petcock and that stuff would come out looking like ink.

"There's a little curve up near Batesburg-Leesville. Cop got after me on a motorcycle one day. Never forget that day as long as I live. It was right around first dark and it had just stopped raining. I could have outrun him with my Buick, but I see this little piece of curve coming up and I waited until I got him on the bend and then I threw the old smoke on him. That rascal danced out across a cotton field like his seat was on fire. Later on we got so we'd add a little creosote in with the crude oil; that would make it stick to the windshield of the Law's car, and I mean you couldn't ever get it off unless you used soap and water and a razor blade."

At the rectifying plant, they would take all the taste out of the corn whiskey with a chemical agent. Then they would add oil of smoke and a Scotch extract or a mixture of syrups and flavoring that made the whiskey taste like a bourbon or a Canadian blend.

Bottles with labels such as White Horse, Haig & Haig, Teacher's, Cutty Sark and Vat 69 lined the walls of storehouses, and when the time came for filling, they moved side by side down the conveyor belt to the common source of Scotch-tasting rectified corn whiskey. The bottles were appropriately neck-labeled, stamped with the proper Scotch or Canadian tax stamp and wrapped in salt-water-damaged paper and broomstraw to give the appearance of whiskey smuggled into this country after a terrible time on the high seas. When a sharp Northern buyer saw the water-soaked paper and broomstraw, he was sure that the $50 bottle of Haig & Haig Pinch which cost the moonshiner about 14 cents to make was the genuine article. The old-timers swear that when Prohibition ended and the real brands began appearing, people thought they were being duped. They wanted the old rectified and smoked-up corn, and were suspicious of any substitutes.

There is still a lot of interstate traffic in moonshine, enough to suggest some gang control. Authorities estimate that 60 percent of Southern production is

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shipped by the truckload to Northern cities. It is sold for 25 cents a shot in cheap bars or for $1.25 to $4 a quart in unlabeled bottles.

But there is a vast difference in production methods. The main ingredients of good corn-whiskey making are talent, practice and time. The best whiskey is made from pure corn and aged in wooden barrels for six months or longer. Today's quick-run men, however, are adding more and more sugar to the mash to speed up the process and minimize the risk of getting caught, and of course they are taking no time at all to age the whiskey

"Lord," says Lamar Peevey down near Four Holes, S.C., "I wouldn't touch that sugar stuff they're putting out now with a ten-foot pole. Nobody minds the mash vats, and God knows what all doesn't crawl up there in the night and die. And it's all straight galvanized steel, not even a copper worm or tub, all steel. As for the mash, it's one hundred percent sugar. They don't put a lick of meal in there. Getting all kinds of crazy tastes. I just as soon pick me up something from the liquor stores. Some of those legal operations, they been at it a good while now, and they're getting so they can put out a pretty fair bottle."

The Yankee Peddler

The quality and taste of whiskey made in an illegal still depend on the type of operation. The simplest model is the 200-year-old Horse-Blanket Still. In this type, the mash—a mixture of sugar, cornmeal and water—is allowed to ferment for about three days, and then cooked in a big pot over an open fire. A thick horse blanket is laid over the pot to collect the steam. When the blanket is saturated with steam, it is run through a clothes wringer, and the moisture that is wrung out is whiskey. The taste will vary, but basically it's of wool, of earth, of horse and of very, very strong corn whiskey.

In the conventional pot still, the pot, or "cooker," is sealed on top. A copper tube called the "worm" runs from the pot through a condenser, which is a simple wooden box filled with cold water. The vapor, which rises when the mash begins cooking, is cooled in the condenser worm, and the distilled liquid is whiskey. Its taste depends on a combination of factors. The ratio of cornmeal to sugar in the mash is critical, as is the decision on when to start cooking it. Whiskey first comes out of a still at 180 proof and must be cut to around 90, and adding water to bring it down instead of adding the lower-proof portion of the run, called "low wine," makes the whiskey flat and lacking in body. If any still parts are made of steel rather than the traditional copper, a metallic flavor will result. More dangerous consequences come from careless handling or improper equipment. If a moonshiner has sloppily soldered the joints of a still, you can pick up lead poisoning from the whiskey. Or, if he has used his car radiator for a condenser, you may get antifreeze in it.

The standard steam still, which is used by legal whiskey houses as well as illegal operators, uses live steam from a boiler for cooking the mash, and a run can be made much faster than in any other kind of still. The danger here is that a moonshiner in a hurry may not properly supervise the run, and uncontrolled high temperatures may produce volatile spirits, fusel oils and other poisons.

The setups used by modern moonshiners changed vitally in the early '40's when Revenue agents began using light airplanes and helicopters for spotting stills. Even deep woods and swamps became easy for the Law to patrol, and the whiskey runner had to devise new techniques of concealment. One recent innovation is the setting up of medium-sized portable stills inside trailer trucks. Stills have been set up in empty corn silos, and in 1963 Bennettsville, S.C., agents found a still under an outhouse. It was reached by lifting the floor of the privy and was outfitted with electric lights and ventilating fans. Not far away, in Columbia, a man built a still inside his fallout shelter, and even built a tunnel to get from his basement to the still without being seen. Unfortunately, he didn't vent it properly and died while making his first run.

The genuine old-time Southern moonshiner

A moonshiner in Elgin, S.C., built a pigpen directly above his underground still. The mash slop, refuse that is left over after mash is cooked, was pumped into the pen, and not only was the smell dissipated, but the moonshiner-farmer swears that the hogs thrived on the slop. The pigs also got drunk on it, however. They aroused the suspicion of the local sheriff, who promptly raided and destroyed the still.

But the most colorful operation I've heard about was the still which two men ran on the second floor of a house in Columbia, back in the late '30's. They used the elevation to carry off the mash slop through a fire hose connected to the ground-floor toilet. One of the moonshiners filled me in on the operating methods:

"It was a pretty good still, all right. Nice, tight stack, and the whiskey came out clear as crystal. Had a beautiful Detroit-made gas burner firing her. Over one hundred and eighty-five needle jets and every one worked. Had a big vat that held a thousand gallons of mash. Built her right there in the room on Gadsden Street, near the police station. We figured being that close would keep us on our toes.

"I expect the total cost came to fifteen dollars per hundred gallons, and we were selling it for three hundred dollars per hundred. We made a few refinements and worked out an automatic still that didn't need any watching—we got so we could come by just twice a day to clean the cooker and make up a fresh batch of mash.

"One night I came to check things around two in the morning, and I smelled this terrible smell from downstairs. The mash slop had clogged up in the toilet and backed up in the kitchen, and it was running out into the yard. Must have been a hundred gallons of sour-mash slop out there, white as frost and shining like fox fire and stinking to beat hell. A bunch of dogs were sniffing at the edge of the mess and beginning to bark.

"We called up a friend who owned a store, and he let us pick up thirty-six half-gallons of Lysol. We emptied it on the slop and tried to kill the smell. It seemed to work, but we had no way of knowing. All we could do was wait and pray.

"The next day, we kept driving by the house to see when the police would arrive. Sure enough, right around noon, here they come. We heard them smashing up the still for the next hour, and we watched them carry out the pieces. We were parked a block away and we just sat there watching. I'll never forget seeing that little gas burner coming out of the house. Two men were carrying it. I liked that little burner, and every one of the needle jets worked like a charm."

The carrier pigeon

It's true that some moonshiners even now practice the art of whiskey-making as it was perfected long ago. Mostly, these are men who make whiskey for a limited clientele. A customer who has such a "private" moonshiner can tell him that his last run was too oily or rough on the edges, or that the proof was too high or too low, and eventually the two will work out a whiskey that is just right.

But with the Law so efficient in raiding stills, such men are becoming rarer and rarer. We are watching the gradual extinction of an American type. To the list of the Yankee peddler, the singing minstrel men, the carrier pigeon and the prairie buffalo we soon must sadly add the Southern pot-still man. □

"We sat there and watched them carry out the pieces."

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PART TWO

PAPA HEMINGWAY

Fighting the pain of his injuries with Scotch, fleeing the fame of his Nobel Prize, he slowly found his way back to the good times.

By A. E. Hotchner

In Ketchum, Idaho, in 1958, Ernest Hemingwa

The *portiere* from the Gritti Palace loaded my bags onto the Gritti launch, and as we started down the canal I stood in the stern, looking backward, and considered how different this Venetian arrival was from the one four years before. In contrast to that good time, this was a relatively somber occasion. Ernest had arrived a few days before, as a passenger on the S.S. *Africa*, after a series of violent misadventures in the dense jungle near Murchison Falls in Uganda; and he had told me on the telephone that he was much more seriously hurt than anyone knew. There had been two crashes. The first set off universal mourning and obituaries, which had abruptly changed to cheering and, in fact, disbelief when Ernest had suddenly emerged from the jungle at Butiaba (press dispatches had described him as carrying a bunch of bananas and a bottle of gin, but Ernest disclaimed such elegant salvage). To the startled newsmen who had rushed to interview him, he had characteristically announced: "My luck, she is running good." A few hours later, though, his luck had run not so good. A rescue plane, a De Havilland Rapide, had been sent to fly the Hemingways back to their base in Kenya, but it had crashed on takeoff and burst into flames, and this crash left its marks on Ernest.

Over the scratchy long-distance phone Ernest's voice had sounded surprisingly strong and vibrant.

"I'm going to leave in a couple of days to meet Mary in Madrid and I thought you might like the ride," he had said. "I could make the run alone but I'm pretty beat up from those kites falling all over Africa. We've kept it out of the funny papers, but what I drew as cards when we burned in the second kite was a ruptured kidney and the usual internal injuries, plus full upstairs concussion, double vision and so on. Now the left eye has cut out and we had a very bad brush fire down on the coast, which I had to fight, and I burned the hell out of the left hand—the good hand—and because I was weaker than I figured, I fell over and so burned belly, some of legs and forearm. Hotch, times are just faintly rough now. I don't mean to sound like a morbid, but I'd sure as hell like you to be along for this ride so I could cheer up."

The launch pulled alongside the dock of the Gritti, a serenely elegant hotel which was Ernest's permanent Venetian headquarters. When I came into his room he was sitting in a chair by the windows, reading, the inevitable white tennis visor shading his eyes. He wore his crumpled wool bathrobe and the GOTT MIT UNS leather belt.

I stood for a moment in the open doorway, shocked at his appearance. I had last seen him in New York in the fall of 1953. What was shocking to me now was how he had aged in the intervening five months. What there was of his hair (most of it had been burned off) had turned from brindle to white, as had his beard; and he appeared to have diminished somewhat—I don't mean physically diminished, but some of the aura of massiveness seemed to have gone out of him. He looked up as I came into the room and smiled broadly. "Hotch! Goddamn, I'm glad to see you! Help me up."

I got a grip on his arm and he slowly and painfully pulled himself up from the chair. "I feel like something coming up from the deep," he said. When he was solidly on his feet we shook hands Spanish-style, our left arms around each other's shoulders, pounding a few times on the back.

"Papa," I said, "I'm sure as hell glad to see you on your feet. That couple of days when all the papers were running your obituaries—well, they shook my confidence in the firm a little."

"Forest Lawn was already submitting bids. Very reasonable. I presume I was to be featured as a loss leader. Now over there we have Operation Obit." He led me over to a hawk-faced man, whom he introduced as Adamo, a first-class driver who was also a prominent undertaker in Udine. Adamo, it seemed, had been spending his days going through newspapers from various countries, cutting out obituaries of Ernest and pasting them in a large scrapbook. Ernest said that he greatly enjoyed reading his obits and that his newest vice was a regular morning ritual of a glass of cold champagne and a couple of pages of obituaries.

"Christ, I wish you had been there when the going was good," Ernest said, pouring champagne. "I wanted to write you about it but there were complications. The game ranger had left me in charge of the district, made me honorary game ranger, gazetted and commissioned as such, with duty to protect crops but kill nothing that is not a real destroyer of the necessary to live. They should have had great sheriffs like Cooper to play my part. Wish you could have seen me giving them justice without rancor. Keeping everything clean. No torture. Nobody guilty who wasn't guilty. I know it's a sin but, Christ, it is lovely to command."

He hesitated a bit and then began again—more seriously. "What I was thinking about this trip . . . listen, sit down. . . . Now that I've leveled with you on how beat up I am . . . you know how I've always held back on the stuff I was going to write, inventory stuff, insurance against the dry-up . . . but the way I'm feeling, I thought we might take it easy. It's beauty country, and I could tell you some of it so that if I never actually got around to it, then someone would know."

"Hell, Papa, give yourself time to heal. You'll get to that inventory all right."

"Well, don't make book on it," he said, "till you get a reading on the odds." As he uncorked a fresh bottle of the champagne, which was one of Mary's favorites, I asked about her.

"Mary's all right now, but life at the *finca* got a little rough just before we left for the Dark Continent. Mary had gone off on a quick trip to Chicago to visit her parents. During her absence I am staying away from town and being a good boy,

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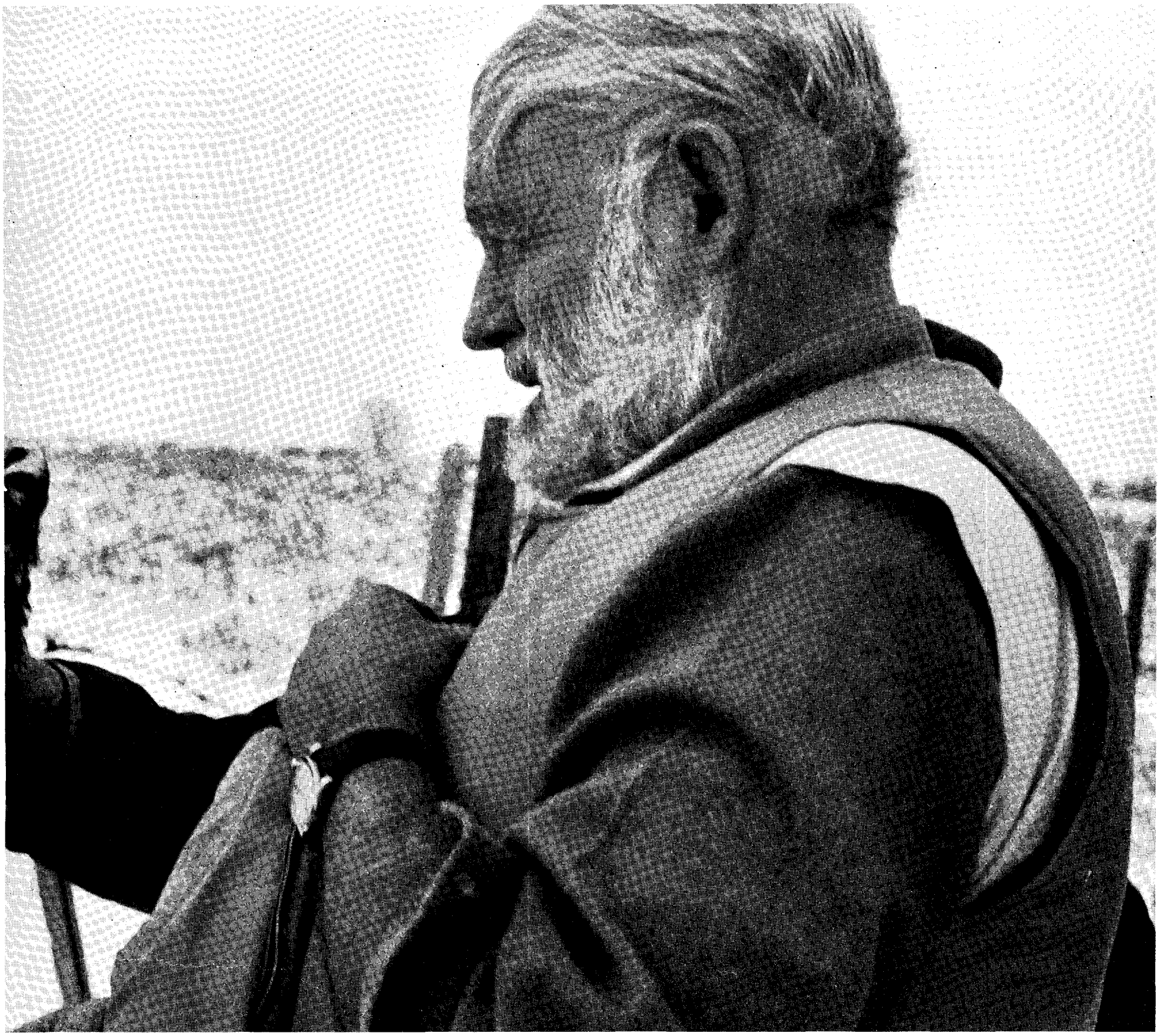

ntemplates Owl, whom he shot in the wing and installed in his garage. Hemingway trapped mice for Owl. "Plan to train him," he said. "Maybe make him think he's a falcon."

working hard and letting it all go onto the page. But slipped up just once. When Mary returned she got onto it pretty fast. I tried to cover up but could not make it stick. Try sometime to make a lie stick with Miss Mary. I think it is the quickest way to starve yourself to death that is still available.

"But conditions worsened from rough to rugged, and I was running as a straight sad with built-in head wind. But does a man cry over a spilt beer or a spilt horse or a spilt lie? Answer is no. No excuses and no alibis and you can tear the broken nail off your meat hand when the liner hits it wrong, and I never went into second if they crowded the bag, without trying to cut his legs off. He gives you the ball, you give him the elbow in the mouth. Mary is being tough, but good. No matter what they tell you, tough dames are the only ones that matter. Tenderness is the way to handle them. When you least feel like it, be tender. Only three things in my life I've really liked to do—fight, write and make love."

"I trust you inched back into Mary's heart?"

"The thing that actually got me out of the doghouse is that I love Miss Mary truly. She knows this and it helps her to forgive me when I am in the wrong. She ended that incident by telling me that I was not taking life seriously. Someday I might take it seriously and a lot of characters will hang by their necks until dead."

Ernest then told about his startling nuptials: During one of Mary's trips to Nairobi, he said, he had taken an 18-year-old Wakamba bride and, as local custom dictated, inherited her sister, a widow of 17. The three of them slept on a goatskin bed 14 feet wide, Ernest said, and when Mary returned she was very solicitous and impressed with the lofty position Ernest had attained in the tribe by virtue of his matrimony.

One of Ernest's mischievous pleasures was the practical-joke fantasy, and this matrimonial escapade may well have been just that, even though he backed it up by showing me photos of his African bride. It reminded me, however, of the time he had recorded for posterity an account of his sexual encounter with the celebrated spy Mata Hari.* He told a well-wined group of us that he had not known

*This account is on an LP record, "Ernest Hemingway Reading," distributed by Caedmon Records in 1965.

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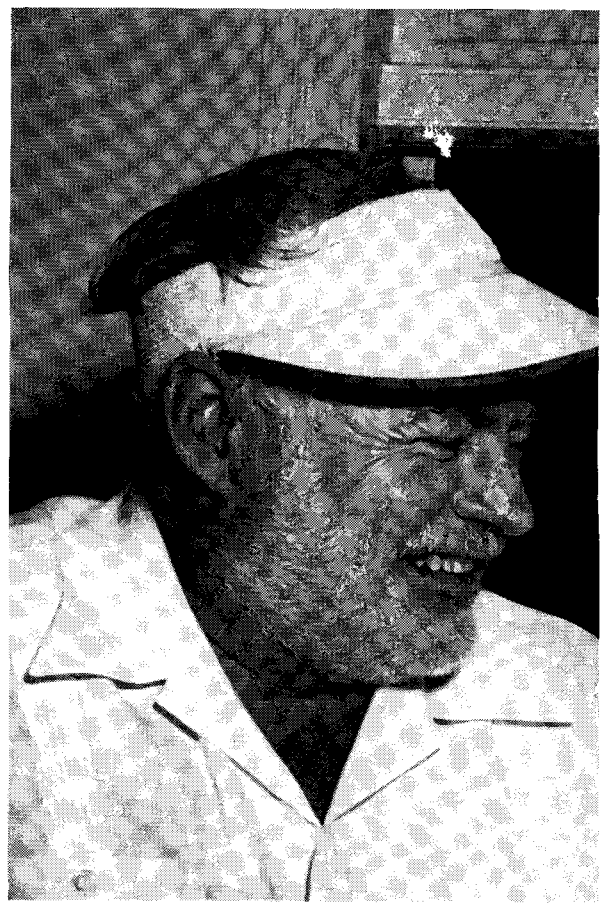
Papa with his friend Antonio Ordoñez in 1959. A matador in THE SUN ALSO RISES was modeled on Ordoñez' father.



With Gary Cooper at the Havana house in 1956. Friends sin

'Oh, Mr. Hemingway,' she said. 'That's the only romantic thing that's ever happened to me.'

her very well, since he was a simple sublieutenant and she was consorting with general officers and cabinet ministers. He went on to say that "I found her to be very heavy throughout the hips and to have more desire for what was done for her than what she was giving to the man." I had been very impressed with this cool appraisal of the talents of Mlle. Hari until it dawned on me that the lady in question had been executed by the French in 1917, and Ernest had first gone abroad as a Red Cross ambulance driver on the Italian front in 1918.

Ernest had great confidence in the unending order of good times but the confidence was founded on a very disciplined point of view. Each day was a challenge of enjoyment, and he would plan it out as a field general plans a campaign. That day in Venice his plans consisted of a visit to his jeweler's, to look at some emeralds, then a visit to Harry's Bar to see his old friend Cipriani, the enterprising Italian who is, in fact, Harry. After Harry's we were to meet some of Ernest's duck-shooting pals. Then we would have a farewell party, with Adriana Ivancich, a tall, aristocratic beauty who wrote delicate poetry, painted, and skied expertly and whom Ernest had known since 1949, and Count Federico Kechler, an elegant, amusing man who was considered one of Venice's top marksmen and all-round sportsmen. The plans seemed an ordeal for a man in Ernest's condition, but when I mentioned this he said, "They've slowed me down, but they haven't stopped me. They'd have to chop off both legs at the knees and nail me to the stake for that—but even then I could probably still get them with my reflex action."

At Harry's, Ernest gave the barman a detailed analysis of a fight of the night before, a one-punch, 50-second encounter between Randy Turpin and Tiberio Mitri, and then Cipriani asked which crash had injured him.

"Crash number two," Ernest said. "We went right to fire on that one. When I picked myself up off the floor I felt busted inside. The rear door was bent and jammed. My right arm and shoulder were dislocated but I used my left shoulder and my head and had good pushing room to get it open. We stood there, helplessly watching the de Havilland burn up, and I made several scientific notations that might interest you, Cipriani, as a student of the alcoholic occult. First noted there were four little pops, which I chalked up as belonging to our four bottles of Carlsberg beer. Then there was a more substantial pop, which I credited to the bottle of Grand Macnish. But the only really good bang came from the Gordon's gin. It was an unopened bottle with a metal top. The Grand Macnish was corked and besides was half gone. But the Gordon's had real *éclat*."

We crossed the Piazza San Marco, its blanket of pigeons barely parting for our feet. There were only a few tourists buying corn from the elderly vendor. As we passed, Ernest said, "You see that old fellow? Well, he had a fifty-four-year-old parrot that caught cold one day and said, 'I'm going to heaven' three times over and died."

The dinner that night was a great success. It was easy to see that Adriana was someone special in Ernest's life. I later discovered that Ernest often inducted into his coterie a striking young girl whom he apotheosized as he did the heroines of his novels. This Romantic Girl was never a clandestine affair but always an open consort, someone for whom Ernest could preen. After the dinner, Adriana returned to the Gritti with us for the getaway party; Federico and a group of well-wishers were already waiting. Although I could tell he was occasionally in pain, Ernest stretched out on the couch and managed to enjoy himself. There was plenty to drink, and someone had thoughtfully brought along a portable phonograph.

Along about midnight, for what reason I cannot now remember, I was called upon to demonstrate American baseball. Ernest suggested that a pair of his wool socks be rolled up and used as the baseball, and it was my bright idea to use the ornamental doorstop as a bat. The doorstops at the Gritti are hand-carved mahogany with a heavy leaded base and a thin upright shaft that resembles a table leg. This shaft, when grasped at the end, made an excellent bat. Federico undertook the pitching assignment and I went up to bat.

I smacked the first pitch on a dead line to center field, and to my shocked surprise the socks went sailing through the highly arched glass window and out into the Venetian night. The glass broke with a terrible clatter, and from the sidewalk below we heard angry voices. For a few minutes I basked in the glory of having belted a pair of wool socks so hard that they had shattered a glass window, but then we discovered that what had really happened was that the leaded base of the doorstop had come loose and gone flying out of the window along with the socks. I still have a piece of that glass, autographed by everyone who was there.

That ended the party; the next day when we checked out, Ernest offered to pay for the damage.

"Ah, yes, the window," the manager said. "The flying saucer barely missed the nose of a gentleman who unfortunately is a member of the city council. This gentleman, trembling with rage, came in with the disk, but we calmed him successfully. As for paying for the window, in the three-hundred-year history of the Gritti, no one, to our knowledge, has ever played baseball in any of its rooms, and in commemoration of the event, Signor Hemingway, we are reducing your bill ten percent."

Ernest invited the manager into the bar to have a glass of departure champagne; we clinked glasses all around and Ernest looked very sad. He often said he was reluctant to have to leave any place, and this was especially true of Venice.

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'he 1930's, the two men swapped yarns and hunted together.

With Ava Gardner at a testing of fighting calves in Spain. When a calf charged them, Hemingway flung it aside.

Ernest boarded the motor launch slowly and painfully. "Gritti was pretty damn chic about that window," he mused. "Reminds me of the time I fired a pistol shot through my toilet at the Ritz—they were just as chic. Which just goes to prove that it pays to stay at the best places."

The route to Madrid was to take us first to Milan, via Padua and Verona. As we drove along the autostrada past Verona, Ernest watched, or rather *tried* to watch the countryside with growing annoyance. "This would be pretty scenery if you could see it," he said, referring to the signboards that solidly cluttered the sides of the road, "but you can't even see the signs because of the signs. Back in the days when American billboard advertising was in flower, there were two slogans that I always rated above all others: the old Cremo Cigar ad that proclaimed SPIT IS A HORRID WORD—BUT WORSE ON THE END OF YOUR CIGAR, and DRINK SCHLITZ IN BROWN BOTTLES AND AVOID THAT SKUNK TASTE. You don't get creative writing like that any more. All the geniuses are gone."

A few kilometers outside Milan, the billboards began to thin out and Ernest's cheerful interest in the countryside was restored.

When we passed through Torino, he said, "I almost married a girl here. Red Cross nurse. I was laid up here in the base hospital because of the leg. I used to keep a bowl by the side of my bed, full of the metal fragments they took from my leg, and people used to come and take them as good-luck souvenirs. They had a good track here and I got tips from a jock and from a certain Mr. Siegel of Chicago, who was permanently on the lam. I went to the races as an outpatient, but I always left by the end of the fifth race."

"Is it true they took two hundred pieces of steel from your leg?"

"Two twenty-seven. Right leg. True count. Got hit with a *Minenwerfer* that had been lobbed in by an Austrian trench mortar. They would fill these *Minenwerfers* with the goddamnedest collection you ever saw—nuts, bolts, screws, nails, spikes, metal scrap—and when they blew, you caught whatever you were in the way of. Three Italians with me had their legs blown off. I was lucky. The kneecap was down on my shin and the leg had caught all that metal but the kneecap was still attached. They say I was hit with a machine gun afterward and that's when the kneecap went but I think the *Minenwerfer* did the whole job."

"How did you ever carry one of the Italians back to the trench in that condition?"

"Christ, I don't know, Hotch. When I think of that leg—I doubt that I did. But you shock out and what they tell you, you think you remember. The big fight was to keep them from sawing off the leg. They awarded me the Croce al Mèrito di Guèrra, with three citations, and the Medaglia d'Argènto al Valore Militare—I threw them in the bowl with the other scrap metal.

"I have always found being in a hospital rather romantic. I was in a London hospital one time after a severe auto accident and when I came out of the ether the first person I saw was a nurse standing by the bed. She was a very plain, old-maidish nurse, but I was so glad to be back among the conscious, I pulled her arm to my lips and kissed her on the elbow. 'Oh, Mr. Hemingway,' she exclaimed, 'that's the only romantic thing that's ever happened to me!' Couple of weeks later, on the day I was being discharged, she came to my room, shy and embarrassed, and asked me whether I'd do it again. I did. Same elbow."

We were climbing through the Alps, going due south on our way to the French border. Ernest had been sipping wine from a bottle of Valpolicella, but when we came to Cuneo, an Alpine town of about 25,000, he decided to get a bottle of Scotch. A girl in the liquor store asked Ernest for his autograph, and by the time we left the store, news of his presence had raced around the little town; before he could reach the car, Ernest was surrounded by a large group of townspeople. They stormed the local bookstore, which was right next to the liquor store, and quickly bought out all the Hemingway books in stock, and then all other books in English. Ernest autographed everything from *Of Human Bondage* to *Casserole Cookery*. The pressing crowd was closing in on him completely, and he had to strain to keep them from crushing him. I tried to reach him, but the crowd was too solid and unyielding. It was suddenly a very serious situation, and I do not know what would have happened to Ernest, beat up as he was, if a small detachment of soldiers from the local army post had not appeared at that moment to make a path for him to the car.

Ernest was very shaken; Adamo got away fast and Ernest took a large drink of the Scotch to steady down. "A thing like that spooks you," he said. "Must be this goddamn beard; while being crushed, was also aware was patsy for having my pocket picked, so every time I was jostled I checked myself. Only compensation, I pinched one of their ball-point pens."

As we continued toward the border, Ernest's relief at having been rescued from the crowd turned to anger. "All that goddamn publicity! Not just the crash, but before that. Malcolm Cowley's thing in *Life* and Lillian's in *The New Yorker*. They made me sick. Not the phrase. Truly *sick!* Lillian's thing was my fault. I should never have allowed her to do it. Shouldn't have let Cowley either. Did you read his piece? Sure is a lot of difference between *Life* and life. Not to mention liberty and the pursuit of a modicum of happiness. I try to be a good character and keep all promises, good or bad, keep deadlines, not abort on missions, hit it on the hour you say you will, be where you say you will even if you have to move other people out of it. But I don't think Cowley or Lillian know anything about whatever material people like me are made of. All the time I was reading Cowley's piece I felt like I was being formed into his image. He has me in World War II a Martini addict with a canteen of gin on one hip and a canteen of vermouth on the other—mixed fifty-fifty, I presume. Can you imagine me wasting a whole canteen on vermouth?

"As for Lillian, Christ, she didn't understand anything, did she? She's a good girl who should

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'Took me 20 years to face my father's suicide and put it down.'

have been practicing 'dead-man's float' in the shallow water and had no business on the high dive. After you finish a book, you're wiped out. As a writer herself I thought she'd know that. I had just finished *Across the River* and New York was a release. But all she saw was the irresponsibility that comes after the terrible responsibility of writing. She put down dialogue in her shorthand without understanding that I get so bloody tired of sounding like me that I invent ways of not sounding like me. Sometimes I leave out the nouns. Sometimes the verbs. Sometimes the whole goddamn sentence. As a writer I put them all in, but when I've just finished a book and come to New York for a few days to see friends and have fun and be irresponsible, I can do what I want and say what I want, but Lillian doesn't know any of that, so cartoons you into a gin-crazed Indian."

"Lillian told me she sent you the proofs and you approved them."

"Sure she did. They arrived in Cuba on a Monday morning when the piece was already locked into the next issue. Ask Mary. But, anyway, what was there to correct? The whole damn thing was awful. *Awful.* Everything telescoped to fit into *The New Yorker* distortion machine. I'm never going to have another piece about me ever if I can help it. I had a nice private life before with a lot of undeclared and unpublished pride and now I feel like somebody ---------- in it. I ought to move to Africa or stay at sea. Can't even go into the Floridita now. Can't go to Cojimar. Can't stay home. It can get on your nerves really badly, Hotch. I know some of it is my fault, but some of it isn't too. If I had had any brains, once Miss Mary was safely out I should have stayed in that second kite at Butiaba."

"Marlene phoned me the day *The New Yorker* came out," I said, "in an absolute fury. She was incensed that no one had told her who Lillian Ross was and that she was doing a piece, and then more incensed that it was so distorted."

"Can you imagine," Ernest said, "that after having spent the whole night with us, hearing all the things we discussed, all Lillian could write about was that the Kraut sometimes cleaned her daughter's apartment with towels from the Plaza. Hope you talked Kraut out of lawsuit."

"She's over it."

"So am I," Ernest said. "Lillian writes well—I thought her Hollywood pieces were superior, didn't you? And the piece on [the bullfighter] Sidney Franklin—well, I judged her on that—but my judgment blew up in my face."

The trip over the Alps into Nice was exhilaratingly beautiful, and by the time we passed the border, Ernest had restored his spirits. The Lancia took the corkscrew turns with the rhythm of a fast pendulum, which he enjoyed greatly.

"When I first came to France from Italy," Ernest said, "I came third-class on the train. There was a pretty Swiss girl in my car, and since the train was going very slowly on the ascent, I decided to solidify my position with her by jumping off the train and picking some of the beautiful mountain wildflowers that were growing by the track, while running alongside the train. But what I didn't know was that there was a tunnel a short distance ahead around a curve, and also didn't know it was the custom to lock the train doors when going through tunnels. So I couldn't get back in and I had to cling to the side of the train all the way through that black tunnel. There was very little clearance and I was all skinned and bleeding and my clothes were torn when the conductor finally unlocked the doors and I climbed back in. Through it all, somehow managed to hang onto the bouquet of flowers. Despite blood, soot and rips, Swiss girl very impressed. Dressed my wounds. Made out OK."

The window of a *charcuterie* caught Ernest's eye when we were passing through Bourgogne, and he asked Adamo to stop. "If I'm not mistaken," he said, "they're showing tins of Capitaine Cook's mackerel in white wine. Haven't seen Capitaine Cook since 1939." Ernest invested some Monte Carlo winnings in tins of the Capitaine's mackerel, containers of *pâté de fois gras,* bottles of Cordon Rouge champagne and jars of pickled mushrooms and pickled walnuts. We could barely fit all of it into the Lancia.

That night in Aix-en-Provence, Ernest and I dined at the Vendôme, where the *spécialité* was *carré d'agneau arlésienne;* afterward we sat for a long time over coffee and wine; Ernest consumed more wine than I had ever before seen him drink. He talked steadily and with a curious immediacy as if the talk somehow alleviated his pain, which intensified at night. He was talking about books, how many worthless ones he had read on the boat.

"Look at what's being written. The guy who wrote *The Naked and the Dead*—what's his name, Mailer—was in bad need of a manager. Can you imagine that a general wouldn't look at the coordinates on his map? A made-up literary general. The whole book's just diarrhea of the typewriter. The only truly good novel, maybe great, to come out of World War II is *The Gallery.* I say 'maybe great' because who in the hell can tell? Greatness is the longest steeplechase ever run; many enter; few survive.

"I logged a lot of reading time on the S.S. *Africa* and reread *Huckleberry Finn,* which I have always touted as the best American book ever written and which I still think is. But I had not read it for a long time and this time reading it, there were at least forty paragraphs I wished I could fix. And a lot of the wonderful stuff you remember, you discover you put there yourself."

"Papa, you've often talked about maybe writing a book with an American locale . . ."

"I always wanted to, but had to wait till after my mother's death. You understand? Now I don't know. My father died in 1928—shot himself—and left me fifty thousand dollars. There's a paragraph in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* that . . . well . . . took me twenty years to face his suicide and put it down and catharsize it. The thing that bothered me the most was that I had written him a letter that was on his desk the day he shot himself, and I think if he had opened that letter and read it he wouldn't have pulled the trigger. When I asked my mother for my inheritance, she said she had already spent it on me. I asked her how. She said on my travel and education. What education? I asked her. Oak Park High School? My only travel, I pointed out, had been taken care of by the Italian army. She didn't answer, but instead took me to see the lavish new music wing she had built on the house. Of course, that's where the fifty G's had gone. My mother was a music nut, a frustrated singer, and she gave musicales every week in my fifty-thousand-dollar music room. When I was in school she forced me to play the cello even though I had absolutely no talent and could not even carry a tune. She took me out of school one year so I could concentrate exclusively on the cello. I wanted to be playing football out in the fresh air and she had me chained to that knee-box. Even before her music-room period she was in constant pursuit of musical personalities, trying to lure them to her soirées.

His wife Mary beside him, Hemingway drinks from a wineskin during a drive from Idaho to Key West in 1959. He often stocked the inside of a car with wine and food.

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Stops winter cold

Sun-drenched tomato fragrance and red-ripe tomato flavor give you summer warmth in every sip of Campbell's Tomato Soup. Is there a tingle in the air today? Reach for the Campbell's—it's right on your shelf.

They always eat better when you remember the soup

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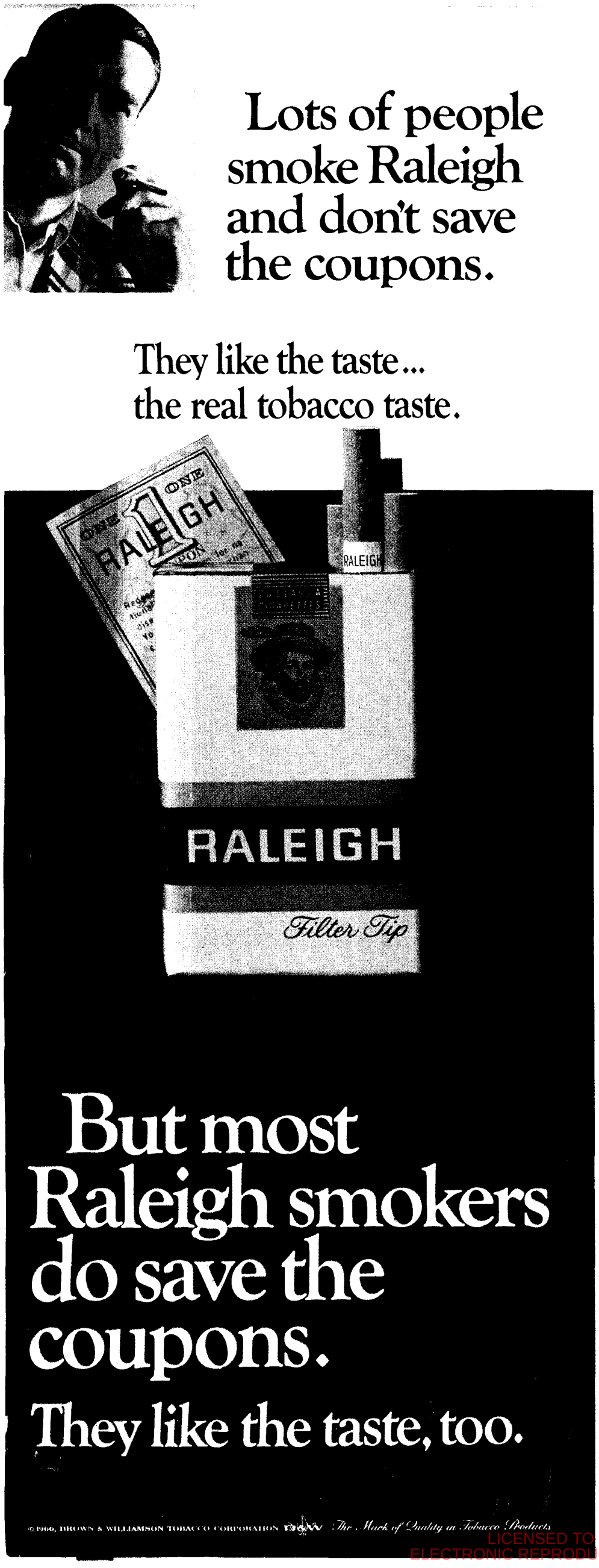
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"Well, as for that fifty-thousand-dollar music salon, I got a small return on my inheritance by putting up a punching bag in the middle of it and working out there every afternoon until I left Oak Park. And that time when I left, it was for keeps. Several years later, at Christmastime, I received a package from my mother. It contained the revolver with which my father had killed himself. There was a card that said she thought I'd like to have it; I didn't know whether it was an omen or a prophecy."

Along toward midnight, all the other diners having left a good hour before, Ernest had begun to repeat stories he had told me that afternoon—a thing he had never done before.

"Papa," I said, indicating the two forlorn waiters who were maintaining a vigil, "I think they want to go home."

"Boy," he said, "you have to learn to drink under the withering fire of the fixed stare or the guided missile." His speech was getting slurred.

"They shot a lot of our good guys in the war but the beauty of our country is that there's a good guy born every minute. You know what the French call war? *Le métier triste.* You're looking at a man who's been shot at two years longer than General Grant. The sad goddamn science."

"The wine's gone, Papa."

"What month is it?"

"May."

He counted on his fingers. "September I will have an African son. Before I left, I gave a herd of goats to my bride's family. Most overgoated family in Africa. Feels good to have African son. Never regretted anything I ever did. Only regret things I didn't do. Bob Benchley once suggested we should maybe take it easy. That he and I were criticized because we didn't slow down. I said, 'OK, Bob, we'll slow down.' 'When?' he asked. 'When we are old and full of other people's sleep,' I told him. Good old Bob . . . and Maxwell Perkins . . . and Charlie Scribner . . . I miss Charlie badly. Goddamn! Who is left that ever stuck together when things were really impossible? You are who is left. The reppo-depot is empty, and there are no replacements."

He got up and started toward the two waiters. "I am sorry I kept you so long," Ernest said in his facile, Midwestern French, "but it was necessary." He tipped each of them a week's salary, shook their hands and went out.

Going up in the hotel elevator, he said, "I heard Carl Brandt died. Was never my agent. Never had an agent. But always heard good things about him. Well, the grave's a fine and secret place but from there it's hard to collect ten percent." He got off the elevator tentatively, not completely trusting his feet, but his room was near the elevator. He hesitated at his door for a moment; his eyes narrowed in thought. "You know the real *métier triste?*" he asked. "Writing. There's a *métier triste* for you." He opened the door to his room and I started down the hall toward mine, but a moment later he called to me and came down the hall as I turned back. "What you should know, because we level with each other," he said, "is what my mother said that time I went back for my inheritance. 'Don't disobey me,' she said, 'or you'll regret it all your life as your father did.'" His eyes were fixed on a point at the end of the hall, where his mother stood in the doorway of the big frame house in Oak Park. He started to say something more about her, but his eyes left Oak Park and returned; he punched my arm and said, "See you in the morning," and this time he went into his room for keeps.

The next morning, traveling through the vineyard country on our way to Nimes, Ernest had dismissed his rancors and was remembering with pleasure the trips he had made through this region. "I know the vineyards of this region by heart," he said. "I used to bicycle through here with Scott in the days when he wasn't a crazy, at least not a bona-fide crazy. We had wonderful, carefree times. The bike is the only way to truly learn the contours of a country, since you have to sweat up the hills and coast down them. I wish I could remember just the good times with Scott and forget all the rest; but it was too painful, I guess. Like the time I went to visit Scott and Zelda outside Baltimore. They had a beautiful mansion there and they invited me for the weekend; I said I could only come for dinner, as had to get back to New York because I was working on galleys with Max Perkins. I was met at the station by their chauffeur, Pierre, who was driving a custom-built Hotchkiss, one of the most elegant and expensive French cars of its day. Soon after we started out, I noticed black fumes rising from the engine; when I brought it to Pierre's attention, he told me this sad story:

"He said he had been a taxi driver in Montmartre when one night Zelda hailed him to take her to the Ritz. She stopped somewhere to pick up Scott, and when they got to the Ritz, Scott made arrangements with Pierre to drive them to Le Havre the following morning. Next day when they arrived at Le Havre, where they were boarding a boat for America, Scott was seized with a brilliant idea. He had just purchased a new Hotchkiss, which was being loaded onto the boat; what better than to have a true Frenchman drive it in America. Pierre pointed out that he spoke no English and had no clothes or passport with him, but, as usual, Scott's enthusiasm and persuasiveness prevailed and Pierre abandoned his taxi at the dock; some kind of temporary papers were issued, enabling Pierre to debark.

"'But Monsieur Hemingway,' Pierre told me, 'from the moment I arrive here life has been a nightmare. This beautiful car, Monsieur Fitzgerald will not allow me to change the oil and the grease. He insists they are *French* oil and *French* grease and they must not be changed. So this beautiful car is burning up. Look at it! Right before my eyes. I show him the black smoke; he knows what is happening but still he will not let me put in any oil or grease. Please, can you not influence him?'

"It was a beautiful mansion, right on the water, rolling green lawn, but the big trees made it kind of melancholy. Scott and Zelda were being dressy and grand and were bearing down heavy on the sauce. Scott knew I liked Burgundy so he had six bottles of wonderful vintage on the table, all uncorked. Turned out they were drinking Moselle and the Burgundy was just for me. Six bottles *uncorked.* Can you

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imagine? There was a very attractive colored maid serving dinner, and every time she passed a dish Scott would say, 'Aren't you the best ---- I ever had? Tell Mr. Hemingway.' The girl never answered him and kept her composure. He must have said it to her ten times. 'Tell him what a grand ---- you are.' Like that, over and over.

"After dinner Scott started up about Gertrude Stein. It was a thing he never let up on. Gertrude had once said that Scott's flame and my flame weren't the same. Scott was so damn insecure he decided she meant I had a bigger or brighter flame than he did. When he first brought it up, I said all the talk about flames was Stein ---- since we were both serious writers who would write the best we could until we died and there was no competition between flames or anything else. But he kept on.

"When it came time for me to catch my train, Scott had passed out and Zelda had disappeared; since no one knew the whereabouts of Pierre and the Hotchkiss, I had to stay overnight, obviously the way Scott planned it.

"Next morning Scott appeared in a blue blazer and white flannels, clear-eyed and vigorous, and wanting to play forced games like croquet. There was only one train a day so I went along with the activities until it got near train time, when I made it clear that I was going to catch this one. Scott and Zelda insisted on coming to the station with me, but delayed leaving the house so that making the train would be a tight squeeze, if not impossible. Scott rode with his feet sticking out of the window. He was being churlish about my not staying and when we got near the station he suddenly swung his feet around and kicked out the windshield, cutting his foot in the process. He told Pierre to drive to his doctor's. *I* told Pierre to keep on to the station, and *then* to the doctor's. Scott turned savagely abusive and hysterical and I had to slap his face hard to quiet him down. Zelda huddled in a back-seat corner, sobbing. There was glass and blood all over. Poor lovely Scott."

Ernest watched a string of passing carts, still thinking about Scott. "After I left, I wrote Scott that I'd like to see him again when he was sober enough to talk and not stinking all the time. I told him that neither of us was a tragic character, that we were writers who should write and that's all we were, and he should give up the false and worthless pose of being tragic. Of course, his marriage to Zelda was tragic, and I told him that someone as jealous of his work as Zelda was, was always competing with him and out to wreck him—I told him it was obvious to me the first time I met her that Zelda was a crazy. But Scott was in love with her and did not see the obvious. Being a rummy made him very vulnerable—I mean, a rummy married to a crazy is not the kind of pari-mutuel that aids a writer. . . . And I told him that at this point in his life, hurt as he was, he could write twice as well as he ever could, booze or no booze. Zelda or no Zelda. Tried to build him up. Light a fire. Didn't work. He resented my telling him and he was angry and it didn't work at all."

One evening in Madrid, while Ernest was propped up on his Palace Hotel bed, immersed in a Spanish bullfight magazine, he received an unexpected visit from Luis Miguel Dominguin—at that time Spain's No. 1 matador. He was a lithe, magnificently handsome man who came from a family of bullfighters. Dominguin had not fought for over a year, following a severe stomach *cornada*, but he had recently received lucrative offers from South America and was thinking of returning to the bullfight wars. He came to the Palace to ask Ernest to visit his girl, Ava Gardner, who was hospitalized with a very painful gallstone.

After he had left, Ernest said, "Christ, but Luis looked awful, didn't he? At his peak he's a combination Don Juan and Hamlet, but now looked beat up and drained. Probably logging too much time at Miss Ava's bedside."

Ava was surrounded by hospital nuns when the three of us went to see her. They were fixing her bed, taking her pulse, marking her medical chart and cleaning her room; she was on the long-distance telephone to Hollywood, talking to the head of a studio. In a commanding voice.

"I don't give a ----- how many scripts you send. I am not, repeat not, *not*, NOT going to play Ruth Etting!"

Five-second listening pause.

"And you can take that contract and ------- ----- -----!"

A sister smoothed the sheets and pulled them up a bit higher on Ava's shoulders.

"Don't give me that ---- about commitment and you'll get . . . and don't interrupt me; it's my call! What in Christ's name are you trying to do to me? Great part? I stand there mouthing words like a ------ goldfish while you're piping in some ------- dubbed voice!"

A sister plumped up the pillows behind Ava's back, and smiled upon her.

"I said a *dramatic* part, for Christ's sake, and you send me Ruth Etting! No wonder I've got this attack. I ought to send you the bill . . . Oh, shut up!"

Ava hung up, swept her hand out to Ernest, smiled beautifully, and said, in a soft, lyric voice, "Hello, Ernest."

"I take it the sisters are not bilingual," Ernest said, taking her hand.

"The sisters are darling," Ava said, patting one and smiling at her, whereupon all of them smiled upon Ava, "and I love this hospital so much I almost don't want to pass this ---------- stone. Sit here on the bed, Papa, and talk to me. I'm absolutely floored you could come." Their work done, the sisters withdrew. Papa sat on the bed and Dominguin and I sat on chairs.

"Are you going to live in Spain?" Ernest asked.

"Yes, I sure am. I'm just a country girl at heart. I don't like New York or Paris. I'd love to live here permanently. What have I got to go back to? I have no car, no house, nothing. Sinatra's got nothing either. All I got out of any of my marriages was the two years Artie Shaw financed on an analyst's couch."

"Tell you the truth, Daughter, analysts spook me, because I've yet to meet one who had a sense of humor."

"You mean," Ava asked, incredulously, "you've never had an analyst?"

"Sure I have. Portable Corona number three. That's been my analyst. I'll tell you, even though I am not a believer in the Analysis, I spend a hell of a lot of time killing animals and fish so I won't kill myself. When a man is in rebellion against death, as I am in re-

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They like the taste... the right touch of menthol.

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'I think I have learned
some things that have helped me write
off fear as a personal problem.'

Hemingway inspects a marlin he caught off Peru in 1957, for the filming of THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA. To his disgust, the movie wound up using a fake fish instead.

bellion against death, he gets pleasure out of taking to himself one of the godlike attributes, that of giving it."

"That's too deep for me, Papa."

Dominguin told Ernest that he had arranged a *tienta* to see what kind of shape he was in and invited us to attend. Ava promised she'd make it even if the nuns had to push her there in her hospital bed.

The *tienta*, which is a testing of calves for bravery, was held in a miniature bull ring in the magnificent high country at Quadusaura in the Escorial. Dominguin would work the calves with the *muleta*, and they would be slightly *pic*-ed to get their heads down, but there would be no killing. There was an undercurrent of excitement not ordinarily associated with a *tienta*, for Dominguin would be testing himself as well as the calves to determine whether he would continue his career.

"These calves," Ernest explained to Ava, "are sometimes more difficult than bulls; they whip around faster and have better coordination. Don't let the name 'calf' fool you. I've seen a lot of guys run through at *tientas*."

Ava stood with Ernest at the ring wall, behind a wooden *barrera*, as they watched Dominguin work the first cow that came charging into the ring. After Dominguin's remarkably graceful performance, Ernest turned to Ava. "Did you see what Luis Miguel did to that cow? He made it into something. He convinced it. He gave it a personality and then made a star out of it. That cow went out of here proud as hell."

"He's a lovely man, isn't he?" Ava said.

At this point the cow Dominguin had been working, a mean little beast with a three-foot horn spread, suddenly lost interest in the *muleta* and decided to charge Ernest instead. Ernest had been leaning against the wall, a good distance away from the protective *barrera*. Everyone, and especially Mary, shouted at him to break for cover, but he did not budge and as the calf came charging into him he grabbed one of its horns with one hand and its nose with the other and flung it away from him. Dominguin then ran over and made the *quite*, leading the cow back to the center of the ring. "Not bad for a guy who's supposed to be beat up," Ava said to Ernest.

"I'm beat up," Ernest answered, "but not in the clutch."

Dominguin worked five calves, and by the time he was finished he was perspiring and tired. "Ah, Papa," he said, "if only I had your arms. Feel his arm," he said to Ava, pointing, and she did, approvingly. "Ah, the arms and the legs after so long a vacation," Dominguin said sadly.

"Use double *muletas* and a big sword," Ernest said. "That'll build up the arms." Dominguin sat down against the wall to rest. Ava asked Ernest how he thought Dominguin had worked. "Never worry about him," Ernest said. "He is a prince among matadors. He is like the great matador Maera, who never worried because he knew more about the bulls than the bulls themselves knew. There are bullfighters who do it just for the money—they are worthless. The only one who matters is the bullfighter who feels it, so that if he did it for nothing, he would do it as well. Same holds true for damn near everyone else."

I left Madrid for Paris toward the end of May, but Ernest and I spoke on the telephone before I returned to the States. Mary and he were in Naples.

Ernest said he had seen a new matador, Antonio Ordoñez, whom he liked very much. His father had been a good friend of Ernest and the prototype for Lady Brett's matador-lover in *The Sun Also Rises*. "I long ago resolved never to be friends with a matador again because the agony for me was too great on those days when my friends could not handle the bull because of fear," he said. "On any given day, any matador, no matter how great or how young, can suffer an attack of fear and be virtually incapacitated. When it used to hit my friends I suffered right along with them, but it was an idiotic torture since I was not hired for the job and its agonies. So I swore off matadors as friends. But now, with young Antonio, I am tempted—I think I have learned some things that have helped me write off fear as a personal problem. That would make it easier to be friends with Antonio. He has such a great sense of *alegria*."

"What's *alegria?*"

"A deep-going happiness that nothing can kill."

"Tell me, Papa—did you finish up the Capitaine Cook's? And what about the cases of champagne and the *foie gras* and the pickled mushrooms and all the rest?"

"Just left it all in the closet in the room. Told the chambermaid to take it home to her kids."

Ernest had no sooner returned to Cuba in the summer of 1954 than the pressure of the Nobel Prize began to build. What should have been a quiet time to recuperate from his physical troubles became instead one of the most concentrated assaults he had ever been subjected to. It took something out of him he never got back.

The assault started in September, when the newspapers began speculating that Ernest would get the prize. "For your own information, and yours only, I have not been without considerable pain ever since I saw you," he told me on the telephone. "I can make the back and head feel better by taking a drink. But if I took a drink every time I hurt or felt bad I could never write, and writing is the only thing that makes me feel that I'm not wasting my time sticking around."

He said the constant assault of visitors was brutal. He had finished a short story and was 37 pages into another when Bill Lowe showed up with a proposal to make an African documentary film in the fall. Then right after Lowe left, Ava Gardner appeared, and she had no sooner left than Winston Guest arrived, and then Dave Shilling, the flyer. Next, the U.S. Air Force brought out some enlisted personnel who had won an award as Aircraftsmen-of-the-Month, which included visiting the Hemingways as part of their award. Then Luis Miguel Dominguin showed up and had been there for nine days; Sinsky, a freighter captain and friend, turned up at the same time and was drunk for four days. "I go into my bedroom and work no matter what. But it is murder. Roberto, who as you know is my right arm, gets sick. He is now convalescing on a voyage on Sinsky's ship. Sinsky never drinks at sea. Only

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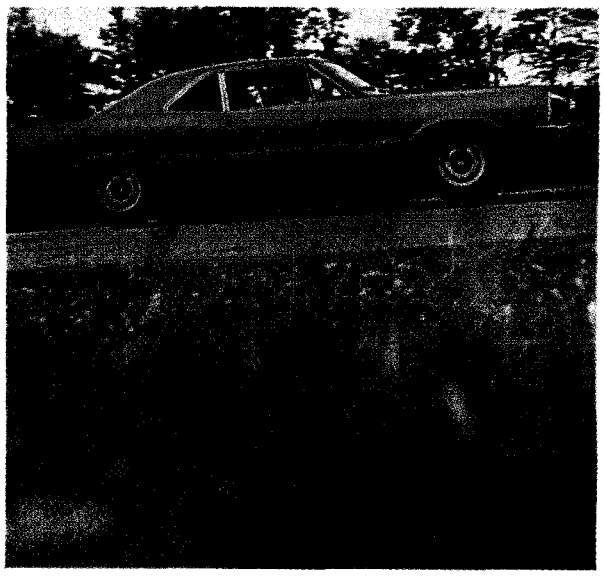
Can anything this beautiful really be a tiger?



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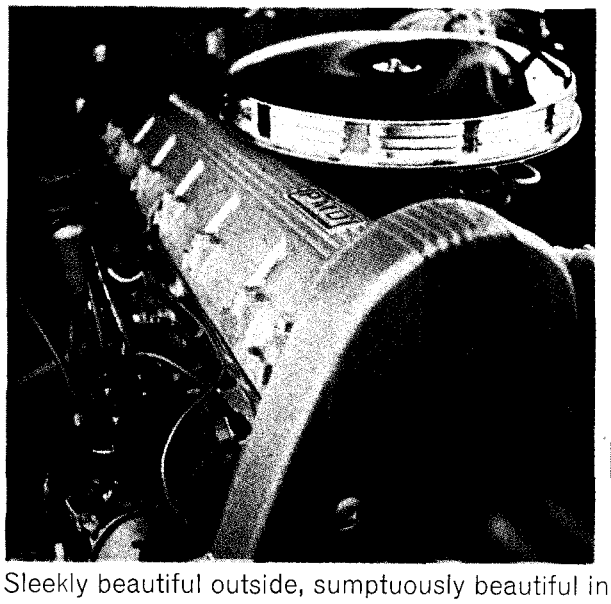

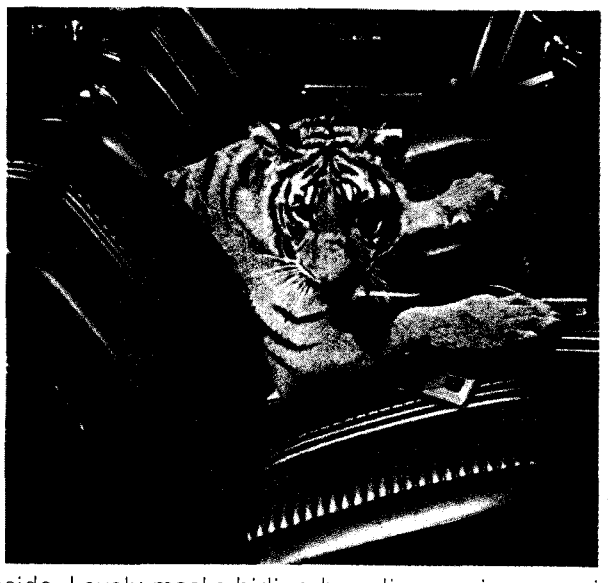

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at our house. And I am a son-of-a-bitch who needs to be let alone to write.

"It is about as restful and favorable to the production of literature as Hürtgen Forest. But have started the counterattack. Won't take any phone calls from anyone. Long distance neither. If we had any brains we should have been killed in Africa at Murchison Falls and come back under some other names and I could have continued to write posthumously. Will begin to write you sensible letters, soon as I get the joint cleaned out. Hope they don't clean me out of it first."

On October 28 the award was announced by the Swedish Academy. Ernest excused himself from attending the ceremonies and sent a message, which concluded: "How simple the writing of literature would be if it were only necessary to write in another way what has been well written. It is because we have had such great writers in the past that a writer is driven far out past where he can go, out to where no one can help him. I have spoken too long for a writer. A writer should write what he has to say and not speak it. Again I thank you."

At the end of that year I was at the Pentagon researching an article I was writing on the Medal of Honor. When I got back to my Washington hotel late on New Year's Day, there was a message to call the overseas operator in Havana. It took four hours to get through. Ernest's voice was thick and he spoke faster than usual, sometimes almost running his words together.

"You can't know what it's been like. It wasn't till September that I could crank myself up; then I started writing maybe better than I ever have and had thirty-five thousand words done, after two months of trying and failing every day, and was truly going wonderfully. Then the Prize thing began to build up and I still kept working until the day they sprung. Had no chance to enjoy it, if any of it is supposed to be enjoyable; just photographers, people misquoting you and yammer, yammer, yack, yack—and my book, all I gave a damn about, and which I had been living in day and night, being knocked out of my head like clubbing a fish.

"Well, for two to three days there are these photographers and all the rest and then I say there won't be any more and I get back into the book. Then characters come down anyway, no matter what you say. That you are writing a book means nothing. Bob Manning of *Time* phoned Mary and said he had to write a cover story and that he would write it whether I saw him or not. He said he wanted to make it good instead of bad and would I call back. Of course, when they pull that on you, it's nothing but blackmail, but effective. I talked to him on the phone and said I would give anything if *Time* would not write a cover story on me, but he said they were going to do it anyway. So I agreed to see him if he did not bring a researcher nor a tape recorder and if all questions on wars, religion, personal life, wives and so forth were barred. I said that I was working hard and it was murder to interrupt and that to interrupt a man while he was writing a book and going well was as bad as to interrupt a man when he was in bed making love. He agreed on this but said the thing had to be done and they were going to do it anyway and he wanted it to be a good piece rather than a bad one.

"So I said I'd give him two days, and he came down and stayed in the Little House and that's all he got, two days. Manning no sooner clears out than a London *Times* man shows up without giving me any address where I could tell him not to come, and a Swede with a Magnum photographer who interrogated (and probably got all the answers wrong) and photographed for six hours and fifty minutes, and the Japanese chargé d'affaires, who speaks a little basic English, plus an elderly Japanese journalist who he is the interpreter for, along with a delegation from the Rotary Club of Guanabacoa, then more Swedes flown from Sweden, and I won't try to fill you in on all of it. I am still trying to write through this but am going nuts fast. I thought I had better get the hell out before I blew up. So Mary and I went out on *Pilar*, but I forgot how sound you have to be to handle a rod, especially to fish in 'The Tin Kid.' So I don't fish, can't swim, don't get any exercise. Hotch, this all sounds like one long blab of crybabyismo, but when I get interrupted when I'm working good it really ruins me. Now I've got so sick of myself, of answering questions, of photographers, of making goddamn pronouncements, of pieces for and against me, I don't want to ever hear about or think about myself so I can get writing clean and fine the way I was going. . . . You look awful and the lousy pain shows on your face. So they take photographs of you. During that hell time after the Prize somebody told me that one photographer boasted at the Floridita after he left the house that he got four hundred twenty-five shots of me. The guy shooting all of the time, even crowding into the pantry when I was talking private on the long distance. Then the outfit that made them sent them all to me thinking I'd like to have them. Some four hundred fourteen of them looked more or less like Chinese-torture shots. They had even thought of taking a picture of Blackie lying in front of my empty chair, just in case."

"It's a lousy way to start the New Year," I said. "You're probably going to have one hell of a year to make up for the last one."

"Don't need a big year. Just need to be left alone to write. Good luck, Hotch."

"You too Papa." I hung up and looked at the clock; he had been on the phone for over an hour.

I did not hear from Ernest for a couple of months. I began to worry, but he finally wrote that his health was much better all the way around since the weather had warmed enough for him to swim. I thought that despite its attempt to sound positive, the letter had a sad and subdued ring. In June he called to say that he and Mary were going to their Key West house and suggested I join them. "You'll like Key West," he said, "it's the Saint-Tropez of the poor."

I flew down in July, and when the taxi stopped, I was sure the driver had taken me to the wrong place. It was a street of grimy, run-down houses, and the Hemingway property—a main house and a smaller house beside the pool—was an oasis amid the squalor. Mary and Ernest were taking a siesta,

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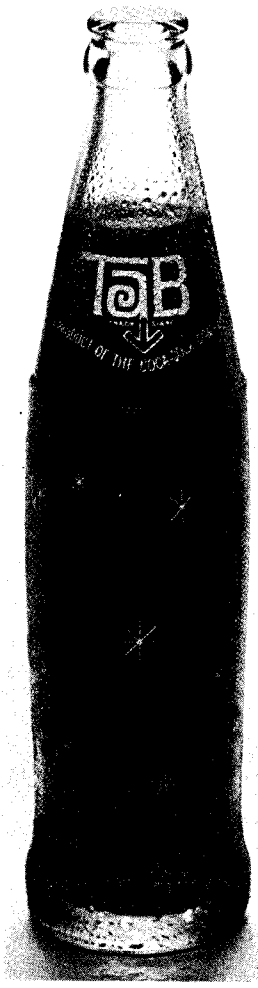

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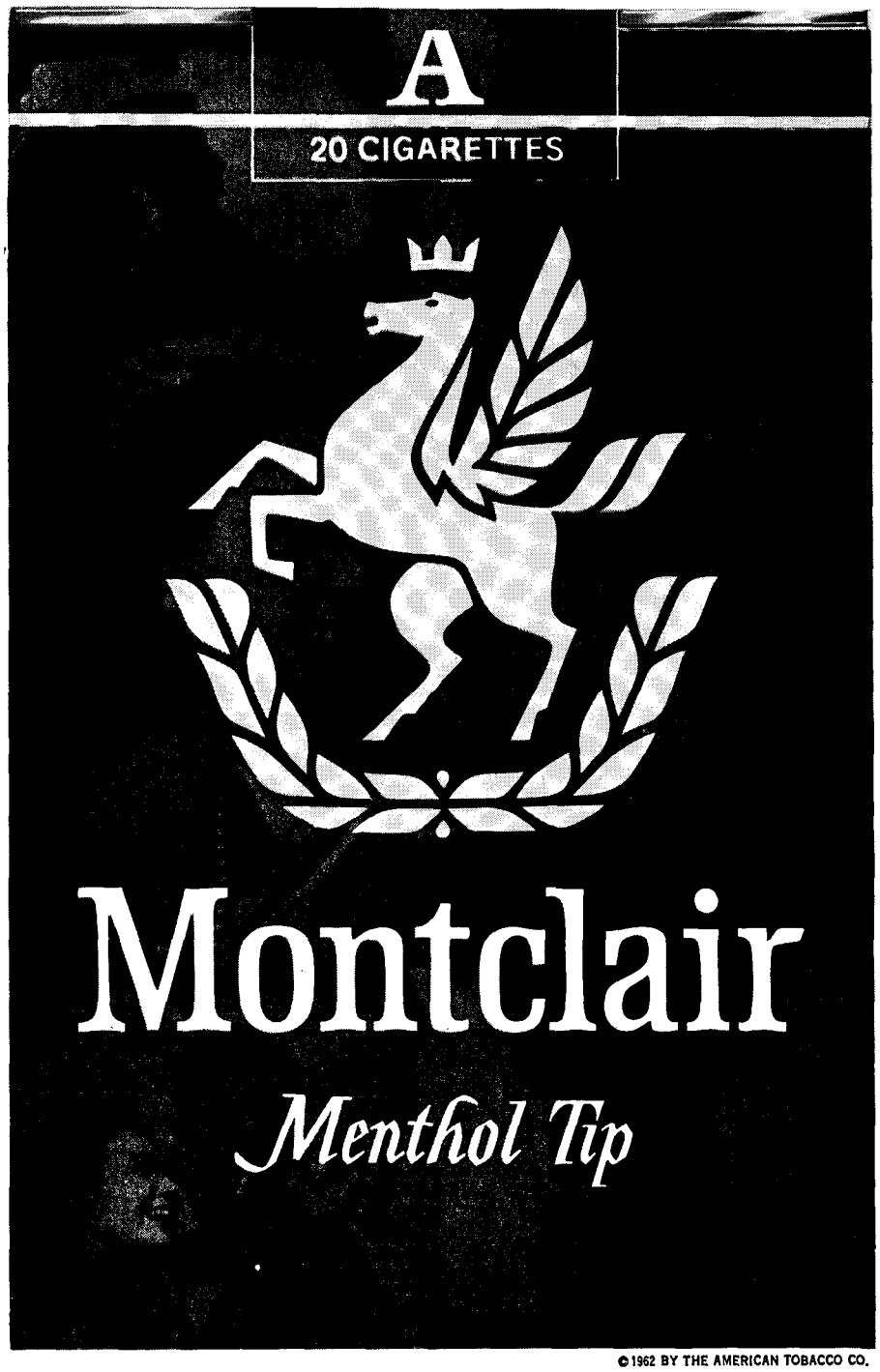

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but around five o'clock I heard descending steps on the spiral staircase and a moment later Ernest, wearing swim trunks, came into the room

He had gained considerable weight, most of it in his girth. His hair had thinned and his white beard was scraggly. He looked old. There were lines in his face I had not seen before, especially the vertical lines between his eyes. It had always been characteristic for him to walk lightly on the balls of his highly arched feet, but now he walked flat-footed, slightly favoring his right leg.

The first morning, while I was having breakfast in the kitchen, Ernest took sips from a bottle of cold vodka which he took from the refrigerator. He drank constantly, the most I had seen him drink. It was obvious that he was still suffering from his crash wounds, and liquor transfusions helped ease the pain.

"Hotchner," he said with conspiratorial earnestness, "I have stumbled across a new invention which may make us dependently wealthy. Regard!" He took two glasses, put a couple of jiggers of Scotch in each, added water and put them in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator. "While we are waiting for the *dénouement*, I will show you the joint."

He took me up the winding staircase and showed me the second-floor bedroom, a huge, wonderfully decorated room that gave out on a beautiful panorama of tropical greenery. Then, returning below, he led me to a door off the living room that opened into a storeroom that contained first editions, original manuscripts, letters and unpublished materials. He picked up a first edition of *The Torrents of Spring*, his first published novel, a rare item, and the mildewed cover dropped off in his hand. Inside a small cardboard box was a working manuscript of *To Have and Have Not*. The pages were so stiff and deteriorated they splintered at his touch. Mildew and jungle rot and beetles had wreaked havoc upon this storehouse of priceless memorabilia. "Just imagine," Ernest said, examining the crumbled remains of an early short-story manuscript, "if we worked for the Library of Congress. Well, one way or another, it all goes. Most of the first editions were thieved by uninvited guests and by God-knows-who when the house was loaned, without charge, to friends. The really rare, earliest first editions were conveniently small, so could be slipped effortlessly by a guest into a pocket or handbag. Then add to thieving guests, cleaning out by womenies you live with. Periodicals that got in the way of housekeeping were pitched. All manuscripts were tidied up by removing them from rot-proof file cabinets and packing them into cardboard boxes where they furnished ideal nesting materials for mice and rats and were munched on by the king-sized Key West cockroach. This process, plus jungle rot and mildew, often caused complete disappearance of manuscripts *and* their containers. Many poems also went this route."

He consulted his watch. "Past meridian," he said. "We can break out the serious drinks." He took the two glasses of Scotch from the freezer and replaced them with two others. The water had frozen around the Scotch, and when you tilted the glass, the Scotch cut a rivulet through the ice to reach your mouth, ice-cold and giving the illusion that you were drinking out of a mountain stream that had suddenly turned to Scotch. I complimented Ernest on his invention.

At dusk we sat on the terrace as the first pale fireworks irritated the sky.

"I thought it would be pleasant to get away from the *finca*," Ernest said, his eyes fixed on the sky. "They've ruined it for me and I thought it would be pleasant to come here to a place I once loved and to reach into the past for a little peace and solitude. But I find I'm black-assed in this house because Pauline is dead now and this house is full of memories of the good times and of the kids when they were young and a real part of my life and of the times I worked good.

"This is where I wrote *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, upstairs here, and that's as good as I've any right to be. Pauline and I had just come back from Africa and when we hit New York the newsboys asked me what my next project was and I said to work hard and earn enough money to get back to Africa. It ran in the papers that way and a woman who read it got in touch with me and asked me to have a drink with her. Very classy society woman, extremely wealthy, damn attractive. We had good Martini conversation and she said if I wanted to return to Africa so badly, why put it off just for money when she would be very happy to go with me and my wife and foot the bill. I liked her very much and appreciated the offer but refused it.

"By the time we got down here to Key West, I had given a lot of thought to her and the offer and how it might be if I accepted an offer like that. What it would do to a character like me whose failings I know and have taken many soundings on. Never wrote so directly about myself as in that story. The man is dying, and I got that pretty good, complete with handles, because I had been breathed upon by the Grim Reaper more than once and could write about that from the inside out.... By the time I finished *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, I had put into it the material for four novels, distilled and compressed, nothing held back because I had declared to win with it. It took me a long time to write another short story after that because I knew I could never write another as good as *Kilimanjaro*. Don't think I ever did."

"Did you write any others here?"

"Sure—*A Way You'll Never Be*, for one. I had tried to write it back in the 'Twenties, but had failed several times. I had given up on it but one day here, fifteen years after those things happened to me in a trench dugout outside Fornaci, it suddenly came out focused and complete. Here in Key West, of all places. Old as I am, I continue to be amazed at the sudden emergence of daffodils and stories."

Before returning to New York, I managed to have a private talk with Mary, who had been looking after Ernest marvelously, not reacting when he snapped and fulminated, and underscoring his moments of well-being. It was apparent to me that it was essential for Ernest to get away from Cuba and back to familiar and pleasurable haunts in Spain and France. It was bad for him to keep driving himself on the book he was writing. He was like a

(continued on page 77)

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A message from the Vice President

The Chairman of The President's Task Force on Travel

All Americans or their ancestors, either recent or remote, in their own way discovered America. And it was, for the vast numbers of those who arrived on these shores, a land of dreams.

America is still the land of dreams for most of the world. Yearly, new immigrants and a growing stream of foreign visitors come for the first time to our country.

But the discovery of America is an experience that should not be reserved for the newcomers to our shores. I have traveled over most of this land of ours. And every place I go in the fifty states, I discover America anew. I invite all Americans to join me in discovering and rediscovering the beauty, the variety, the diversity, the promise, the excitement that is America.

We Americans love to boast about our land and its greatness. But, the astounding fact is that more than half of us have never ventured more than 200 miles away from home. Even more amazing is the fact that 80 million Americans did not venture forth from their home communities last year.

To all Americans I say, get up and go. This land is your land. See it. Get to know its history. Get to know your fellow citizens.

When our children were young, Mrs. Humphrey and I often packed everyone into the family car and set out on a new discovery of America. Sometimes, we went to our beloved Minnesota lake country. But often we visited, too, our national parks and places of historic interest. And, like other young families, we searched for places to stay that were within our budget. When I entered the United States Senate, we came to know Washington and its environs. We were as wide-eyed as the thousands of tourists I see every day visiting our Capitol.

I am delighted to report, incidentally, that every effort is being made to ease and improve sightseeing in Washington, D.C. The President's Beautification program and the Discover America campaign are being pursued in earnest in our capital. Parking, hotel and restaurant facilities at all ranges of cost, guide and tour services, and personal assistance to tourists have all been improved, as they are being improved all over our country.

Whether you choose to visit the Far West or New England, to view the Golden Gate or the Manhattan skyline, or to relive the battles of Gettysburg or the Alamo, I hope every American will choose 1966 as the year to Discover America.

Hubert H. Humphrey

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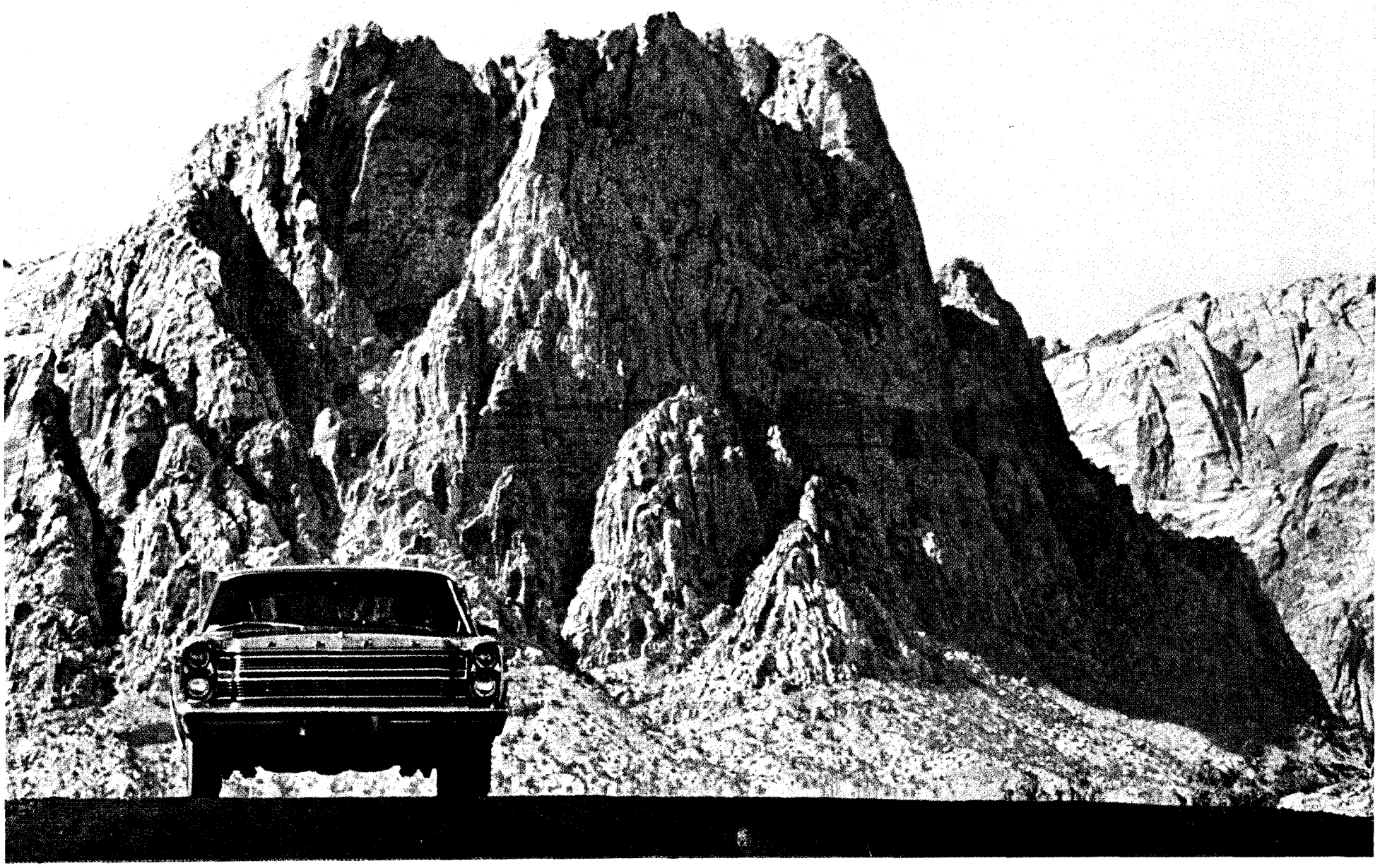

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You can discover America and drive as far as you want with this Hertz plan. And you'll have a new Ford Galaxie or other similar sedan from Hertz. We even throw in the first tank of gas. Free.

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Nice deal.

Columbus should have had it so good.

DISCOVER AMERICA

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat. (Isn't that where you belong?)

HERTZ RENT A CAR

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Part of the American flag is made of sun and sand, hills covered with emerald tamarind trees, and high-masted sailing sloops.

Sound romantic? It is. Sound un-American? It isn't. That's because you'll find them in the U.S. Virgin Islands—three delightful islands that are as American as apple pie.

Of course, in the Virgin Islands, the apple pies are likely to be made of mammee apples. Or moss apples, star apples, sugar apples, bell apples or even pineapples. Their flavor isn't quite like anything you ever tasted back home.

The weather isn't like anything back home either. Sun, sun and more sun plus cool trade wind breezes. Beaches? We have big ones, little ones, secluded ones and ones that look like the Riviera in full swing. Lush, tropical forests. Sugar mill ruins covered with tiny pink orchids. Great thickets of wild bamboo. And 18th century mansions and Danish warehouses heaped with duty-free bargains from all over the world at prices that will make you think you're back in the 1930's.

But the nightlife won't remind you of the 30's. Not when you can wander from moonsplashed spots where the menu features native lobsters and fresh mangoes to calypso clubs where the accent is on cool rum drinks and fiery steel drums.

And whatever you're enjoying, from the beaches to the bargains, you're helping your country, because most of every dollar spent in the U.S. Virgin Islands finds its way back home.

Isn't that romantic? Almost as romantic as spending the day in a sloop searching through crystal waters for pirate's treasure.

For more information, call or write Dept. SEP, U.S. Virgin Islands' Government Information Center, 16 West 49 Street, New York, New York.

The U.S.Virgin Islands St. Croix St. John St. Thomas

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This land is *your* land

Has it ever occurred to you that you are part owner of a vast domain? The public lands of the United States, of which you are an owner, alone include 465 million acres of land, mainly out West and in Alaska, land which ranges from desert to tundra. Then there are our national forests, 186 million acres of which about 8% are officially called wilderness. Still other millions of acres make up our national parks and sea shores. Finally add in the public lands belonging to the various states themselves, their forests, parks, picnic grounds and beaches, and the totals are staggering. These lands of yours are spotted throughout the country, some probably not too far from your own frontyard. Why not stop being an absentee landlord? Be adventuresome. Go out to inspect and enjoy your holdings.

World travelers have long recognized that America possesses just about everything a generous nature can offer, with some man-made wonders thrown in for good measure. World traveler Lowell Thomas, honored last fall by the Explorers Club for his years of intrepid traveling, noted not long ago, "All the travel excitement that anyone could want is in North America. Anyone who can't reach the tingling pinnacle of high adventure in this country and its neighbors couldn't reach it anywhere."

Most Americans have neither time nor training to go in for "high adventure." But that does not mean that their desire need go unfulfilled. A vacation can be full of adventure and so can a weekend. There are endless possibilities and splendid targets of opportunity throughout your land.

Your inspection and adventures can take many forms, depending on the kind of landlord you are. Do you dream of action, excitement or new discoveries? Then you may be the vigorous type who will want to climb the highest mountain or go to record depths while skindiving. Or you may be one whose adventures are cerebral and even sedentary, and usually take the form of unearthing a great antique in a country attic, or attending a Writers' Conference at Breadloaf. For you there might be adventure in getting to know new people, Indians, for example, on their home grounds.

This year hundreds of thousands of Americans will set out for adventure. Most will pack the children into the family car, station wagon or new camper truck and head for the open road. Hotels and motels offering family rates will play host to some, but a growing number will carry their own camping gear in the interest of both convenience and economy. Others will set out with their trailers,while some may even seek cross-country adventures on motorcycles. Trains, of course, will still carry their quotas and more and more buses, catering to the economy-minded, will be seen on the highways. Those with less time—and especially those who want to cover great distances—will opt for family-rate air travel to some far point and then, like as not, hire a car for a drive-yourself Grand Tour.

NEW TARGETS FOR ADVENTURE. New destinations have been added recently to the roster of places you can choose for an outdoors vacation. Utah's Canyonlands National Park, opened last May, brings a glint to the eye of anyone who likes the rugged life. Perhaps because it is the newest, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall did not hesitate for a moment when asked to name his favorite national park. "Canyonlands," was his instant reply.

It will take another five years before the quarter-of-a-million-acre park will have its full quota of roads. Until that time, the very sturdy 4-wheel-drive vehicles are a must, and so is a guide, if you want to do more than take a quick look from Grandview Point, 3,000 feet over the junction of the Colorado and Green Rivers. The dramatic view may remind you for a moment of the Grand Canyon, but not for long. The scene is unique and so is the park. It is far from completely explored and is still considered to be wild country. Some of its scenic wonders were discovered only within the last decade. On the lists of sight-seeing musts in the parts of Canyonlands now accessible with the aid of guides, are the Needles, monuments to erosion and towering pinnacles of sandstone, and High Mesa, 1,200 acres, and known as the "island in the sky."

Not far away from Canyonlands is Lake Powell, the

Canyonlands, Standing Rock Basin

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DISCOVER AMERICA

nation's newest major lake, behind the giant Glen Canyon Dam. Awaiting boatmen and fishermen are 1,800 miles of shoreline. In the lake's tributaries, including the Colorado River, the adventuresome can take "white water" trips with experienced boatmen as guides and even emulate some well-known Senators who have found shooting the rapids to be exhilarating.

If you are planning for adventure you might think also of some other possibilities: study the birds and wildlife in the 700,000-acre preserve of wilderness known as Big Bend National Park in western Texas. Or perhaps you would prefer the snorkeling and superb underwater sights in the waters off the Virgin Islands National Park on St. John. If you would rather move up rather than down, both Hawaii and Alaska can offer you awesome volcanoes to investigate. America's largest park, Katmai National Monument, almost unknown, boasts 15 active volcanoes and includes the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, created after a massive eruption in 1912. (Astronauts were sent there to train since the valley floor's covering of ground red pumice stone might be like the moon's surface.)

TREASURE HUNT. There is buried treasure awaiting you in a number of places. Florida's Treasure Coast—between West Palm Beach and Cape Kennedy and nearest to Fort Pierce—has been invaded of late by treasure-seekers prepared to dive for sunken Spanish gold. Enough has been found in the past to whet appetites for more. Whole companies are in the act and free-lancers just might have problems. The state has set up laws governing "treasure trove" and will share in the value of anything salvaged. Bonne chance!

In North Carolina you can dig for emeralds, while Murfreesboro, Arkansas, will let you try for diamonds. Members of the Boston Mineral Club (open to new members) pan for gold and search for aquamarines and smoky topaz in nearby New Hampshire.

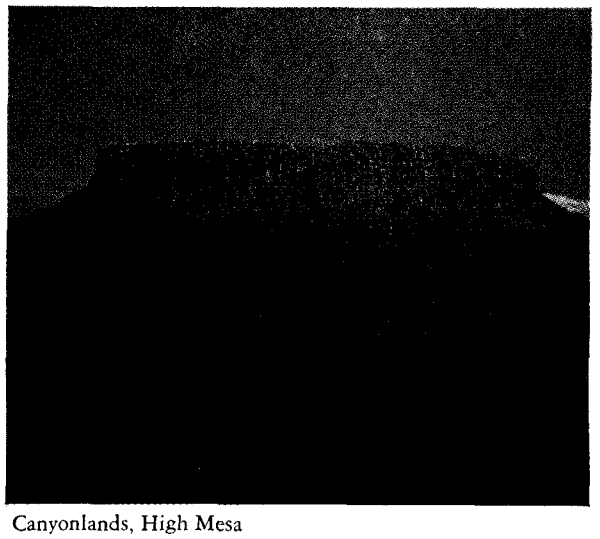
Yet other buried treasures are the finds in archeological diggings in the Southwest and elsewhere. Lynda Johnson last year joined in an activity long popular with students who have trekked to New Mexico's Indian digs each summer. Indian mounds in Indiana and Ohio can also reward those who prefer to search for artifacts rather than treasure trove. Some with real patience—and lots of luck—might even try to find Viking remains along the New England coast.

NATURE LOVERS AND SPORTSMEN. Birdwatching is another outdoor adventure becoming increasingly popular. Armed with boots, binoculars and a camera, you can watch in the marshes near Ipswich, north of Boston, in sanctuaries along the northern lakes, on Long Island or Maryland's Eastern Shore, or down in the Mississippi Delta country. Especially exciting can be the watching in the Dry Tortugas, 65 miles off Key West, where delighted Audubon Society members have spotted 100 species. (The islands, making up Fort Jefferson National Park, are also known for the abundant marine life in their waters, though no one recently has seen any of the giant turtles for whom the islands were named.)

The great national parks are all wildlife sanctuaries and everyone knows about the bears in Yellowstone. In many public lands, however, huntsmen are allowed to take aim if they abide by the rules. Devotees of big-game hunting, however, should head for Alaska. There they can try their luck most anywhere, but especially on Kodiak Island, where *the* target for the really intrepid hunter is still the giant Kodiak bear, the world's largest carnivorous animal.

NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER? All of these adventures you can have in the great outdoors and in the lands that belong to you. But even greater adventures beckon.

To whet your appetite for the excitements of science and the unknowns of space, what could be more intriguing than visits to Oak Ridge, Los Alamos and Cape Kennedy? The first two are by now virtually historic shrines, but in their exhibits are many hints of the wonderful adventures science can offer. At Cape Kennedy's beach, on the other hand, you may just be lucky enough to be present when one of the big birds takes off. Surely that is the stuff dreams of adventure are made of these days. What better way to round off your vacation adventures on land and water than by looking toward space, where perhaps future generations may seek vacation adventures of their own!



Canyonlands, High Mesa

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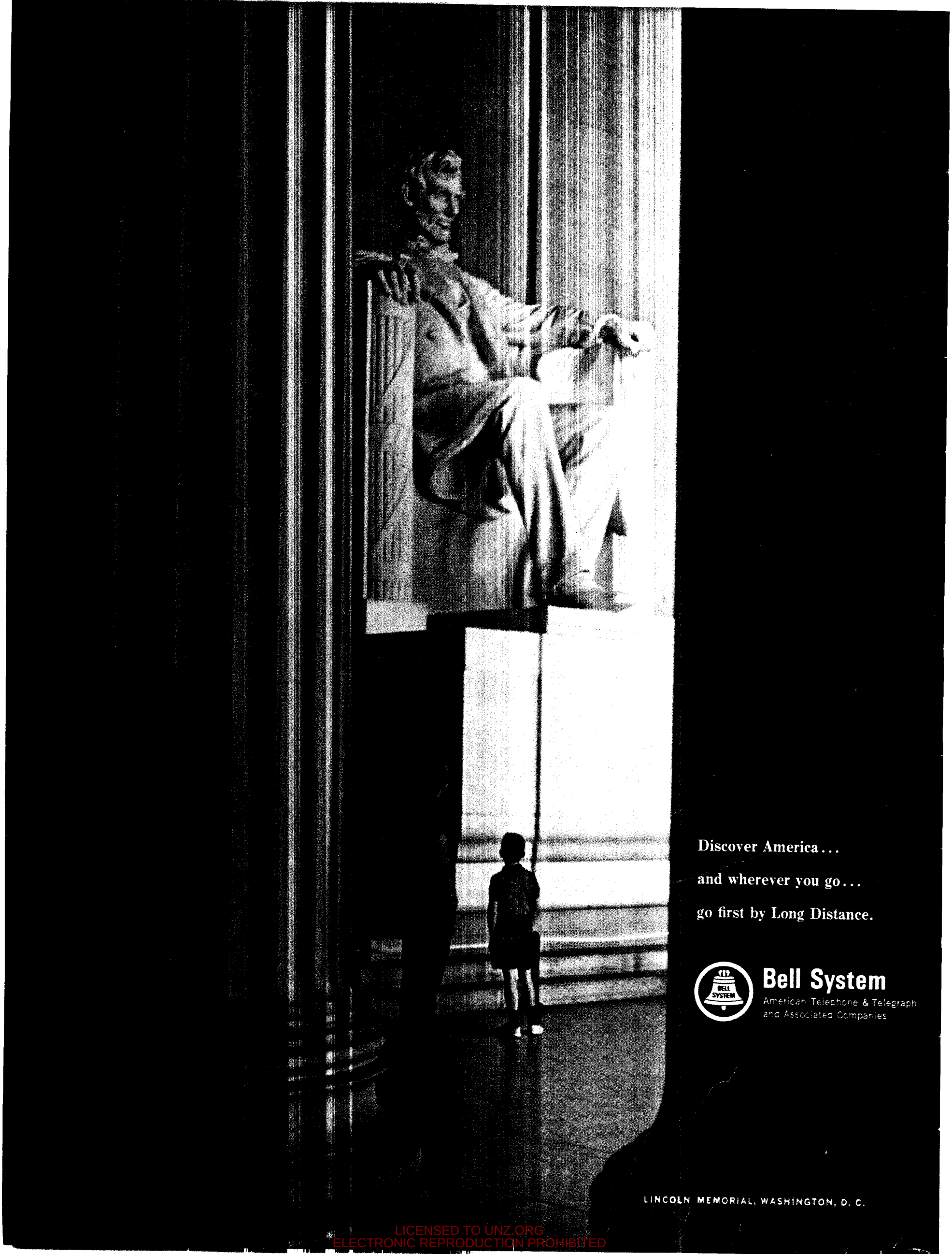

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Relive the past

Sophisticated foreigners, who can trace their ancestry and national heritage back through the centuries, often smile patronizingly at some of our customs and many of our beloved American shrines. The two or, at most, three centuries of American history encompassed therein, do indeed seem rather brief, when stacked up against the Greeks, Romans or English. By the monumental standards of the Parthenon or Westminster Abbey, perhaps, Independence Hall looks tiny and insignificant. But who can deny the significance and magnitude of the events that took place there?

Whether it is patriotism which impels us, a need to dig a few intellectual roots, or simply a desire to return to the good old days—which may really have been the bad old days for most families—most Americans enjoy seeing where our history was made. Perhaps it is just because we are a nation of immigrants, who so often forsook older heritages and cultures, our shrines have come to have a great importance to most of us. True, sites may seem tiny and insignificant—Pittsburgh's minuscule Fort Pitt is a fine example—yet at a given moment in history they had a real importance. Lovingly cherished and frequently restored, they serve to remind all Americans—even recent arrivals—of how far we as a nation have come in a short space of time. In many ways they serve to help bind us all together with that mystical tie which allows a Sicilian immigrant's son to feel that Plymouth Rock is as much a part of his heritage as that of his Yankee neighbor whose forbears stepped ashore from the Mayflower.

Sometimes, of course, it is sheer curiosity or perhaps a desire to identify with someone famous, that sends us off to visit this or that historic site. To cater to all of these desires, more and more places of interest are being set aside for inspection in every part of the land. Most of them hail heroes, and even a few heroines. A few even commemorate the bad guys, especially if enough time has elapsed since the days of their badness.

With so many places of interest beckoning to us, it almost becomes necessary to specialize. This year, perhaps, visit the scenes of the Revolutionary War. Next year, concentrate on the Northern battlegrounds of the Civil War and the next, on the South. Someone might choose to know the Pennsylvania Dutch and wind up at the very gay and colorful Kutztown Fair in the first week of July. Or perhaps you might want to follow the path of George Washington in his pre-Revolutionary travels through Virginia and Western Pennsylvania.

To help the traveler, a number of excellent "trails" have been blazed which can help greatly in planning a vacation, a weekend or even a day's outing. From these trails, in turn, are many secondary routes which offer many more sites and sights for those who like to do their traveling in depth.

The *New England Heritage Trail,* through six states, takes you to battlefields and beaches, through quiet college towns and bustling modern cities. Enjoy the beach at Ogunquit, the fine houses of Portsmouth, the Americana at the Shelburne Museum, and Shakespeare at Stratford. Visit the U.S.S. Constitution, Old Ironsides, and visit Harvard's University Museum to be awed by the glass flowers as were generations before you.

The *Dixieland Trail,* through the Carolinas, Georgia, Kentucky and Tennessee, touches the lands of Daniel Boone and the TVA and can show you both Oak Ridge and Fort Sumter. The *Lincoln Heritage Trail* helps you trace the life of the Great Emancipator through Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, all, incidentally, beautiful vacationlands in which to linger.

The *Hiawatha Pioneer Trail* takes you through Illinois and into Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa. There is a chance to follow in the footsteps of early pioneers, to visit Herbert Hoover's Iowa birthplace, meet live Chippewa Indians, see traces of ancient Indian mound builders, and partake of old world customs which are constant reminders of the many European origins of our first settlers. Those who follow the *Ozark Frontier Trail* will thread their way through Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Missouri. Here is the famed Cherokee Strip and there, via a 400-mile side trip, is a recreated Dodge City. You can visit Twain's Hannibal, Missouri and pay homage to Will Rogers at Claremore, Oklahoma. It is also the land of the Old Chisholm Trail, of Wyatt Earp, the Pony Express and Jesse James, the Kansas City Stockyards and the excellent Kansas City and St. Louis Museums. New this year, is the great arch in St. Louis to mark the gateway to the West. You can hop off the trail to say hello to Harry Truman at his Library in Independence, and in Abilene, Kansas to pay your respects at Dwight Eisenhower's as well.

Finally, the *Old West Trail* through the Dakotas, Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana, ought to please small boys and their fathers especially. The 3,700-mile route includes 14 Indian reservations which often put on pow-wows and ceremonial dances. All of the Montana reservations will allow you to camp, incidentally. The Trail meanders through the Cowboy and Indian country, encompasses Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks and Mount Rushmore as well. A restored Virginia City is there waiting for your visit, as is Jackson Hole. It's the land of Lewis and Clark, Buffalo Bill, Custer and Sitting Bull. (The American Petroleum Institute, 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York can give more information on the Heritage Trails.)

Whether you choose to limit yourself to the sights of a single city—Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago, Dallas, Denver or San Francisco; or concentrate on a single battle—the Alamo, Gettysburg, Antietam, Vicksburg or even Pearl Harbor; or study the Gold Rush, the Great Bonanzas or perhaps the China Clipper trade, there is so much to see that many vacations could be spent just reliving the past.

And not all is blood and gore, or sweat and tears either, for that matter. There are pioneer houses and log cabins galore in our past, to be sure. But what about some of our own Stately Homes and Gardens? Those, at least, which have escaped the wrecker's ball. The White House, of course, heads any list. Mount Vernon and Monticello are as important as examples of the 18th Century way of life as they are as the homes of Presidents. Newport, Rhode Island offers six of its famous "cottages"—opulent, gilded reminders of another era, as lavish as many of the great houses and castles of Europe. Some of the great ante-bellum houses in the Carolinas and Alabama can show you how gracious was the early 19th Century living for some Americans. Winterthur, the DuPont mansion/museum, near Wilmington, should be a place of pilgrimage for anyone seriously interested in interiors and furniture. For its fantastic arrogance, William Randolph Hearst's vast domain and castle at San Simeon are among California's sights, though perhaps Disneyland is a more pleasurable and rewarding fantasy.

The famous restorations, a great national specialty, so neat, so antiseptic and so educational, should certainly not be missed, despite an occasional coyness in the costumes and ye olde menues. Williamsburg in Virginia is justly renowned, as is Henry Ford's Greenfield Village at Dearborn, Michigan with its varied collections. Sturbridge and the Shaker Village in Massachusetts, the delightful Mystic Seaport in Connecticut and North Carolina's Tryon Palace, once called "the most beautiful building in Colonial America," are all worthy of visits. So, too, are the many Western "ghost" towns which are enjoying a reincarnation.

Anyone interested in U.S. Presidents can now have a field day visiting homes, birthplaces, schoolhouses and libraries. There are 28 such places now open for your inspection with promises of more to follow. The Roosevelt home at Hyde Park is already a scholar's haven. Truman and Eisenhower are presiding over the establishment of their own memorials. The Kennedy shrines are being readied and Mr. Johnson is actively overseeing the preparation of his. Two fine ones well worth visiting, incidentally, are the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's home near Nashville, and Peacefield, the lovely Adams family mansion in Quincy, Mass.

If Presidents are not your line, then try a literary pilgrimage. Visit Thomas Wolfe or Faulkner country. Follow Thoreau to Walden, or in the paths of Twain, Frost, Longfellow, Washington Irving, Poe, Walt Whitman or even Jack London.

* * *

It is all there, and more. It simply depends upon your time, interests and inclinations. Forts, battlefields, Maritime Museums for the gentlemen, costumes, interiors, gardens, and stately homes for the ladies. Try them all and relive the past, it is all yours.

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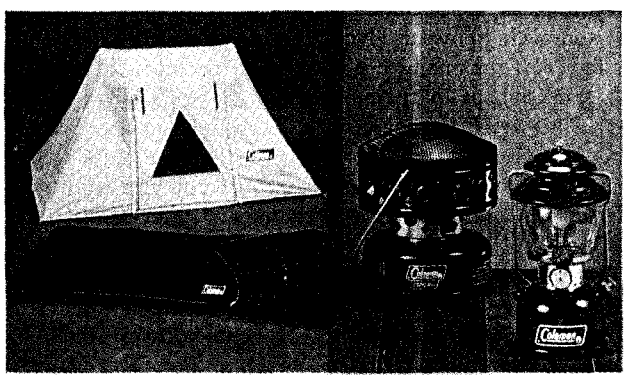

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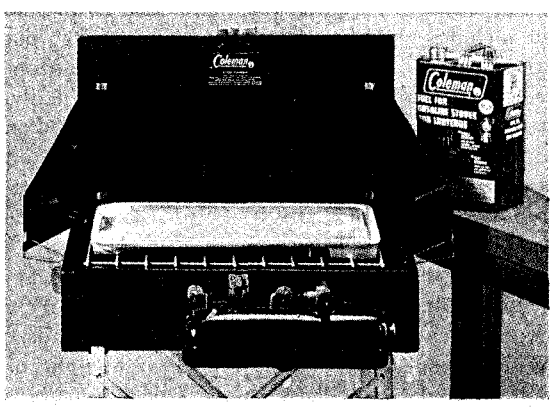

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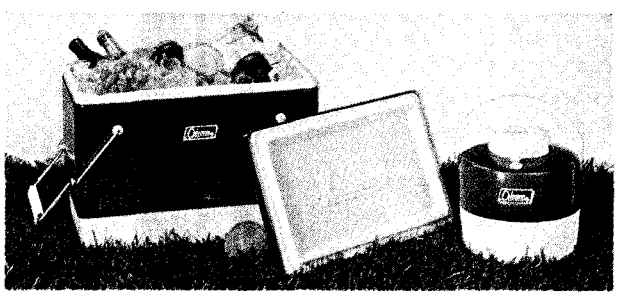

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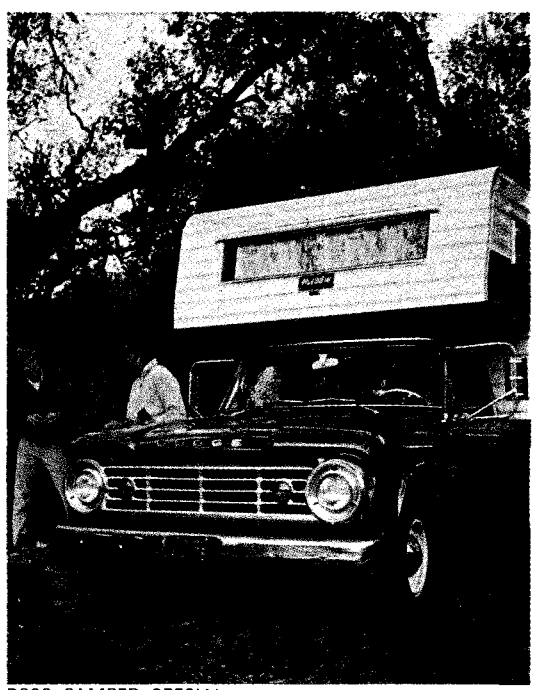

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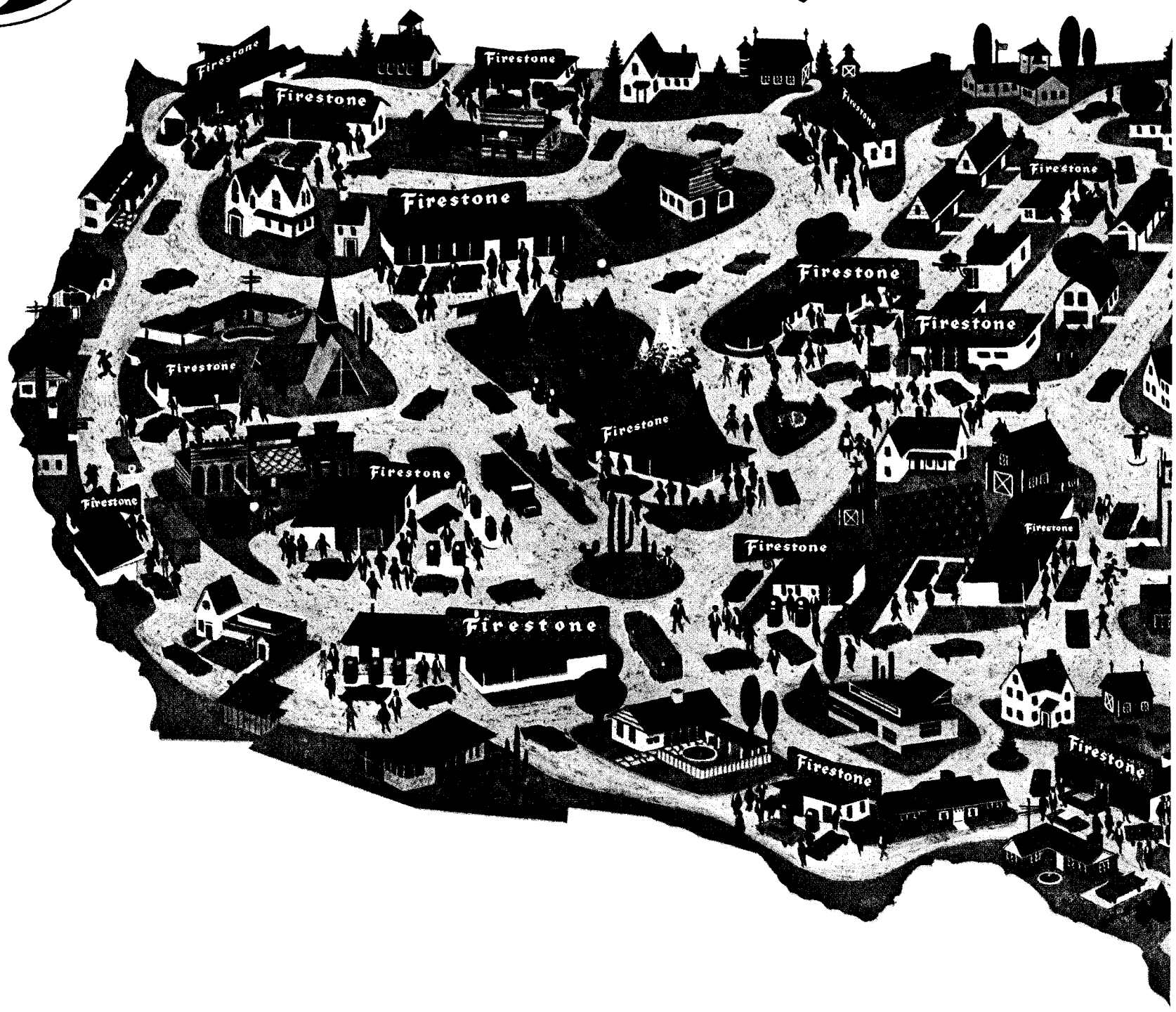

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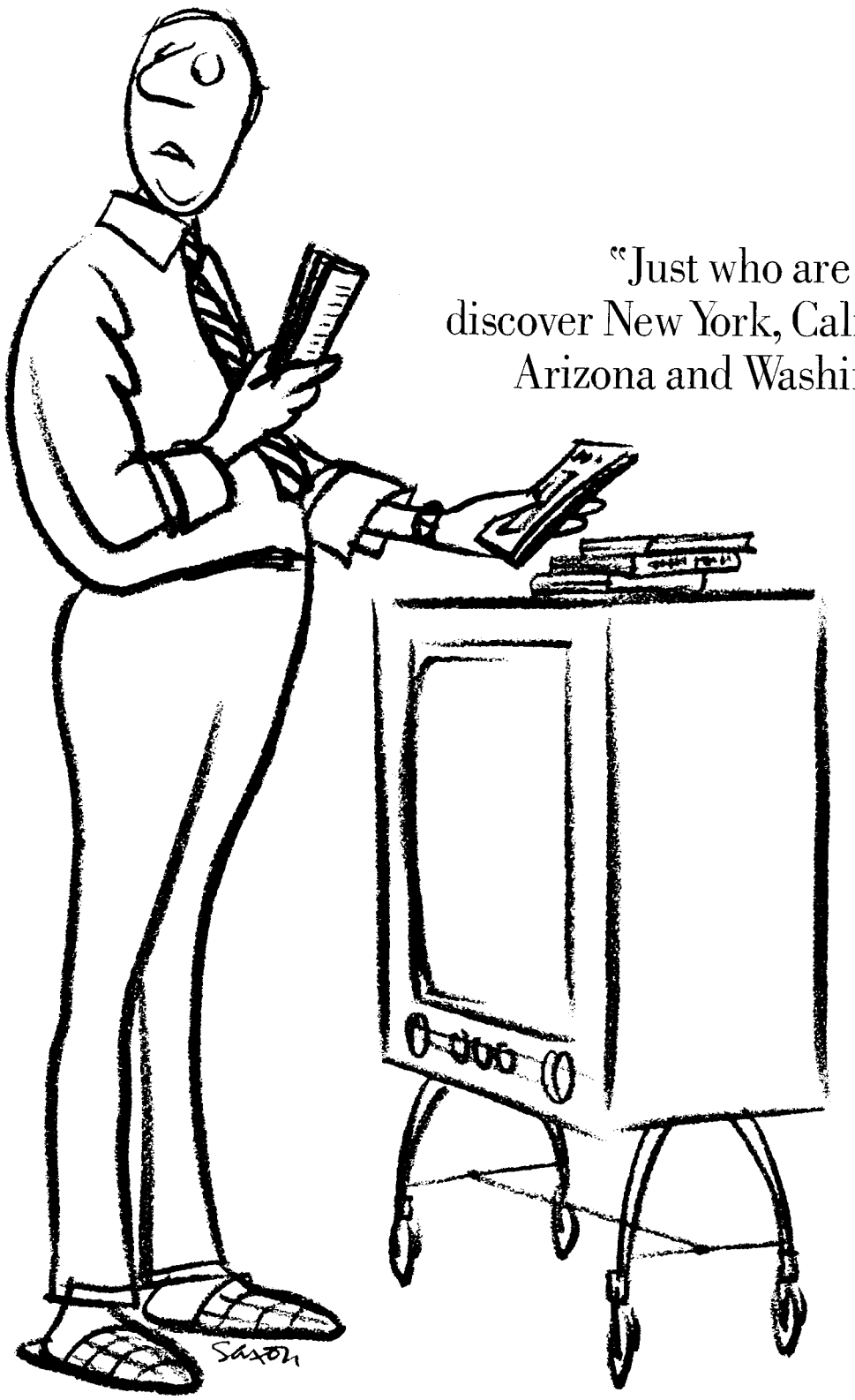

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Get away to an island

Every Walter Mitty has dreamed of his own Bali Ha'i. Who has not dreamed of escaping to some paradise, preferably in the South Pacific, where there would be unlimited sun, clean, clear air and water and glorious beaches—hopefully not completely unpopulated? Even if your dreams have not carried you half way around the world, you may be merely one of those to whom a vacation is not complete without putting a body of water between you and the U.S. mainland. So it's off to an island, perhaps thousands of miles away, or but a few yards off shore.

Veteran islanders like to think of America as a largish body of land surrounded by a great number of islands, all happily flying the stars and stripes. On any of them you can pamper a whim to be "abroad" and still not, technically at least, leave home—or contribute to the gold drain. It is for you to choose whether to live on a shoestring or the standards of a multimillionaire.

The sketches above can give only a hint of some of the islands which await you. Starting off the coast of Maine, cross the bridge to ***Mt. Desert*** Island, best known for Bar Harbor and its faded splendors, perhaps. It also boasts Acadia National Park where the view from Mt. Cadillac is still as awesome as Champlain found it almost four centuries ago. The waters are great for sailing, but mighty cold. On down the coast, emulate Leif Erickson's feat of nearly 1,000 years ago and set foot upon ***Monhegan*** (and on foot you must be, cars are prohibited). The daily summer boat from Boothbay Harbor will allow enough time to sightsee and fill up on lobster, the island's specialty.

It used to be that ***Nantucket*** meant an offbeat vacation. No more. In fact, the island is now so with it, that the sound of the solid beat is apt often to intrude upon the quaintness. However, there is an escape along the miles of beaches and across the moors. The lovely, elegant old buildings allow you to imagine the island's days of glory as a whaling center. Nearby ***Martha's Vineyard*** also offers a blend of colonial charm with modernity. The swimming and sailing are great, so great in fact that you better reserve space on the car ferry out of Woods Hole, Massachusetts if you plan to visit either island this summer.

New York's islands, ***Long, Fire, Coney, Staten*** and ***Manhattan,*** are not to be forgotten. Not exactly paradisiacal perhaps—though it depends on your definition of paradise—but each in its own way, quite foreign to many Americans. Suffice it to recall that ***Long*** Island means not only teeming Brooklyn, but also the semi-isolation of Montauk, Amagansett and environs. Visit ***Fire*** Island for its glorious stretch of beach. Go to ***Coney*** for hot dogs and a whiff of honky-tonk nostalgia and take the ferry to ***Staten,*** for the thrill of seeing a great harbor, the Statue of Liberty at close range and the fabulous view of ***Manhattan.*** (Of which, more later.)

Sweeping on down the Atlantic Coast, let us forget for the moment that ***Miami Beach*** is also an island, and keep going south into the Caribbean, bypassing the ***Islandia*** chain and the ***Dry Tortugas.***

"Vacation Abroad without leaving the USA" say the ads inviting you to come to ***Puerto Rico.*** The 100-mile long island, about 1,500 miles southeast of New York, was once a major Spanish bastion. That heritage remains but the friendly people you meet are, like you, citizens of the U.S. You may never need to know a word of Spanish if you stick to the beaten tourist path, but it helps to have done your homework if you want to explore a bit. That's part of the fun. You can stick to your chosen spot on the beach. But why not go up into the mountains, down into a cave, visit a sugar plantation or do some sampling of the wares of a rum factory? You will find San Juan most cosmopolitan, with an active cultural life, plenty to do and some very carefully nurtured Old World social and architectural touches.

Forty miles to the east of Puerto Rico lie the U.S. ***Virgins***—Islands which happily boast of their Danish plantations, French boutiques, English mansions and the fact that their President, too, lives in the White House.

The U.S. got a real bargain when it bought the islands of St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John from the Danes in 1917. The climate is superb, the blue waters are fantastically clear and there are wonderful beaches, especially Trunk Bay on St. John. The towns are relaxed, even a bit old-fashioned looking, which is part of their charm.

Perhaps the most "in" spot in the Virgin Islands these days is St. John, where the elegant, Rockefeller-built resort, Caneel Bay Plantation, has recently numbered among its guests the First Lady, the Vice President and his wife and several members of the Cabinet. If the Caneel Bay seems too posh for your budget, you can still enjoy St. John. About two-thirds of the island and much of its offshore waters are the site of the Virgin Islands National Park. Within the Park's domain are simple cottages and excellent camping and picnicking facilities. On your way home take advantage of the special shopping privileges in the duty-free shops. Travelers from the Virgins get a special dispensation from U.S. Customs, and can haul home $200 worth of goods and a gallon of duty-free liquor per person.

Over on the Pacific Coast more islands beckon. If you are one for sport fishing then head for ***Catalina*** which you can spot on a clear day from Los Angeles Harbor. But if it's a taste of Polynesia and even the Orient you are after, then go on out into the Pacific to the 50th State, ***Hawaii.*** It is four and a half hours away by jet and a holiday Mecca thanks to budget air fares.

If bustling Honolulu and its high-rise buildings seem too much like home to you despite the fabled surf of Waikiki and even Diamond Head, then abandon Oahu for the Neighbor Islands. (Kauai, Maui, and Hawaii itself.) Here you can find the Hawaii you have imagined—volcanoes, occasionally active, lush tropical vegetation and acres of orchids, fresh-water pools and falls, wonderful beaches, still often empty and hidden.

The beaches of Maui may seem like Bali Ha'i to most people, but if it's total, tropical seclusion you crave, then press on nearer the locale of that legendary isle. American ***Samoa,*** 2,600 miles southeastward from Hawaii, beyond Tahiti and not far from Fiji, is beginning to reach out for tourists. The Samoans, now bursting with health thanks to modern preventive medicine, are undergoing a population explosion which has bestirred them to try for a tourism explosion as well. The Pago Pago Intercontinental Hotel has made its debut recently, and big jets are swooping low over the thatched houses. Life is still on the primitive side. By comparison Papeete in Tahiti is Paris as far as shopping and nightlife go.

Cross back to the Mainland and move on to the top of Lake Michigan and ***Mackinac*** Island, one of the last remaining strongholds of the horse and buggy. The island, still an oasis of 19th Century Americana, had great historic importance in the opening of the Northwest fur trade. There are historic landmarks to visit and good sailing nearby. The front porch of the elegant old Grand Hotel, from which one's Grandmother once made forays to buy birchbark souvenirs, is still part of the unchanging decor.

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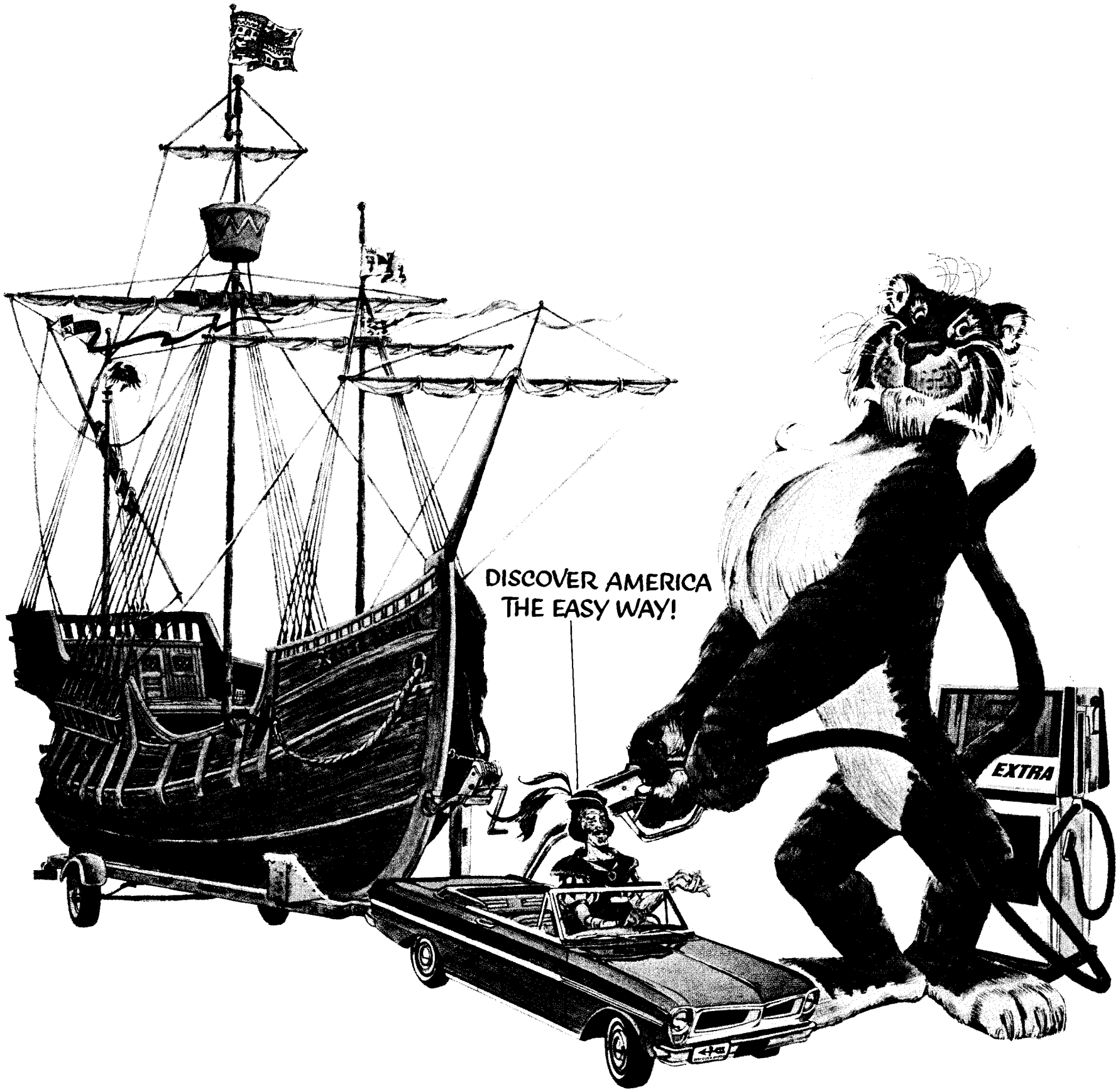

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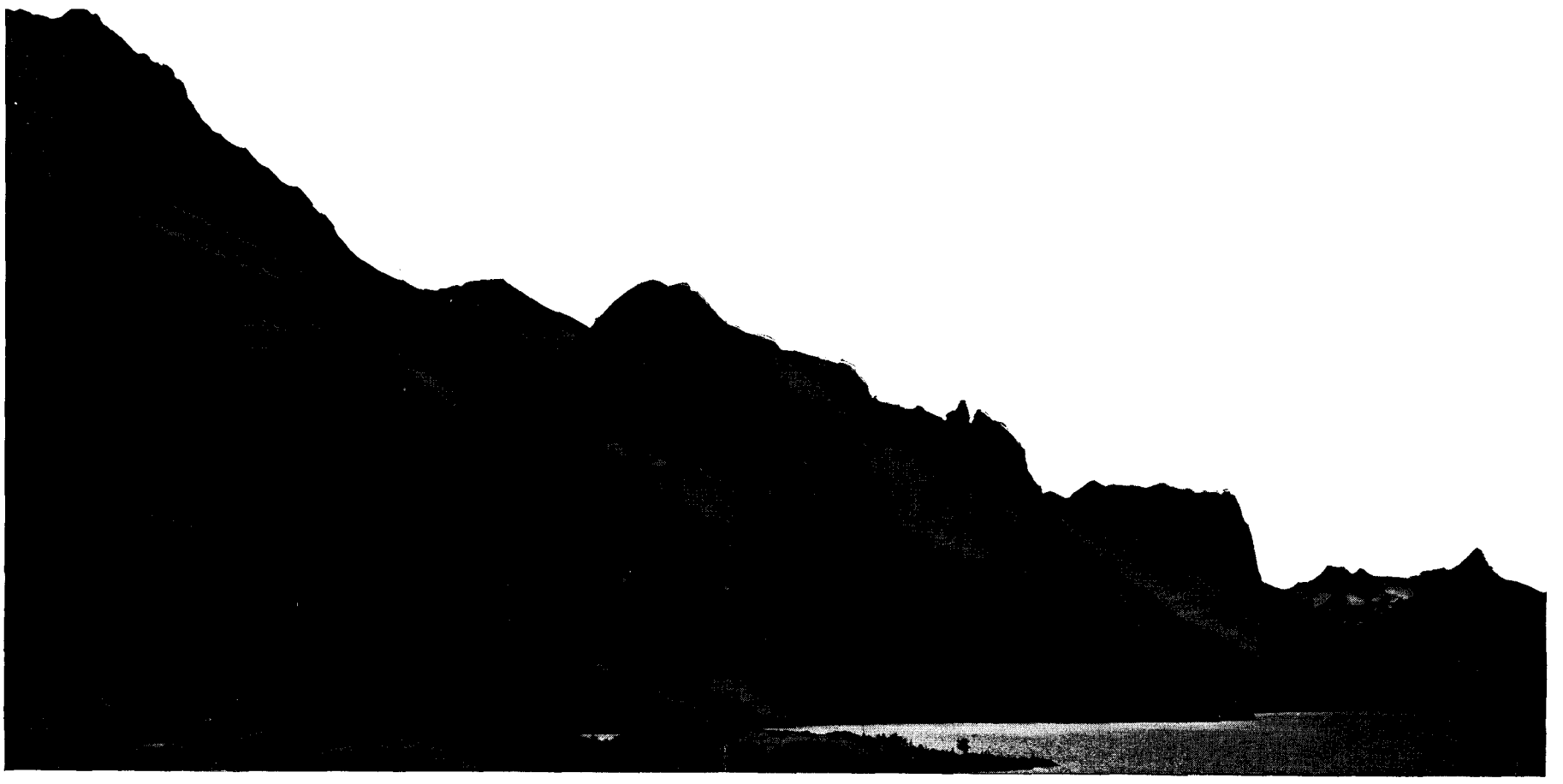

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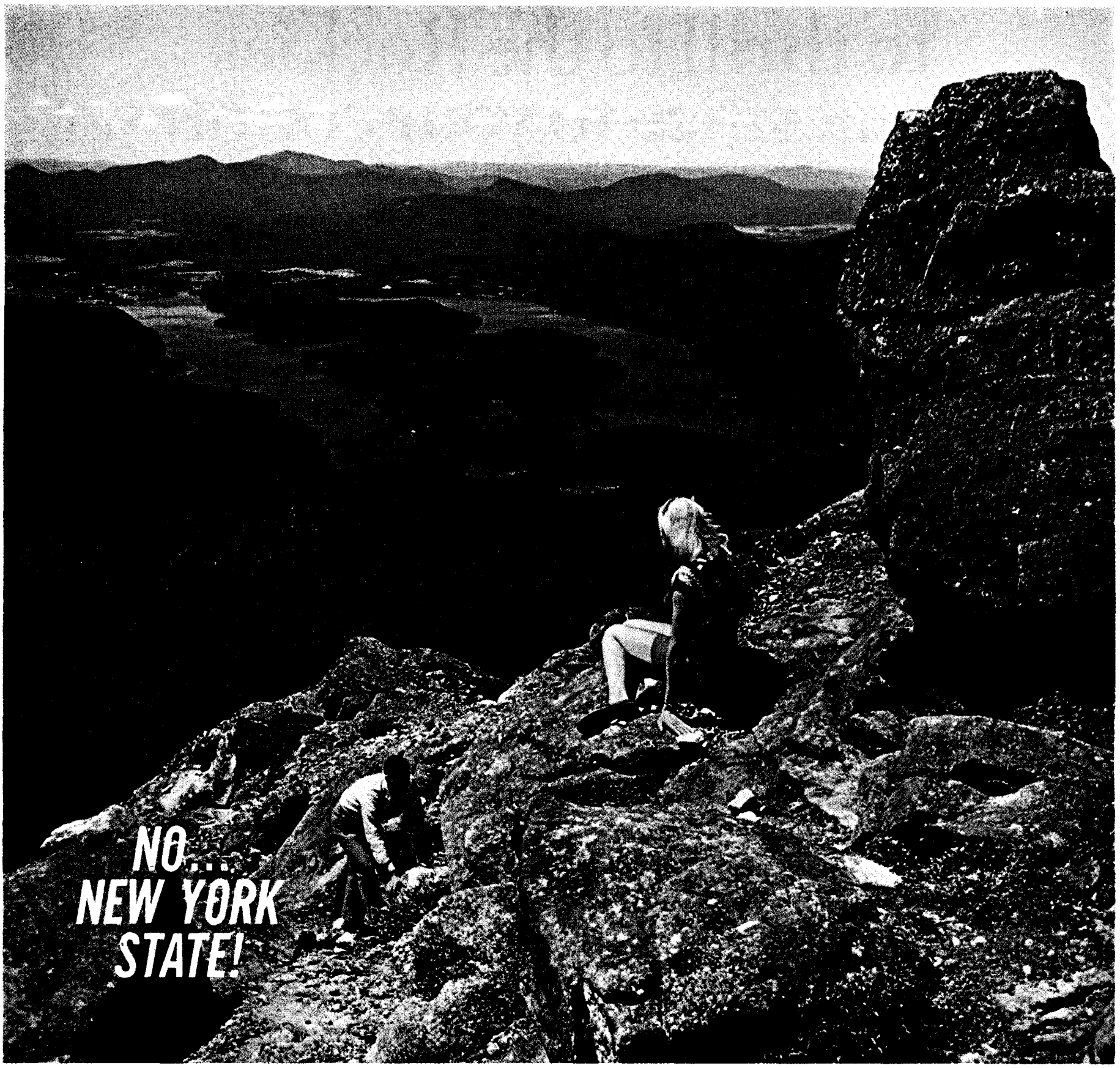
SWEDEN?



Climb atop this craggy peak. The sparkling lakes and fir-clad hills below say this could be the Scandinavian northland. But actually you're on Whiteface Mountain high in New York State's Adirondacks. That's Lake Placid down there, one of New York's fabulous resort areas. To the west are the fish-filled coves of the Thousand Islands. Further west the rocky gorge of Watkins Glen and the sail-spotted waters of the Finger Lakes region invite exploration. And to the south, you can walk the winding Catskill mountain trails and relax at famous resort hotels. Roads and accommodations are great. Vacation in New York State; return refreshed with a trunkful of memories.

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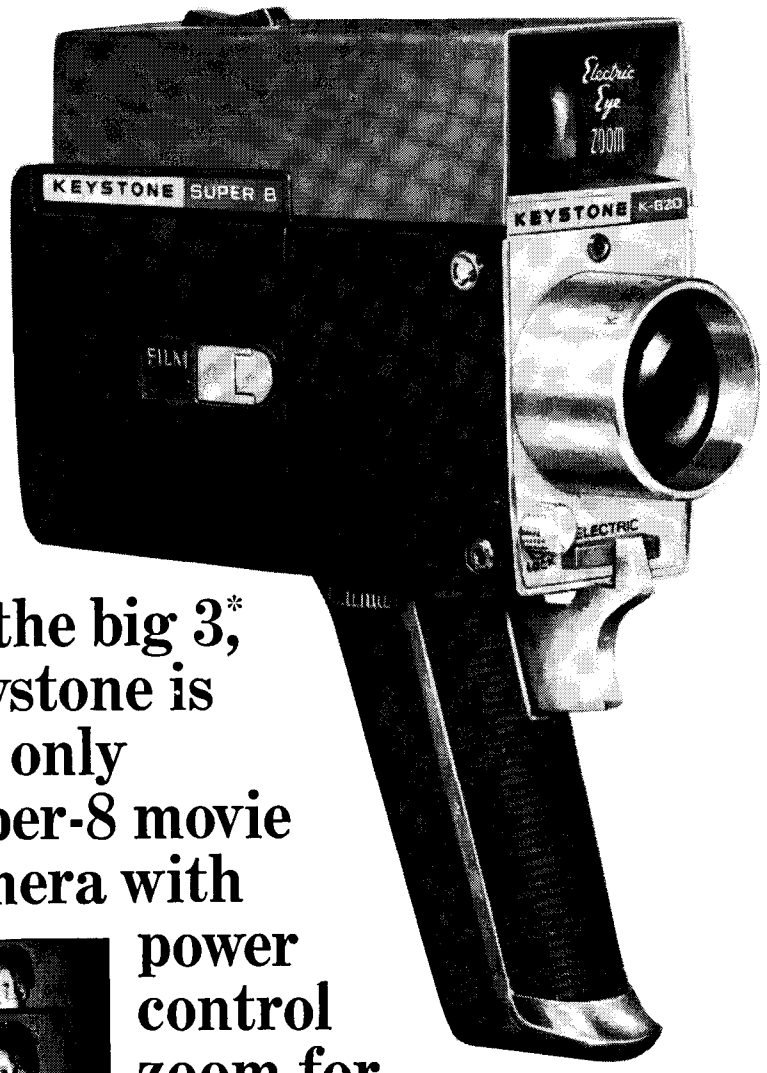

Of the big 3,* Keystone is the only Super-8 movie camera with power control zoom for as little as $119.95

Kodak and Bell & Howell make fine Super-8 movie cameras. But they just don't make one with power control zoom for less than $200. Keystone does make one. The completely automatic K-620 Auto-Instant.

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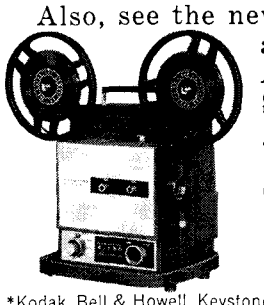
Also, see the new Keystone automatic Auto-Instant Super-8 projectors starting at $75. Optional camera pistol grip $10.



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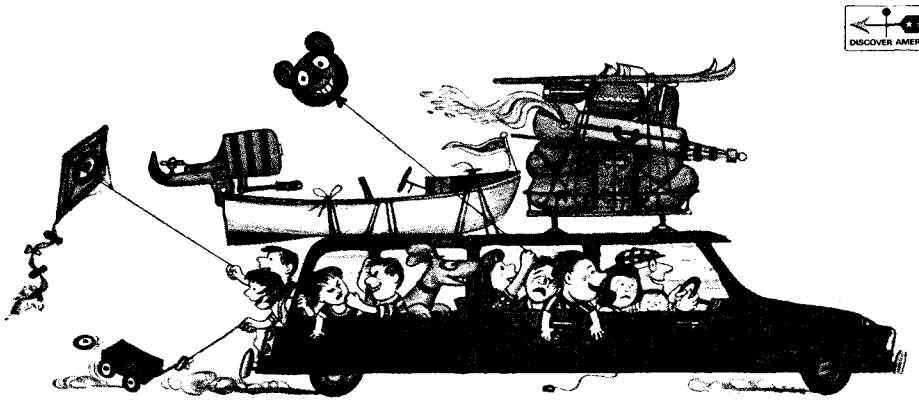

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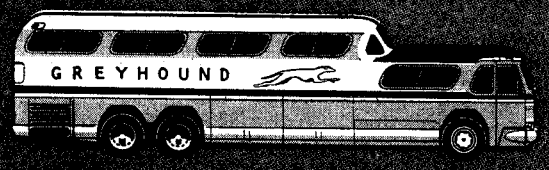

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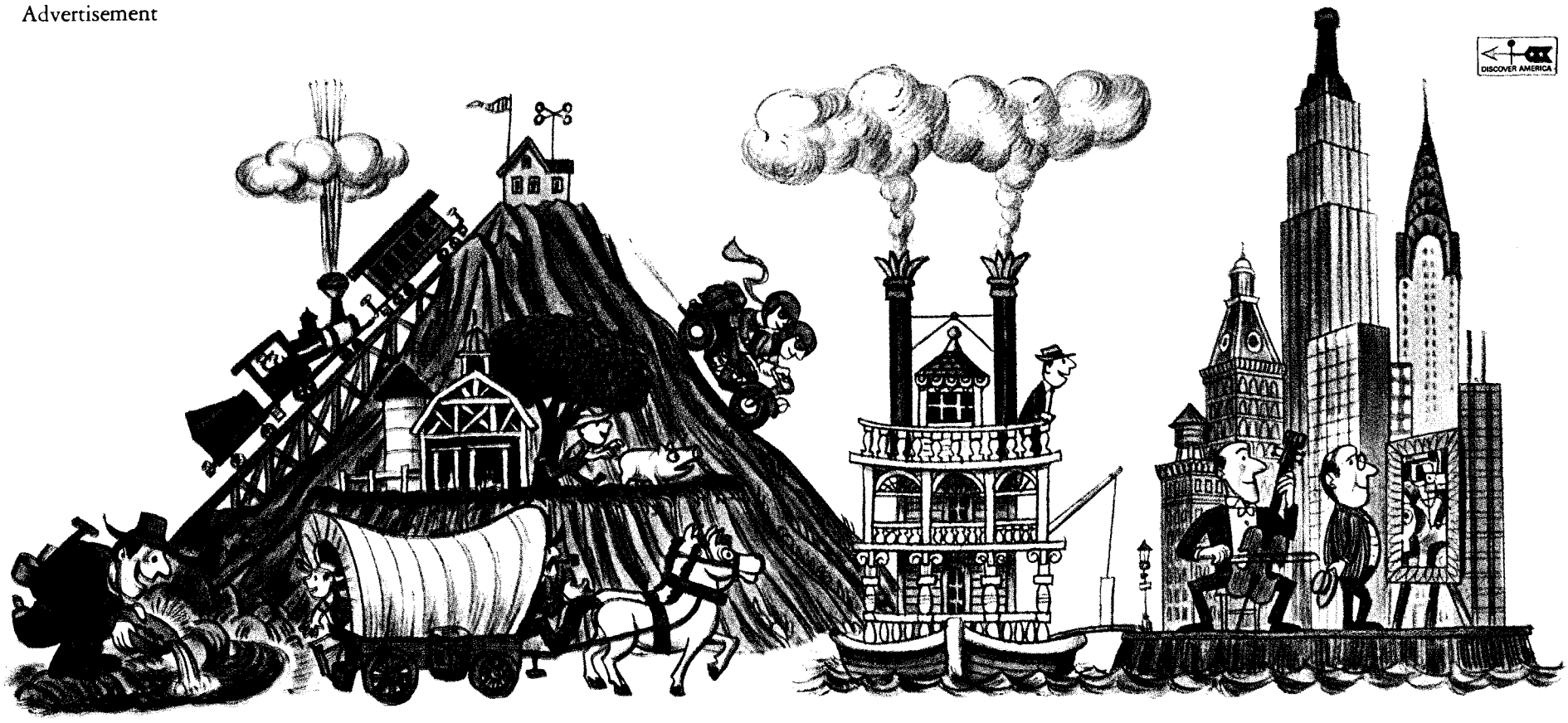

Do something different

Visit NEW YORK. No matter what you have heard or read, the city is one of the world's wonders. It can be sordid and glorious, splendid and miserable. It is a proud city, as its new Mayor says, though there are times when that fact seems to be forgotten. In many ways, it is the first city of the 21st Century because it offers a microcosm of the good and evils of all cities of the future. Consider, then, taking your two-weeks-with-paycheck and heading for New York City. There is much to commend it to a vacationer, much that would surprise you.

To put you into the proper mood, you might even enter the city by helicopter, if you arrive by air. The $7-for-7-minutes trip from the airport to the top of the giant Pan Am Building in midtown is an incredible introduction. The view as you flutter over the city is unbelievable.

New York is a Summer Festival is the boast. It is a travel bargain as well, suited to almost any budget. Surprisingly, it is also delightfully empty and relaxed on a summer weekend. When New Yorkers themselves trek out of town, that is the time for you. That is your chance to see a hit play, or a controversial movie that may have skipped your neighborhood, to hear light music under the stars or at the Philharmonic, to spend time at the marvelous and varied museums. You can try out restaurants whose cuisine you fancy. (You won't be tempted by shops since many close on summer Saturdays.) During the week, on the other hand, as the city fills up, you have a number of possibilities. Visit the United Nations. Go up to the lovely Cloisters (taking a bus so that you can see more of the city.) You can prowl the shops for the newest fads and fashions and go antiquing on Second and Third Avenues, where bargaining is expected. You might visit the fantastic jewelers' street, West 47th Street right off 5th Avenue, where the eye-popping wares make it the rival of any of the great bazaars of the fabled East.

If you prefer, you can keep Manhattan as your home base and set out for brief day-long excursions. Go up the Hudson to Bear Mountain, visit West Point or Hyde Park, sally forth to the many splendid public beaches. There are few stretches of sand and sea in the world to equal Jones Beach. (It is quite empty on weekdays.) Or you may be amused to do some rather exotic people-watching at Fire Island or the Hamptons, where the beaches, too, are superb.

New York, incidentally, is also near enough to sample the famous delights of Atlantic City's Boardwalk or the fast-growing resort areas of the Poconos.

Back in town, a trip on the Staten Island Ferry is a real bargain at a nickel. It's a fine way, incidentally, to top off a dinner in Chinatown on a warm summer's evening. Finally, whatever the time of day—though it is most glorious at dusk—the skyline of New York is one of the most spectacular of all sights anywhere. The Queen of England, who saw it first as a young princess, is said to have exclaimed, "Wowee!" Her sister, Princess Margaret, who fulfilled her own dream of seeing New York only last fall, was a bit more articulate. "Marvelous . . . Fabulous!" were her recorded views. Chances are that you will agree.

* * *

"WAGONS HO!" Heed this historic cry and join a covered wagon train. Leap back into the past and sign up for a trip through the mountains of North Carolina. Until recently this was the prerogative of a few hobbyists who made annual treks, but now an enterprise—The Vacation Wagon Train—can take on the tourist and his friends or family. (Each trip needs a minimum of 25, the maximum number is flexible.) The cost is a low $31.50 for transportation in a wagon and the use of a campsite if you have your own tent or sleeping bag. If you want to rent equipment, $2 a night will get you a tent that will sleep four. You can do your own cooking or buy meals at each camp. If you have a guitar, bring it along. And stick a bathing suit, fishing tackle and a good flashlight into your gear. Needless to say, this is the proper time for jeans, boots, bulky sweaters and raincoats. There is no need for anything fancier, although a hat to keep the midday sun off your face and head is useful.

The wagon train heads out each Wednesday night from Ferguson, North Carolina, 13 miles west of Wilkesboro, for a three-day trip. There are plenty of authentic touches—singing in camp, mountain folk along the way, a stagecoach or some other aged vehicles in each train. The mountain scenery is glorious, especially in the early fall when the foliage is turning. Bird-watchers, nature lovers and camera fans can have a field day. James Richardson of Wilkesboro, North Carolina is the prime mover of the wagon train tours and is the person to write for more information.

* * *

Vacation on a FARM. Not a dude ranch or a rustic resort, but a real farm with animals, barns, grazing meadows, fields bursting with growing crops and, of course, gigantic home-cooked meals. There is a chance for peace and quiet or as much outdoor activity as you crave. Many farms offer riding, swimming, fishing and even hunting on occasion. You may be given a chance to feed the chickens or pick the vegetables and fruits for dinner. You can forget any ideas of splashing under a pump and discover instead that today's farmers enjoy all of the modern comforts and then some. (Have you ever contemplated those engineering marvels the electric milker or a giant harvester?) Paved farm-to-market roads, linking up to super highways, can keep you within range of spectator and active sports, movies, theater, auctions, fairs, big city papers and even shopping, if the extremely informal and relaxed bucolic life begins to pall. To connoisseurs of budget vacations, a week or two on a farm is a bargain. Prices vary, but for an adult the range is from about $25 to $60 a week for room and board. For children (who can often be accommodated without their parents) the range is $25 to $50. In Iowa, where farm vacations are especially popular, you and/or your children can go for a weekend or for weeks. (For information, write the Iowa Development Commission, 250A Jewett Building, Des Moines.) Farmers in other states, too, are sprucing up their spare rooms, preparing bunkhouses and hanging out "Guests" shingles. A very useful *Farm Vacation Guide* is available through bookstores for $1.50 or from Farm Vacations, 36 East 57th Street, New York 10022. In it are farms in all fifty states, helpful guidance on amenities to expect and perhaps most important, an indication as to whether the farm is a truly working one.

* * *

Cruise on the DELTA QUEEN. Eighteen cruises are planned this season for the proud, ornate sternwheeler. From her home port of Cincinnati she will sail the Ohio, Mississippi and Tennessee Rivers. (All voyages will start and end there.) Planned are a 10-day trip to Pittsburgh, another to St. Louis, a 14-day trip to Chattanooga, a number of week-long tours to Kentucky Lake, Tenn., several 20-day voyages to New Orleans and another to St. Paul. Minimum fares range from $136 for the Kentucky Lake trip to $399 for the 20-day jaunts to New Orleans and St. Paul. (The Greene Line, Foot of Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio, can offer more details of these cruises which hark back to the days of riverboat glory.)

It is most relaxing to sit out on deck and watch the cities, towns, and farms along the shore pass slowly in review. The sturdy paddlewheels manage to churn up a sedate eight knots and navigation is surprisingly intricate. Maneuvering through locks is fascinating. Though the majestic boats are almost a vanished breed, the rivers themselves are still amazingly full of life and passing barge cargoes and crew can offer many surprises.

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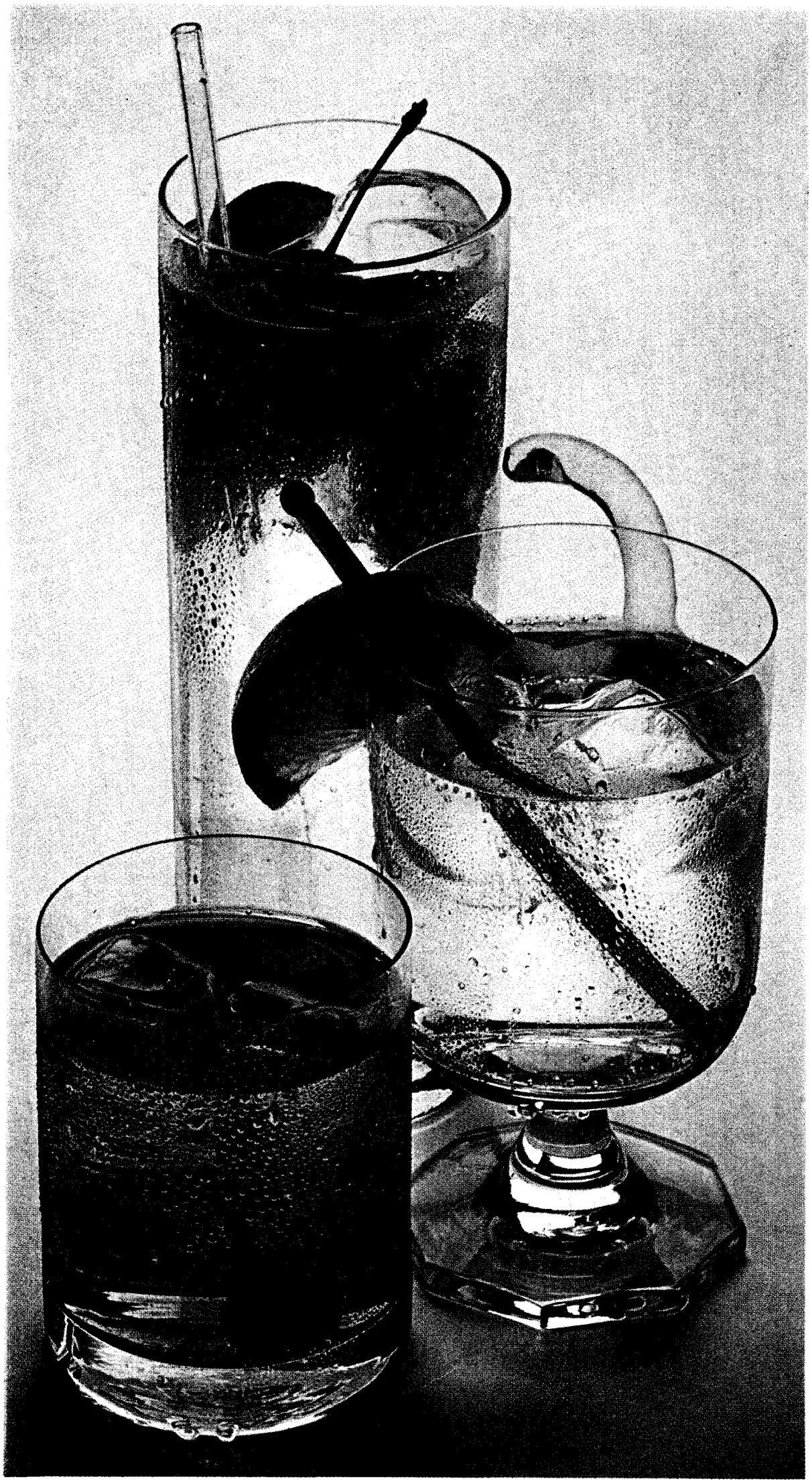

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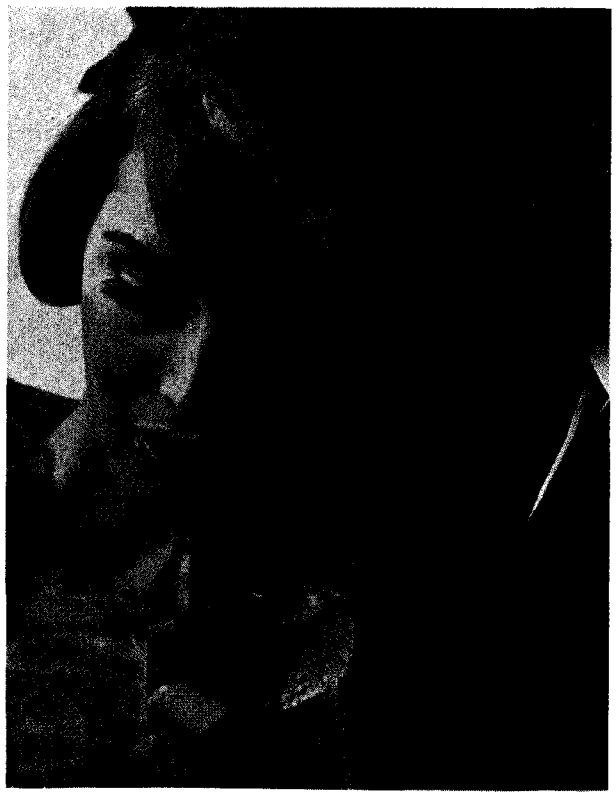

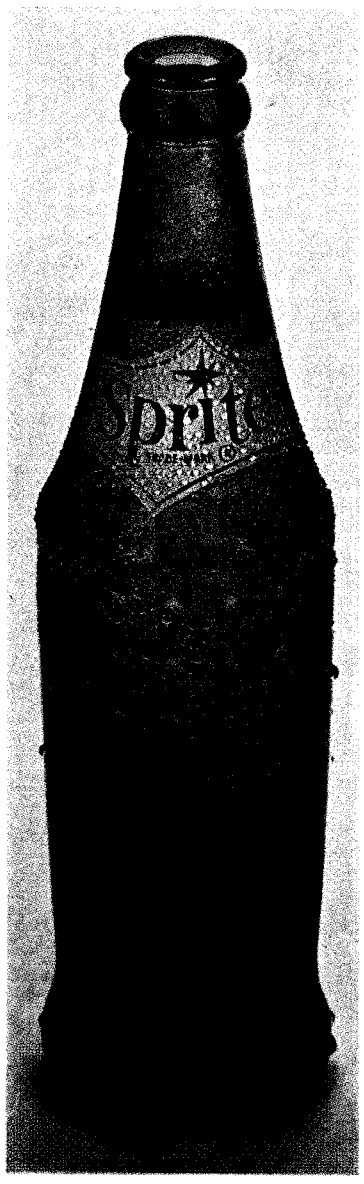

Sprite is tart. Naturally tart for adult tastes.
Exuberant! Yet subtle. And not so sweet.

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PAPA HEMINGWAY

continued from page 52

racehorse who had won his race and passed the finish line but couldn't slow down and cool out before the next race. He was still running at full speed, but there was nothing to race against.

What finally induced Ernest to leave Cuba was not Mary's and my gentle prods. Mary developed a recurrence of anemia, and when the doctor recommended a more temperate climate, Ernest issued emergency marching orders. "She is down to 3,200,000," Ernest informed me, "which isn't funny. Eisenhower has 5,000,000. Black Dog [his dog], 5,200,000."

I had gone to live in Rome, and it was there that I heard from Ernest when he arrived in Paris. His plans were to drive to Madrid in a Lancia. He wanted to know if I would like to join him for the *feria* of Zaragoza, where the young matador Antonio Ordoñez, with whom he had been so impressed in 1954, was performing. The mob for the *feria* included Ernest's English pal Rupert Belville and his lovely companion, Polly Peabody; a Scottish couple, Rafe and Baby Henderson; and the American writer-photographer Peter Buckley.

We met at the Gran Hotel in Zaragoza the afternoon before the *feria* was to start. I was in the lobby when Ernest came in; he seemed to have regained some of his old vigor in the few months since I had seen him, although his face was pinched and heavily lined. He was smiling, and as he came toward me I noticed he had resumed his old style of walking forward on the balls of his feet. We went into the bar to have a drink.

"Antonio wants to dedicate the best one he draws here in Zaragoza to us and will really put out," he said. "We have been hanging around together and he is a loving, unspoiled kid. Christ, how he can fight bulls! He has the three basics for being a great matador—courage, enormous skill, and grace in the presence of death."

It was good to hear enthusiasm in his voice again—the dullness of Key West gone—and to see him looking forward to the coming *feria* as he had looked forward to things all his life. "Didn't see any press in Paris, or on the way, or here. Been going good." He slid his drink closer to me and spoke intently. "Look, Hotch, my head is quite sharp now and not banged to hell like on our last trip to Spain when I was all beat up. So maybe I can make some sense about the bulls and the other things we like to talk about."

I hoped that when Ernest overstayed the closing of the bar that first night, it would prove to be an exception, but it wasn't. He drank heavily every night, Scotch or red wine, and he was invariably in bad shape when finally induced to go to his room. He passed up the things that used to attract him—young couples, gay girls, rough cafés, the bullfight people, the fireworks display, the street carnival—preferring to sit for hours in a rooted position, with one or more listeners, not really caring who they were, sipping his drinks and talking, first coherently, then as the alcohol dissolved all continuity, his talk becoming repetitive, his speech slurred and disheveled.

Ernest's mornings, unassailably vibrant all his life, were now silent newspaper-and-tea convalescences. Ernest would joke it off when I came into his room. "Am a little pooped," he'd say. "Went five rounds with the Demon Rum last night and knocked him on his ass in one-fifty-five of the sixth." The morning drinks of tequila or vodka would partially restore him in time for his lunches with his mob, which he enjoyed, and he was back in full form by the time the bull-ring hour rolled around. Good or bad, he enjoyed the bullfights very much. "I once told Scott," he said, "that my idea of heaven was a big bull ring where I had two permanent *barrera* seats, with a rushing trout stream outside that could be fished by me and my pals. It's still my idea of heaven."

We got a fairly early start for Madrid a few days later, with a new driver, Mario, at the Lancia's controls. We had a lunch rendezvous at Fornos with Rafe Henderson, who was driving the others. Ernest was in splendid spirits, and he talked and sang and told stories all the way.

A partridge wheeled up in front of the car from a roadside ditch and Ernest took careful aim with his extended arm and fired, his arm leading the bird in a perfect pattern of its flight. He constantly practiced this way.

"Did you get him, lamb?" Mary asked.

Ernest nodded. "Best training I got for shooting birds was from my father. He used to give me only three shells for a whole day's hunting, and he was very strict about shooting only on the wing. He had his spies around, so I never tried to cheat.

"You know the professors in their thin, erudite volumes describe my unhappy childhood which supposedly motivated all my literary drives. Christ, I never had an unhappy day I can remember! I was no good at football, but does that make an unhappy boyhood? But the professional pundits don't want to settle for that. Professor Carlos Back-up and Professor Charles Fender and Professor Philip Youngerdunger, wearing the serious silks of Princeton and Yale and N.Y.U., feed my collected works into their Symbol Searcher, which is a cross between a Geiger counter and a pinball machine, or maybe they use their economy-sized death-wish indicators, which can also turn up complexes, both certified and uncertified, at the flick of the dial; then they ask me serious symbol-oriented, death-wish-oriented questions for their serious works which they afterwards read aloud to their classes in Serious Lit IV, three credits; but because I answer them in baseball terminology, which is a much more exact science than literature, they feel I do not take them seriously. Mr. Hemingway, please expostulate on your sublimated death-wish as expressed in *The Sun Also Rises*. Answer: As sublimated as Whitey Ford's death-wish when he throws to Ted Williams. . . . Mr. Hemingway, do you give credence to the theory of a recurring hero in all of your works? Answer: Does Yogi Berra have a groovedswing?...Mr.Hemingway,what is the symbolism of Harry Morgan's

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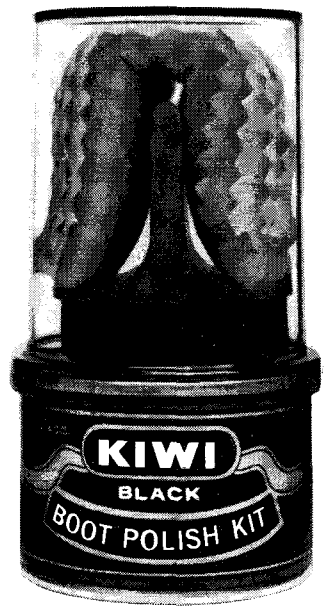

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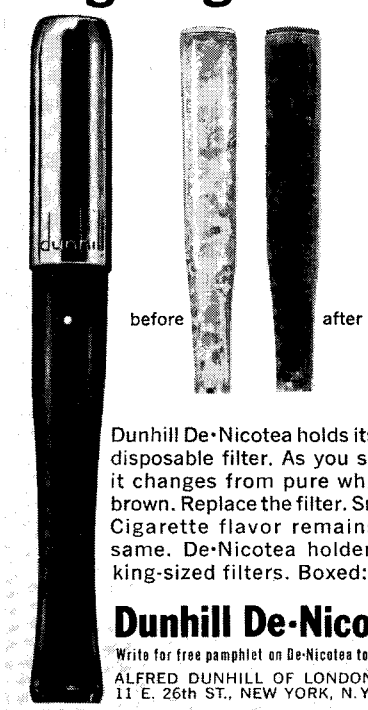

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maimed arm and Colonel Cantwell's maimed hand and Jake Barnes' maimed genitals? Answer: Put 'em in with Mickey Mantle's maimed legs, stir well, and if they don't bat four hundred send 'em all to the Decatur Minotaurs."

All the signs pointed to a revived Ernest, but the morning of the fifth day in the Hotel Felipe II, outside Madrid, his revivification was shot down in flames. First, I received a cable from a magazine requesting me to return to Vienna to write a follow-up on a piece I had done on the Budapest uprising; then Antonio cabled to say that events had arisen to preclude going to Africa, cancelling a planned safari. As if this wasn't bad enough, Polly Peabody came out in the afternoon, frantic because Rupert, nine years in the bosom of Alcoholics Anonymous, had suddenly plunged himself into a wild state of intoxication, and disappeared.

That night Ernest got very drunk. He was argumentative with Mary during dinner, which featured partridges he had bought in Segovia; he did not touch his. Mary left the table as soon as she could, leaving Ernest and me in the deserted dining room (it was off-season). Ernest talked endlessly and not too coherently about the war, while drinking several bottles of wine. His plans had been destroyed and he was taking solace in the past.

When I finally got him up to his room, he stopped in the hallway a few feet from his door and glowered at an electric wall-fixture. He suddenly went into a boxer's crouch, feinted with his left a few times, then hit the light with a neat right hook that broke the bulb and knocked the fixture onto the hall carpet. The metal tore a gash in his knuckle, which started to bleed, but he paid no attention to it. He put his other hand on my shoulder and looked at me intently. "Hotch, I been drunk one thousand five hundred and forty-seven times in my life, but never in the morning." He opened the door of his room and disappeared.

We planned to leave for the Prado at 10 o'clock the next morning, but it was 11:30 by the time Ernest went through his usual predeparture check list of his flask, his various car vests and caps, cleaning tissue for his eyeglasses, his comb, his Swiss officer's escape knife, his lucky chestnut, and, on this occasion, urine specimens he planned to take to the doctor that afternoon.

As we walked through the lobby on our way to the car, two men intercepted Ernest. They identified themselves as a reporter and a photographer for a German magazine.

"I thought I told you guys when you phoned from Madrid, no interviews," Ernest said.

The reporter said he had been instructed to go out anyway and begged Ernest for just 10 minutes so he wouldn't lose his job. Ernest said that he would give them 10 minutes if they could stick to it and take absolutely no pictures. We all went out on the terrace outside the bar and Ernest sent for a Scotch to ease him through the ordeal.

From the beginning it was obvious that the reporter had never read anything Ernest had written. In a thick, sausage accent he asked, "Is this your first trip to Spain? Have you seen any bullfights before? Do you write your novels or dictate them?" Ernest was tolerant at first, but when the reporter asked, "How many women have you been in love with?" Ernest opened up.

"Black or white?"

"Well, how many of each?"

"Seventeen black, fourteen white." The reporter was getting it all down in his notebook.

"Which do you prefer?"

"White girls in the winter, black girls in the summer."

Ernest then made several efforts to ease off the questioning and leave, but the young German was wound up and insistent. Without warning, Ernest suddenly wheeled around and threw his whiskey in the face of the photographer.

"I told you no pictures, you son of a bitch!"

The photographer put his camera down and wiped it off with his handkerchief and then wiped his face, explaining that he had been taking a picture of the hotel and not of Herr Hemingway, meanwhile clicking his heels and apologizing.

"All I heard was the click," Ernest said. "To me the click of a camera is like the rattle of a snake."

Ernest helped the photographer mop up and then suggested that they complete the interview while riding with us into Madrid.

Mario, who had been waiting all this time in the Lancia and who had a previously expressed hatred for Germans as a result of certain Nazi brutalities visited upon his family, was obviously pleased when Ernest said, as the Germans got into the back, "We have to make the Prado before closing, Mario, so don't spare the horses." This meant that for the first time Mario could show us why he placed so well in the Mille Miglia race.

The road to Madrid is narrow, twisting, high in the middle with trenches at the sides, in need of repair, and busy with horses and ox-drawn carts and motorbikes. Mario put the needle at 115 kilometers [about 70 mph], and kept it there. I had a newspaper, which I pretended to read with what I hoped was nonchalance, and Ernest kept saying to the reporters, "Well, no other questions? . . . That all you want to know?" Out of the corner of my eye I watched their green, petrified faces as Mario darted between and around and almost over the steady stream of slow-moving objects that cluttered the road. We pulled up in front of the Prado in 19 minutes instead of the usual 32. The two Germans had to be virtually helped from the car. Ernest shook Mario's hand and would have presented him with a trophy if he had one. "Mark it down," Ernest said to me as we mounted the Prado steps, "as The Day Honest Ernie Struck Back."

As we were leaving the museum, Ernest asked me if I wanted to see the girl whom he had loved longer than any other woman in his life. He led me away from the main hall and into a small room where his girl waited inconspicuously: Andrea del Sarto's *Portrait of a Woman*. He stood back for a moment while I approached her; then he came up beside me. His mouth was slightly smiling and his eyes were proud. He breathed in deeply, and as the sigh escaped he said, "My beauty." He stood transfixed, so lost in his reverie for this girl of the 16th century that a Prado guard had to tap him on the arm

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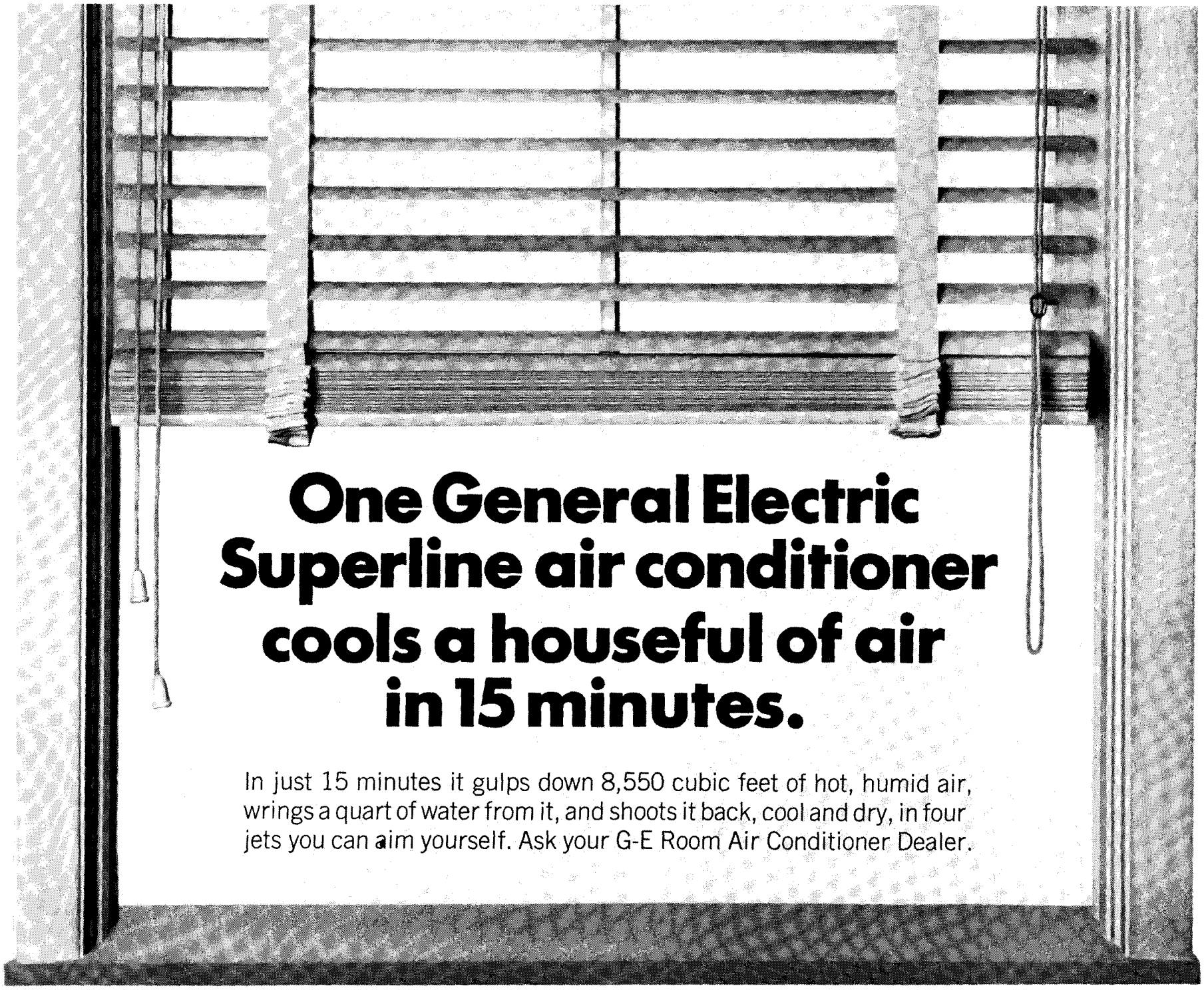

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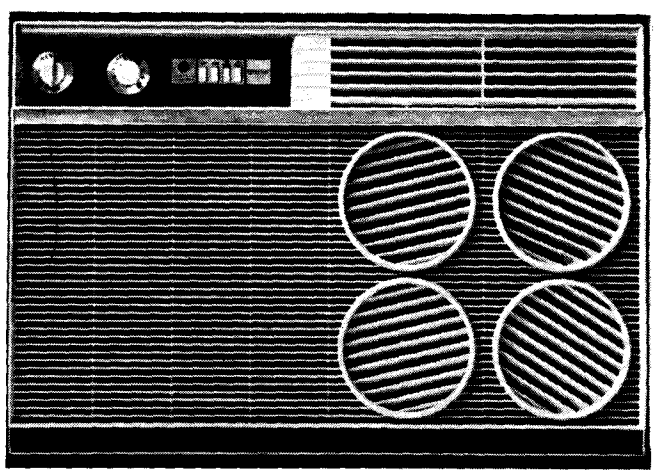

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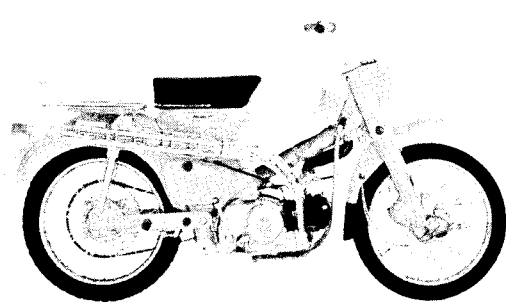

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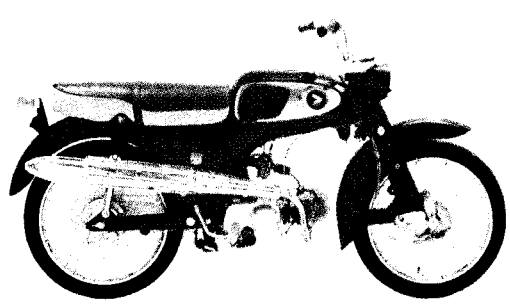

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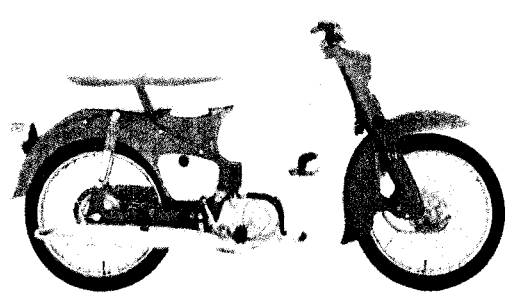

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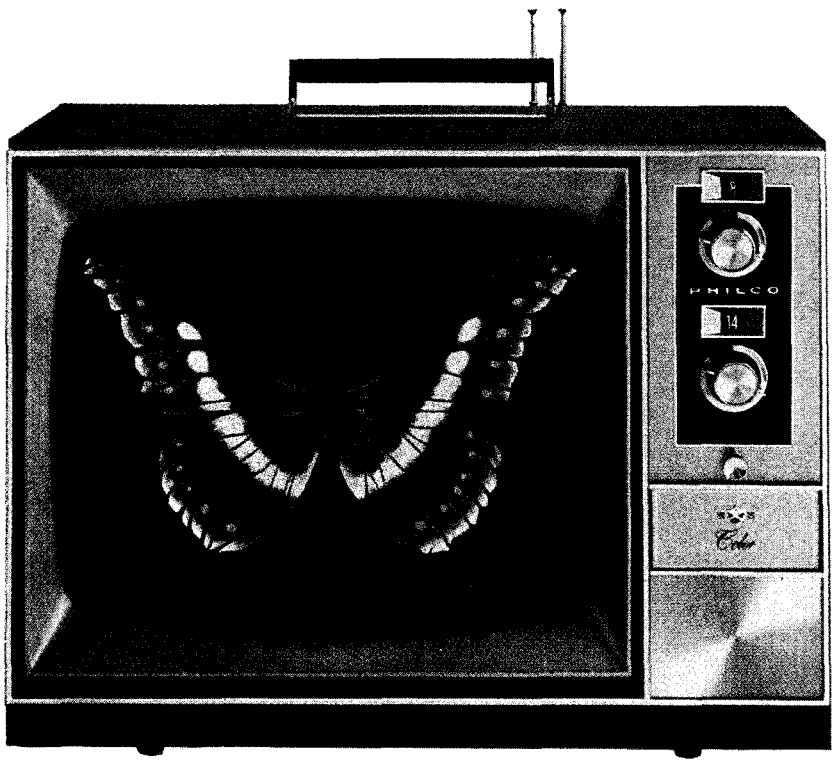

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and tell him twice that the museum was closing.

Mary and I stayed in the bar of the Palace Hotel while Ernest kept his appointment with Dr. Madinoveitia. I had never seen her so concerned about Ernest. She felt that drink had become something for him that it had never been before and she did not know how to cope with it.

"I try to hold him down, but no matter how tactful I am, Papa resents it as nagging and, as you know, he can't stand policing up. So, if anything, that aggravates the drinking and we wind up quarreling, which I hate, but what can I do? Not say anything? How can you stand by silently while someone you love is destroying himself? The things that used to sustain him—working, reading, planning, writing and receiving letters—they are fading away. He doesn't even have people around to lean on him and bring him their problems—Papa always liked that. Now there's just *his* problems and *his* hurts and a day-after-day depression."

At the airport Ernest came to the ticket counter with me, and while we waited for the check-in clerk he said, "Just had some pretty tough news. Besides liver situation, which we know about, tests showed inflamed heart vein, so Madinoveitia has lowered what's left of the boom; I flunked all the tests and he's put me on a strict food diet with no more than one glass of wine per meal and five ounces of whiskey per day. Would you say that's a bulletin designed to resurrect a former cheerful?"

In the fall of 1958, Ernest decided to go back to the American Far West, where he had not been for over a decade. The place he chose was Ketchum, Idaho, a tiny hamlet of 746 residents, located in the foothills of the Sawtooth Mountains, one mile from the Sun Valley ski resort. By November of that year I was at work on the teleplay of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and Ernest suggested that I come out to case his new country and discuss certain aspects of the dramatization about which I had queried him. I checked into the Edelweiss Motel, a few minutes' walk from the cabin he was renting.

Ernest saw me coming up the path and came out to greet me. I couldn't believe his metamorphosis. He had become taut, the slack was gone, the smile back, his eyes were clear, the old timbre was in his voice, and 10 years had left his face. He was alive with enthusiasm and plans. In the days that followed, he worked every morning and hunted almost every afternoon.

One afternoon Ernest spotted a big snowy owl sitting high in a tree and he shot it in the wing. He picked the owl up and inspected the damage. "Have to be careful holding owl," he said. "Once held an owl the wrong way and it grabbed my stomach with both talons and wouldn't let go. Very mean characters."

In his garage Ernest established headquarters for the owl. He set up a box for him, which he lined and covered with his hunting clothes, and fitted a cane into the box for a perch. From that moment on, Owl became the autocrat of the house. Ernest trapped mice every night so he'd have a fresh breakfast, and at noon he was given duck heads and rabbit heads because Ernest said he needed feathers and fur for roughage. I asked Ernest why he had shot him. "Plan to train him. Maybe make him think he's a falcon," he said.

Owl, because of his noted wisdom, became the household arbiter. There was, for instance, the beginning of a quarrel one evening over whether a piece of elk's liver Mary was about to cook was fresh. Everyone smelled it but the vote was inconclusive, with Mary vigorously affirmative and Ernest vehemently negative. Ernest pulled out his Swiss officer's escape knife, cut off a piece of the liver and carried it out and offered it to Owl. Owl wouldn't touch it. "Owl knows better than us what's fresh," Ernest said, and the liver was given to the cats.

Owl and Ernest became great pals. Ernest talked him into sitting on his hand, and only once in a while did Owl get crabby and try to take a chunk out of a finger.

In March of 1959, after completing the taping of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, I returned to Ketchum for a motor trek Ernest intended to make to Key West.

Before we left, Ernest released Owl, which was quite sad. We took him back to the very tree where Ernest had shot him and placed him on a bough, but when we returned to the car Owl returned too. "Maybe we've softened him up too much," Ernest said worriedly, "and he'll sit around here, waiting for someone to bring him his morning mouse, and starve to death."

"You can't take him back, Papa," I said, sensing what was in his mind. 'He's a one-man owl and I don't think any of your friends, all of whom he has nipped, will offer him room and board."

"Well, what am I supposed to do? Tie him in the tree?"

Once more Ernest tried to talk Owl into staying in the tree, but Owl got back to the car before he did. So we all went back to Ernest's house, and later in the day, without Ernest, Duke MacMullen and I took Duke's car and drove Owl back to the tree, and this time Owl stayed.

On the night before we were due into New Orleans, Ernest began to talk about future plans, especially about the following summer. An American friend of his, Bill Davis, who lived in Spain and whom he had not seen in 20 years, had invited them to stay in his house in Málaga; Ernest was considering that invitation and the idea of touring the bullfight circuit with Antonio. He would then write an addendum to *Death in the Afternoon* to bring it up to date; and if he undertook such a summer, he invited me to join up. "Would be a beauty summer," he said. "Would do Pamplona, which I visited briefly in 'Fifty-three but haven't done properly since *Sun Also Rises*, and all *ferias* where Antonio and Luis Miguel will fight *mano a mano*. Might be the most important bullfight summer in the history of Spain."

While he was briefly away from the dinner table, Mary said, "Well, I'd say he was becoming the old Papa again, wouldn't you?"

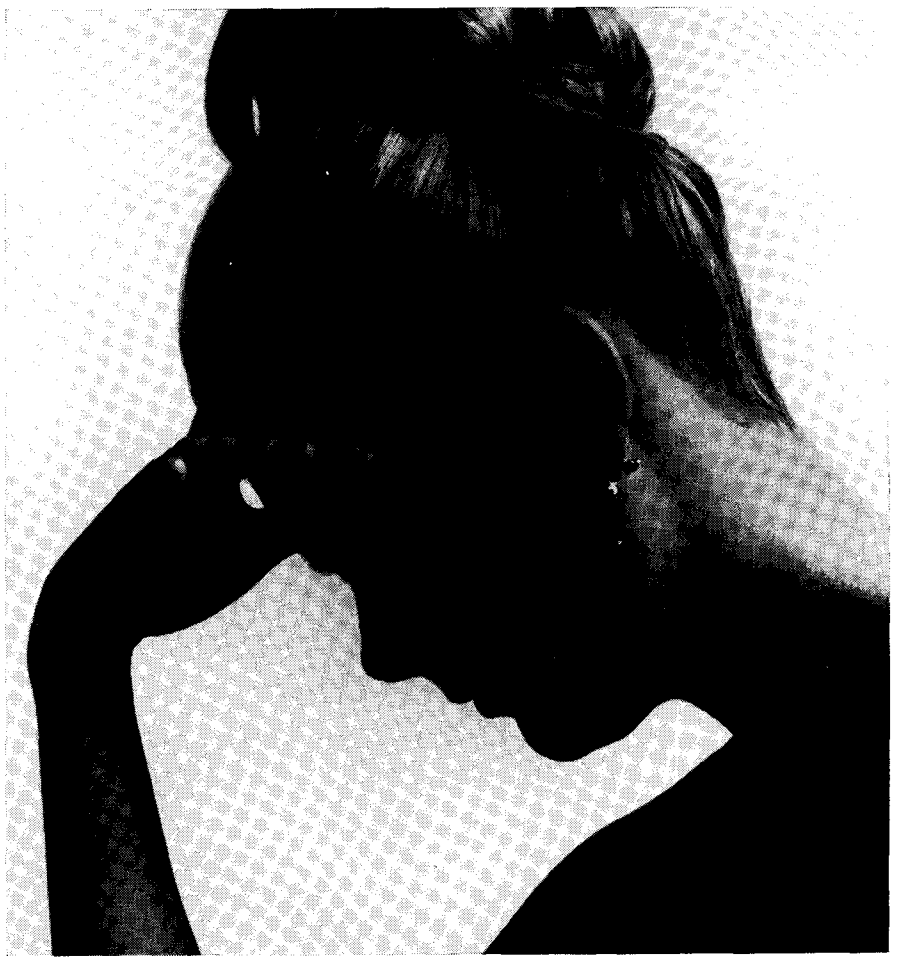
"You mean the young Papa."

"As he often tells me, 'Never lose confidence in the firm.'"

"I never have—have you?"

"No," Mary said, softly, "but on occasion I've wavered a little."

TO BE CONCLUDED



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The Kangaroo Lottery

BY KENNETH LAMOTT

It was a crazy scheme, but to Larry the prospect of 20 thousand dollars was more real than the wife he was losing, the overdue bills, or the bum checks he had bouncing all over town.

Even though he had hardly slept at all, jackknifed in the back seat of his small car, when daylight broke Larry Townsend went through a show of yawning and stretching, making clear to whatever spectators might be around that he had chosen to spend the night parked at the yacht harbor for his own well-considered reasons and not because his wife had driven him out of the house. Nobody was watching. Larry leaned forward, rested his arms on the back of the front seat and rubbed his eyes tenderly. He felt terrible.

When he opened his eyes, a dark girl wearing faded jeans and a bright red pullover had appeared on the deck of the big ketch tied up at the end of the pier directly in front of him. She walked slowly once around the deck, her head down, her long black hair falling over her face, as if she were searching for something she had lost in the darkness and had left her bunk at first light to find. After raising her head once toward the scraps of high morning fog that were racing in from the sea, she went below.

Endowing the girl with patience and loyalty, a passionate nature, and a quiet voice, Larry considered the advantages of his living on a boat. There would be no unpredictable days with a wife who could torture him with silence or drive him from his house with despairing cries of her martyrdom; there would be no rising in the darkest hours of the night to tend to an infant who was vomiting out of sheer spitefulness; there would be no threatening telephone calls from credit managers, banks, and the mortgage company. Instead, there would be long, warm days coasting along the trade winds to Tahiti. In the morning, he would pick flying fish from the deck to fry for breakfast; later, while he steered the boat, the brown and supple girl would hang the day's laundry from the rigging; in the evening they would lash down the tiller and, while the ketch was borne onward by the fair wind, they would make love under the limpid, tropical sky.

The picture of the ketch at sea gave way to the remembered image of Jill's soft, pretty face as he had last seen it, rigidly set in despair and hatred while she had watched him collect his toothbrush and razor and the change that was lying on the dresser. As he had left, he had heard the chain go across the door behind him, and he could still hear her angry voice: "Why don't you go away and leave us alone? Why don't you go away? All we want from you is to be left alone."

Getting out of the car, Larry stood outside for a minute discovering with dismay the wrinkles in his trousers and the tackiness of his shirt, which, unaccountably, had turned gray overnight. Putting his hand into his pocket, he inspected his resources. There was a dollar bill and a

Illustrated by Joe Cleary

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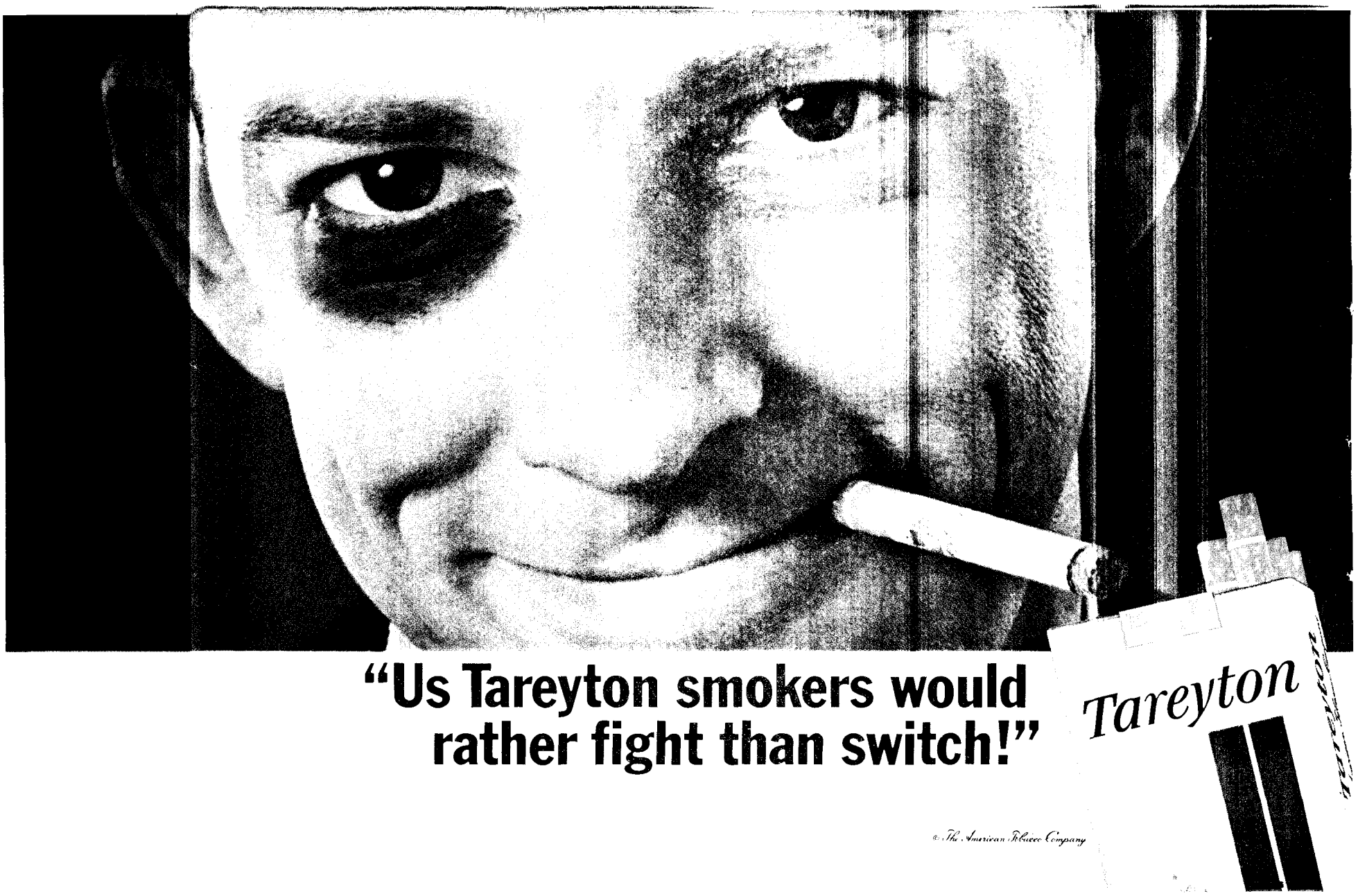

handful of silver that amounted to seventy-eight cents. That was all. Sliding behind the wheel, Larry looked at himself bleakly in the rearview mirror as he tied his tie. His features all seemed to have subtly moved out of their usual positions. Scowling at his image in the mirror, Larry said, "You look as if you'd slept in your clothes, Townsend."

He drove to a gas station, parking his car far enough from the pumps so the boy wouldn't come over to ask what he wanted. The boy, who was setting the MECHANIC ON DUTY sign in its place outside the lube racks, raised his head as Larry walked toward the men's room. The door wouldn't open. Larry went back to the boy.

"The door seems to be locked," he said. "Would you mind letting me have the key?"

"The john's for customers," the boy said.

"I've been buying gas for a good many years at this station," Larry said mildly.

"I don't know you," the boy said.

Larry smiled suddenly, a practiced, rueful smile. "What would you do if *your* wife had locked you out of the house?" he asked. "It seems to me that, at times like this, we men had better stick together."

The boy laughed. "You'd be surprised at how many like you I get here. What's the matter with you people in this town, anyway?"

"That's a good question," Larry said. "I wish I knew the answer. Right now I'd like to wash my face, if I may."

"The key's on the hook by the cash register," the boy said indifferently. "Help yourself."

As Larry went for the key, his legs felt as if they had been running through soft sand. Turning on the charm was easy enough, but you paid for it with a real expenditure of physical energy. Perhaps, he thought as he turned the key in the lock, it had something to do with adrenaline.

In the men's room, Larry took off his shirt, brushed his teeth, softened his beard with soap from the green-glass dispenser, shaved, combed his hair, and dressed again. After he tied his tie, he ran his thumbs under the roll of his collar, and critically inspected the result. He still looked tacky, but it was going to have to do. At any rate, his long, narrow face was beginning to look more normal. Everything seemed to be returning to its proper place: crooked mouth; long nose, slightly bent where it had been broken in a skiing accident; heavy-lidded gray eyes. He was thirty-six. He grinned once at the mirror, lopsidedly, and said aloud, "It's going to turn out all right, Townsend."

As he crossed the Golden Gate Bridge, Larry looked out over the sea. He was pleased to see that the rocky outlines of the Farallones had emerged from the coastal fog. It was a good omen. Long ago, Jill had chosen the islands as their personal good-luck symbol. "I saw the Farallones today," she would say. "We're going to get some money."

The second time he looked at the ocean, he saw a black-hulled Coast Guard buoy tender and a scaly old freighter coming in from the sea. Out by Mile Rock, a boat was sailing into the wind, well heeled over as it headed for the open water. Larry felt a rush of envy, and again saw himself, bare-chested and wearing only a pair of tattered shorts, stretched out on the sunny deck of the ketch while the girl cooked their dinner in the galley.

Warned by something moving in the corner of his field of vision, Larry jerked his attention back to the roadway, braking hard as the car in front slowed down for no apparent reason. Suicide, Larry thought, remembering a girl he had once seen running from a car that, like this one, had stopped in the middle of the bridge. She had reached the railing when the wind whipped up her skirt, revealing heavy white thighs. Trapped by modesty, she had paused, and, in that instant, a bareheaded highway patrolman had leaped from his car and torn her from the railing. Larry had left his car to help, but the patrolman had waved him back, shouting, "Keep the traffic moving, buddy. Everything's under control." As he drove past them, Larry had seen that the girl's face was gray and lumpy, like a badly made vanilla pudding. She had been crying as if she would never stop.

The car ahead returned to its normal speed as mysteriously as it had slowed down. Warily, not letting the unpredictable car ahead move entirely out of sight, Larry glanced at the city. The buildings stood out sharply on their hills, backlighted by the morning sun. No matter how many times he saw it, the first view of San Francisco in the morning always excited him with its promise of vast possibilities. It was *his* city. The hair on his neck stiffened with a prickling sensation. It's the old adrenaline again, Larry thought, as he ran his hand across his collar.

At the toll booth, he gave up a half dollar, dropping the quarter's change into the breast pocket of his jacket, where it would remain out of the day's economy until his return in the evening. A dollar-twenty-eight was left.

Instead of driving downtown and leaving his car at the usual garage, which would have taken the dollar, Larry parked in an all-day space near the old chocolate factory by the beach and took the Hyde Street cable car over Nob Hill and into town. He had coffee and a hot roll in a drugstore, and with three quarters, a dime, a nickel, and a penny in his pocket, walked down Market Street to the building where he had his office.

Although the narrow façade of the building had been done over recently in ceramic tile and glass, its interior was undisguisably a relic of the cast-iron age of San Francisco architecture, with even a cast-iron smell that was the despair of the renting agent. Larry's office was one of a row of economy-sized cubicles that faced the iron railing protecting the open stairwell. On the opaque glass panel in the door LAWRENCE G. TOWNSEND, PUBLIC RELATIONS was lettered austerely in black, and, underneath, BILL MARCONI, PUBLICITY.

Inside, facing away from each other, were two desks, each with its own typewriter and telephone. There were also two desk chairs, two straight-backed wooden chairs, a filing cabinet, and a duplicating machine. The large wastebasket by the window had not been

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emptied. It was filled with crumpled sheets of paper, most of them smeared with blue duplicating ink. On the floor beside it stood an empty milk carton. Larry jammed the milk carton, which had been left there by Marconi, into the wastebasket, stamping it into the crumpled paper. Then he picked up his telephone and called the building superintendent.

"Mr. Stopus? This is Larry Townsend in 512," he said. "What happened to Sid last night?"

"Nothing's the matter with Sid," Stopus answered. "This is just a friendly reminder, Mr. Townsend. You get your rent current, and you'll get your janitor service."

His voice vibrating with indignation, Larry protested, "If I must say so, Mr. Stopus, this is a hell of a way to treat one of your oldest tenants."

"You're not so old I'd particularly miss you," Stopus answered. "I said this was just a friendly warning. Next time, we change the lock on the door."

Larry laughed. "Oh, hell, Mr. Stopus, let's both relax about this. I'm afraid I got carried away. It was just an oversight, for goodness' sake. I'll give you a check on my way out to lunch. In the meantime, will you please send up Sid to clean out the paper?"

"I'll send Sid when I see the check," Stopus said. "And while I got you on the phone, let me tell you that if there's any funny business at the bank about the check, your key isn't going to fit that lock any more. You get the message?"

"Right you are," Larry said, smiling crookedly into the telephone. "I hear you loud and clear, Mr. Stopus."

Just as Stopus banged down his telephone, the door opened, and Bill Marconi came in. He was younger than Larry, a short, wiry man wearing a suit made of synthetic material, the color and texture of newly congealed chocolate fudge. His shirt gleamed with starch; his necktie was fashionably narrow. On his feet were purple cordovans with heavy soles. He was carrying several letters.

Seeing the wastebasket, Marconi asked, "What's the matter? Sid sick?"

"Look here, Billy," Larry said, "I don't think it looks good to have milk cartons scattered around a business office. What sort of impression would it give a new account?"

"In four years, I've never brought any kind of an account up here," Marconi said. He poked the wastebasket with his purple toe. "Stopus making trouble?"

"Why should Stopus be making trouble?"

"You know there's only one thing Stopus makes trouble about," Marconi said. "You paid the rent, didn't you?"

Larry regarded Marconi straight-faced for a moment. Then he smiled, one corner of his mouth higher than the other. "Oh hell, Billy, you've caught me red-handed. I found myself on the shorts last week, and, somehow, the rent money got eaten up. I mean it. It went for groceries. If you don't believe me, call Jill."

"Groceries-shmoceries," Marconi said unhappily. "All I want to know is, what are you going to do about it?"

"I told Stopus I'd give him a check today," Larry said. "He's not sore any more. Sid's coming up a little later to clean." He held out his hand. "How about the mail?"

Marconi went rapidly through the mail, dropping envelopes on his own desk as he chanted, "For me, for me, for me, for me, for me." He was left with a single long envelope that he flicked expertly onto Larry's desk. "And one for you. It's Jim Dundee."

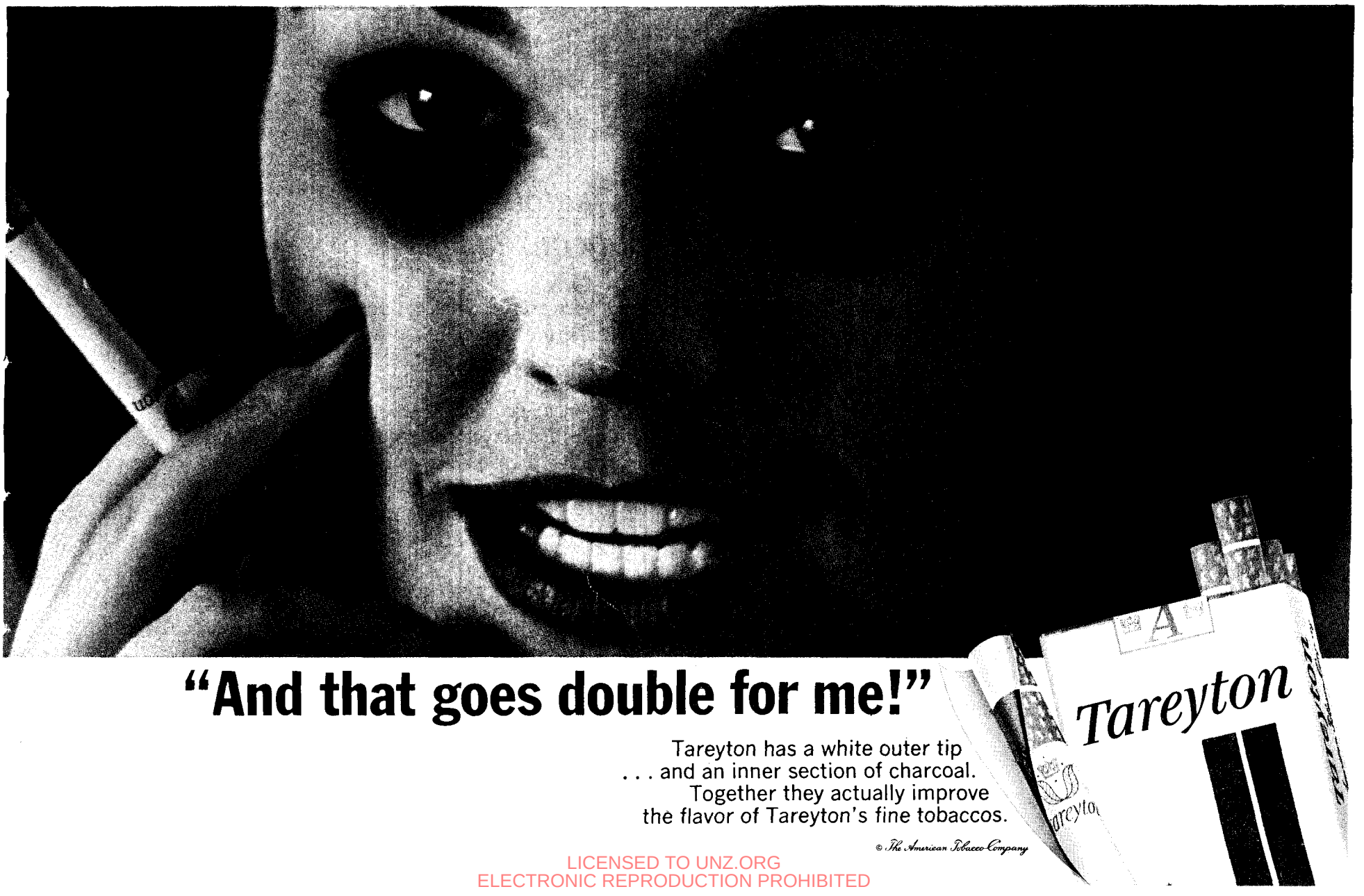
"I've been waiting for that one," Larry said, subduing by force the sense of imminent salvation that rushed through him. He took his time, extracting a penknife from his pocket, opening a blade, sliding it under the envelope flap, slowly removing the letter.

There was no check inside. Instead he read:

Dear Larry,

Sorry to have to disappoint you about the last payment due you. This has nothing to do with your fine work, which, believe me, is thoroughly appreciated here. However, the boys in the business office have politely but firmly declined to let your check go out as scheduled.

As you know, I don't understand their end of things myself, but apparently it has



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something to do with some questions about your last expense sheet. Goodness only knows what these fellows are worked up about, but I imagine you'll be hearing from them before long, and you can then straighten everything out.

The letter itself was bad enough, but it didn't bother him as much as the *Sincerely* over Jim Dundee's signature. It should have been *Cordially*. Larry flattened the letter and then put it away inside a folder on his desk.

"Oops, here's another for you," Marconi said. Without turning around, he held a letter over his shoulder. Larry noted the return address impassively and opened it with the same deliberate routine with which he had opened Dundee's letter. This one read:

Dear Mr. Townsend:

Your bank has returned to us, for the second time, your check of May 23 in the amount of $56.75. If you do not take immediate steps to make this check good, we will be obliged to turn the matter over to the proper authorities.

Yours very truly,
The Barrow Company

"Hey, Billy," Larry said. "Look at this, will you?"

Marconi took the letter, read it swiftly, and handed it back. "You better pay up."

"You don't suppose they mean the district attorney, do you?" Larry asked. "It's the first time anybody's threatened to do *that*."

"They sound sore," Marconi said. "I wouldn't be surprised if they did. What the hell, it's none of my business, but Jim Dundee finally came through, didn't he? So pay them. Share the wealth."

"Dundee's short of cash or something," Larry said. "He asked me to hold on until next month."

"Dundee short of cash?" Marconi asked, then shrugged. "If that's his story, that's his story." He turned back to his desk, fed two sheets of paper into his typewriter, narrowed the margins, and began to type.

"Billy," Larry said.

Without breaking rhythm, Marconi said, "Yes?"

"I'm in a jam."

Still typing, Marconi said, "Don't tell me about it."

"Just a lousy hundred," Larry said. "After all, Billy, it's not going to do you any good if they should send me to jail."

The typing faltered, but Marconi recovered his stride as he said, "It won't do me any particular harm, either."

"Think of Jill and the kid," Larry said.

Marconi stopped typing and turned around, as vulnerable now as a snail plucked from its shell. "I got troubles of my own, Larry," he said.

"All I need is a hundred. Honest to God, Billy, a lousy hundred could keep me out of jail."

"I can't do it," Marconi said. "Not even a hundred."

"What's going to happen to Jill and Karen?" Larry asked. "Jill isn't the kind of woman that can go out and get a job. If I go to jail, they'll starve to death."

"I'm trying to tell you I don't *have* a hundred," Marconi said miserably.

"Your credit's good," Larry said. "You could raise it."

Marconi shook his head. "My mother's having trouble. Real trouble. The doctors did a biopsy yesterday. If it means an operation, there's nobody to pay for it except me."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Larry said soberly, looking intently at Marconi for evidence that he was lying. Biopsy, Larry thought, who do you think you're kidding, old friend?

Marconi's eyelids flickered, and then he shouted, "Is it any business of yours? Is it any business at all of yours, you s.o.b.?"

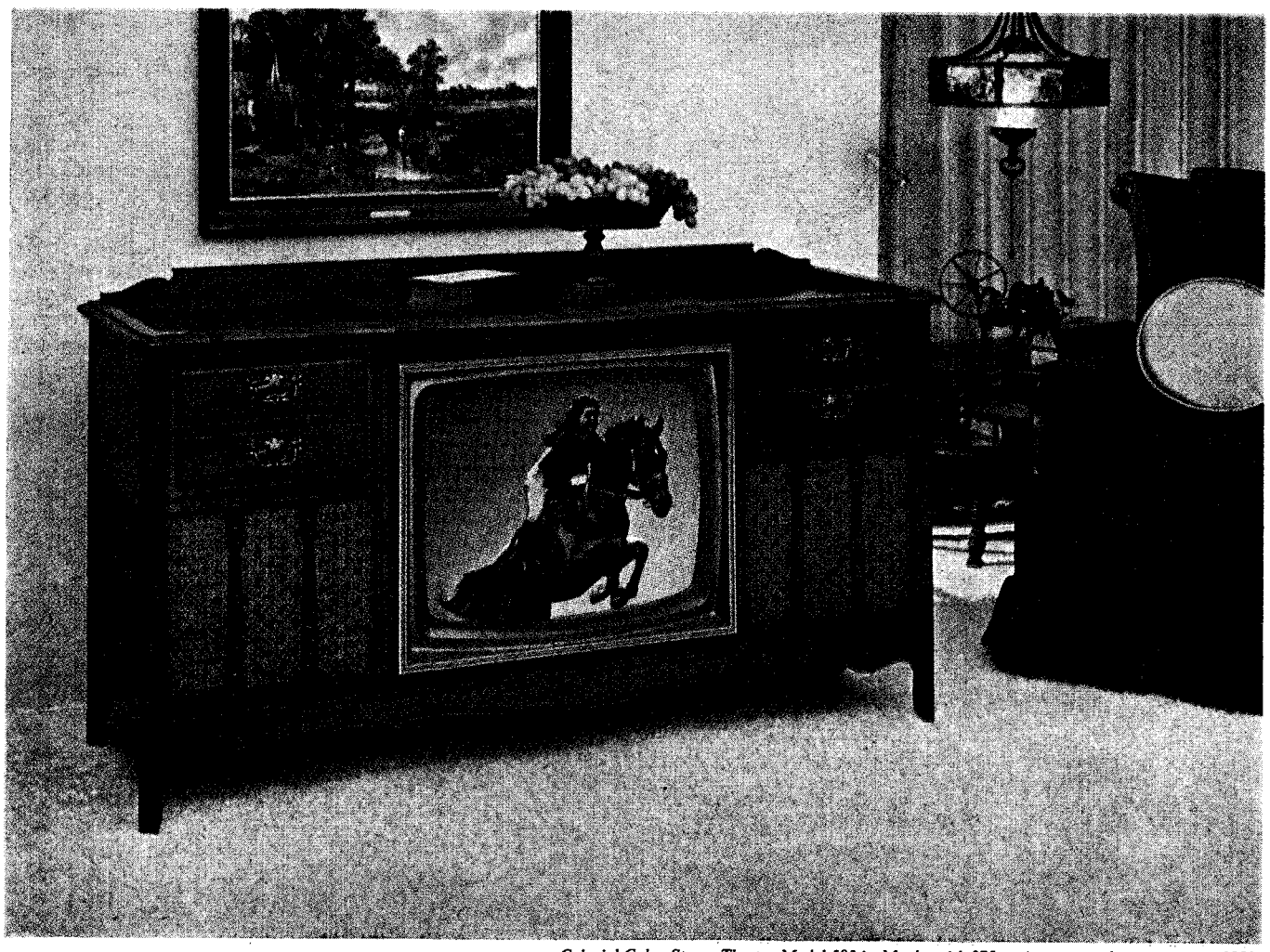
Larry smiled slowly. "Of course you're right, Billy. I don't have any business mixing you up in my troubles."

"I just wish you'd remember that," Marconi said fiercely as he took shelter again in his typewriter.

When the phone rang a few minutes later, it was for Larry. A well-trained female voice identified herself as being Mr. Arch Lamoreaux's secretary. "Mr. Townsend, I'm calling to let you know that we've had to postpone the decision about the Children's Fund. Mr. Lamoreaux is going back East to accept an honorary degree from Yale University."

"That's great!" Larry said. "Wonderful news!"

"Yes," Mr. Lamoreaux's secretary said, although she sounded startled by Larry's enthusiasm. "He was class of '19, you know. He's going to take care of some business matters while he's back there, and also a little vacation. We rather expect he won't be back for



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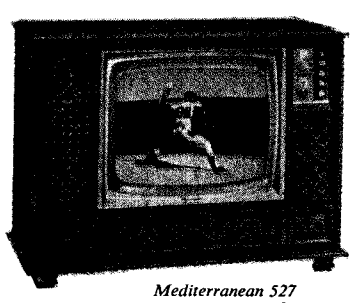

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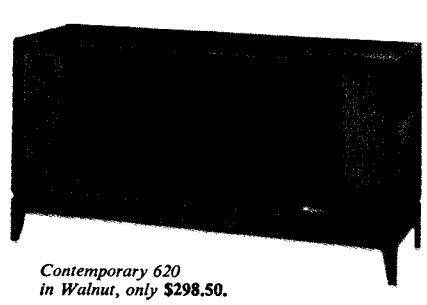

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three weeks or a month. I'm calling everybody who made a presentation to let them know that the board simply won't be able to come to a decision while Mr. Lamoreaux is away. I'm afraid this is a disappointment to you, but I'm sure you'll understand."

"Right you are," Larry said heartily. "I'll look forward to hearing from you."

As Larry hung up, Marconi turned around. "Whatever that was, it really turned you on."

"That was Arch Lamoreaux," Larry said. He looked cheerfully at Marconi, who was clearly trying to make amends for his outburst. "The Children's Fund is in the bag."

"That's really in the nick of time," Marconi said.

Larry grinned. "Oh, hell," he said, "you can't keep a good man down."

"Don't get carried away," Marconi said. "The money isn't in the bank yet."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," Larry said. "These medical campaigns are all the same: A big-eyed kid with braces on his legs is supposed to tug at your heartstrings. I've been giving this some thought, and I've decided this is all wrong. People don't like to be embarrassed into giving money. When they make a donation, they want it to be fun. Look at the Irish Sweepstakes, for example. It supports the hospitals, doesn't it? Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do for the Children's Fund. I'm going to organize the biggest lottery San Francisco has ever seen."

"It's illegal," Marconi said.

"Not the sort of lottery I have in mind. This is going to be a fun lottery. Since we can't have a money prize, we're going to give away a fun prize. Something like a kangaroo."

"It's already been done," Marconi said. "That Australian airline gave away a kangaroo a couple of years ago."

"Well, something *like* a kangaroo," Larry said. "It doesn't actually have to be a kangaroo. It could be a wallaby, or whatever they call that smaller animal. Or even a trip to Australia."

Marconi looked at him thoughtfully. "Do you really mean to tell me that Arch Lamoreaux gave you the Children's Fund on the basis of this kangaroo idea?"

"Arch Lamoreaux got where he is today because he has imagination," Larry said. "You don't, Billy. If you don't mind my saying so, this is why you're never going to get very big in this business."

"I make out," Marconi said as he began typing again.

Larry put his feet on the seat of the chair at the side of his desk and, gazing out the window at the scattered clouds, thought about Arch Lamoreaux and the Children's Fund. The idea of the kangaroo lottery had, as a matter of fact, occurred to him just now, while he was talking to Marconi, but it was growing rapidly. He could already see downtown San Francisco populated with life-size plastic kangaroos on every street corner, pouches gaping for contributions. No, he decided, it would be more fun to have each kangaroo made so that when you dropped a half dollar in its mouth, a baby kangaroo would pop out of the pouch, holding your lottery ticket in its little paw while a tape recorder inside said *Thank you* in an Australian accent. What did they call baby kangaroos anyway? Jerry? Joe? Little Joe? Joey, that was it. And how did you say *Thank you* in Australia? What did *dinkum* mean? *Fair dinkum*, that was it. When you put your money in the kangaroo's mouth, the joey would pop out of the pouch, saying *Fair dinkum, mate*, as it handed you your lottery ticket. The winner would get a three-week trip for two to Australia.

The more Larry thought about it, the more he realized that he had hit upon an absolutely unique idea. However, it was going to take some research. Larry took his feet off the chair and stood up. "If Jill or anybody calls," he said, "tell them I'm going to be out of circulation for the rest of the day. I'm going down to the public library."

"Don't forget to pay Stopus," Marconi said.

"Oh, hell," Larry said. "I'm glad you reminded me." He sat down again, took his checkbook from the inside pocket of his jacket, and wrote a check for two hundred dollars. A single month's rent would probably have satisfied Stopus, but there was no point in doing things by halves. After the rent check had been subtracted, the stub showed a balance of $96.22, but this was only because of an entirely fictitious deposit of five hundred dollars with which he had credited himself at the beginning of the week in anticipation of Jim Dundee's check. This meant he had written bad checks worth a little more than four hundred dollars.

"I'll drop this off on my way out," Larry said. "And while I'm there, I'll raise a little hell with Stopus about the janitor service."

"You do that," Marconi said.

At the bottom of the stairwell, Stopus broke off a conversation with a man in plumber's overalls to take Larry's check. He snapped it between his fingers as if he were testing the substance of the paper, saying darkly, "You remember what I told you, Mr. Townsend. This better be good."

"It's good," Larry said. "Don't forget to send Sid up."

Stopus nodded and returned to his conference with the plumber. Larry was smiling when he emerged into the sunshine, and he continued to smile as he walked along Market Street until he noticed the scuff across the toe of his shoe. Twenty-five cents for a shine plus a dime tip left him with a half dollar, a nickel, and a penny, but his shoes gleamed like burnished mahogany as he continued toward the public library.

"KANGAROO, an Australian pouched mammal (marsupial) with the hind legs enlarged for hopping, and a long thick tail," began the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Larry settled himself at the long table in the reference room, took a folded piece of typing paper from his pocket, and began methodically taking notes. The *Britannica* went on, "The largest living kangaroos have a head the size of that of a sheep and stand about . . ."

A hand descended heavily on Larry's shoulder, strong fingers kneading the muscle familiarly. Without looking up, Larry waved his hand in dismissal. "Go away, Sam," he said. "I'm busy."

Sam O'Connor slid into the chair beside him. "How've you been, boy?"

"I'm not complaining," Larry said. "Anyway, nobody listens when I do."

Sam grunted. He was a middle-aged man whose clergy-gray suits and melancholy face, tanned from two weeks at Las Vegas, would have been his credentials in any bank or stockbroker's office. "Things aren't getting any better, and that's a fact," he said. "Did you hear from Arch Lamoreaux?"

"He's gone back East," Larry said. "He's getting a degree from Yale."

"Don't kid yourself," Sam said. "This is all goose grease. Jack Hemmingway has it all tied up already."

"How do you know?" Larry asked.

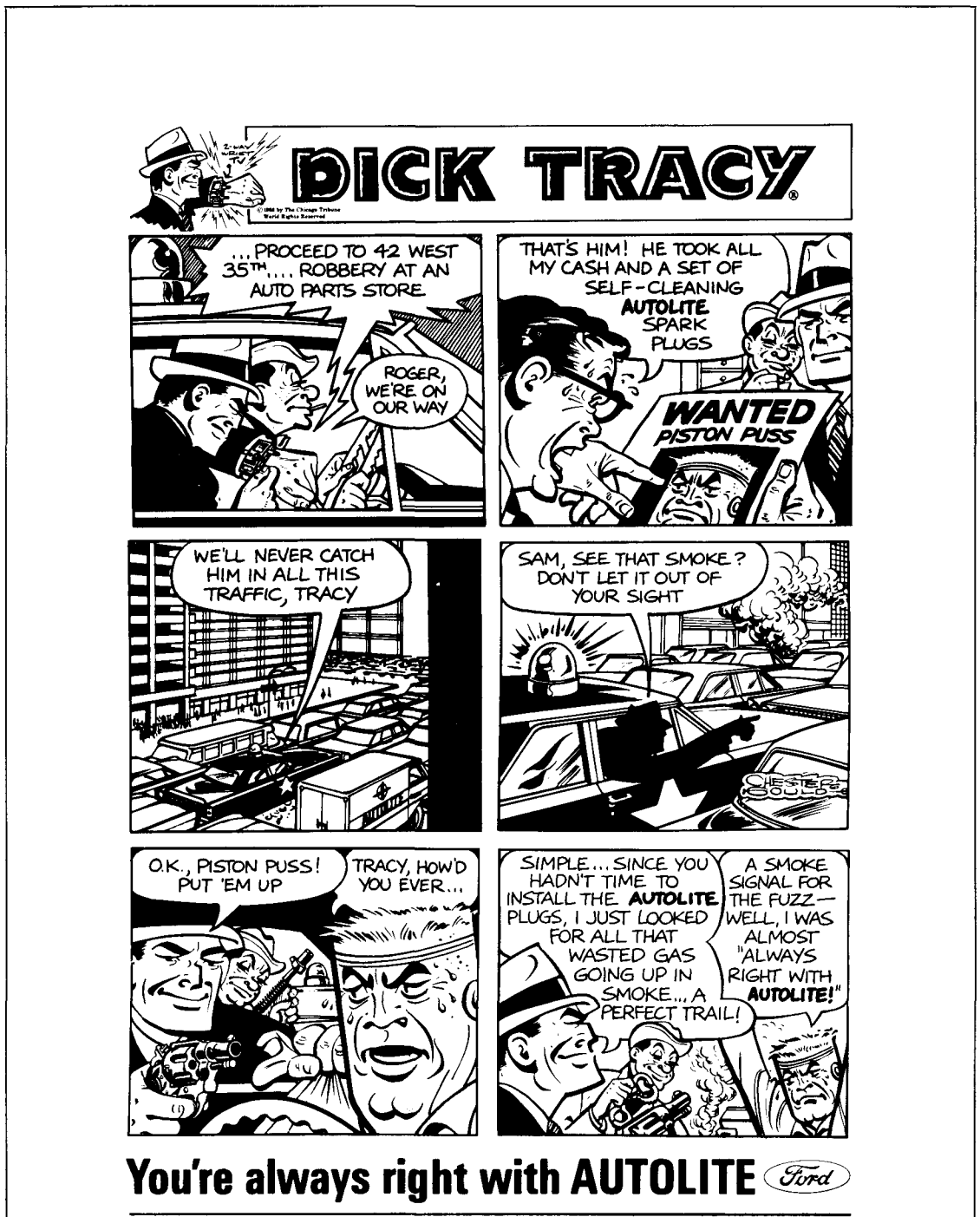
"Don't ask me how I know," Sam said. "Just remember when they announce it that Sam O'Connor told you. It looks like slim pickings all around this year. How are things with you?"

"I'm pretty well set," Larry said. "It's not going to be a bad year at all."

Sam frowned. "You *look* terrible, boy."

"I've had a touch of flu," Larry said.

"Whatever it is that's going around, it knocks the stuffing out of you for a


DICK TRACY
...PROCEED TO 42 WEST 35TH.... ROBBERY AT AN AUTO PARTS STORE
ROGER, WE'RE ON OUR WAY
THAT'S HIM! HE TOOK ALL MY CASH AND A SET OF SELF-CLEANING AUTOLITE SPARK PLUGS
WANTED PISTON PUSS
WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM IN ALL THIS TRAFFIC, TRACY
SAM, SEE THAT SMOKE? DON'T LET IT OUT OF YOUR SIGHT
O.K., PISTON PUSS! PUT 'EM UP
TRACY, HOW'D YOU EVER...
SIMPLE... SINCE YOU HADN'T TIME TO INSTALL THE AUTOLITE PLUGS, I JUST LOOKED FOR ALL THAT WASTED GAS GOING UP IN SMOKE... A PERFECT TRAIL!
A SMOKE SIGNAL FOR THE FUZZ— WELL, I WAS ALMOST "ALWAYS RIGHT WITH AUTOLITE!"
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couple of weeks. Take care of yourself." Sam hoisted himself from his chair and buttoned his jacket across his soft, snow-white shirt. "You going into the zoo business?" he asked, looking down at the *Britannica.*

"Just an idea," Larry said. "I'll tell you about it sometime."

After Sam left, Larry realized he was hungry. He went out and had a grilled-cheese sandwich and a glass of milk at a lunch counter. At the cash register, he bought a chocolate bar. It wasn't until he was back on the street that he realized he had only four cents left aside from the quarter for the bridge toll. He thought of returning the candy bar to recover his last dime, but the picture of himself begging at the cash register was not an attractive one. Anyway, it would give him only fourteen cents, an almost entirely useless sum of money.

He spent the rest of the afternoon reading books about Australia, books not only about kangaroos and wallabies and wallaroos but also about sheep-ranch life in the outback and convict life in Botany Bay. If Sam was right, there really wasn't much point to it, but he had nothing else to do, and, besides, he was beginning to become interested in Australia. When his attention drifted, he thought about Jill.

As the afternoon wore on, his thoughts became darker. Jill was right: He was a failure, an irresponsible, a man unable to support a wife and child. *Immature* was Jill's favorite word for him. Why couldn't he take a mature attitude toward his responsibilities and look for a job in the public relations department of any one of fifty corporations? He could see Jill's earnest, girlish face as she argued with him, begging him to think about earning a salary as other men did. *If only you'd get a job,* she would say, tears in her wide blue eyes. *If only you'd get a job.* What she didn't realize, what she would never know, was that with his chronic and well-known trouble with checks and expense accounts, he had about as much chance of a job with a big corporation as he did of being made Governor of California. He stayed in the library until it was time to go home.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How do you think it compares with a woman scorned?"

Out on the street, Larry was surprised to discover how tired he was. The old adrenaline, he thought; I must have used up my day's supply. If he had had fifteen cents left, he could have caught a bus that would have taken him within a block of his car, but, as it was, he had to walk downtown to sneak a ride on the cable car back over Nob Hill.

Larry stood on the running board toward the front of the cable car in a mob of leather-jacketed Chinese schoolboys who were tormenting one of their number with elaborate Sino-American jokes about a girl named Daisy Leong. As the conductor moved forward, collecting fares, Larry dropped off the slowly moving car, hopping onto the back platform as it passed him. Two stops later, as the conductor began to move toward the rear, he sprinted forward again. When they reached the top of Nob Hill, the conductor returned, stretching his arm past the gripman to present his open hand to Larry. "Fare, please!" he bawled.

"I just paid you," Larry said.

"Fare, please," the conductor repeated.

"I paid you when I got on. In back. I moved up here last stop."

"I don't remember you, buddy," the conductor said. "Fifteen cents."

"But I've already paid you," Larry insisted. He turned to a gray-haired woman sitting on the bench facing him. "Didn't you see me move up here?"

The woman hesitated, and then said, "I believe he did, conductor."

Shrugging, the conductor withdrew his hand, saying, "I'm glad I don't have your conscience, buddy." The Chinese boys hooted their approval of the conductor.

The gray-haired woman looked doubtfully at Larry. "You did pay him, didn't you?"

Larry said, "Oh, yes. I can't imagine how he forgot me."

"Then it's all right," the woman said.

"Thanks a million," Larry said. "It was rather embarrassing."

The woman nodded, but until she got off in a block of handsome shingled

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houses on Russian Hill, she looked straight ahead as if she didn't want to meet Larry's eyes again.

Driving up the long approach to the bridge, Larry felt even worse than he had coming out of the library. He was certain now that the kangaroo lottery was about as farfetched an idea as any with which he had ever deluded himself. He could see and hear Arch Lamoreaux hooting contemptuously at the monstrously silly idea. Larry thanked God he hadn't put it down on paper and made a damn fool of himself. But what was going to happen now? Whatever became of Jim Dundee's bill, Larry certainly wasn't going to be paid this week. Barrow's seemed to be serious about turning him over to the D.A. By the end of the week he would have written more than five hundred dollars' worth of bad checks, and his bank had long ago refused his overdrafts. The only chance of salvation had been the Children's Fund, but if Sam O'Connor was right, there would be no relief from that direction. Furthermore, he knew precisely how Jill would greet him at home. He went tired all over as he thought of Jill's rigidly set face, her demonstrative conversations with the baby, the single place she would set at the table where she would serve him his dinner in silence, the fussy care with which she would make a bed for herself on the living-room sofa, the long night's silence broken only by the sound of her muffled weeping. But another night in the car was more than he could endure. He needed a clean shirt, a bath, a decent shave. He needed a chance to think. He couldn't, really, remember when things had ever been quite this bad.

At the toll booth, Larry gave up the quarter he had been saving all day. He said, "Hi, there," and grinned at the man in the booth, who answered him with an indifferent "Thank you." The ocean haze had thickened since the morning, swallowing up the Farallones. Into Larry's mind came again the picture of the girl at the railing, the wind whipping up her skirt as the highway patrolman threw his arms around her. How long would it take? Three or four seconds, perhaps, and then one hit water as hard as concrete. It wasn't his way out, Larry told himself. A gun was faster and more certain; a garden hose attached to the exhaust pipe was less messy.

Too early to go home to begin enduring Jill's silent punishment, Larry drove to the yacht harbor where he had begun the day, parking his car in the place where he had spent the night. He suffered from a gnawing emptiness, a real physical craving for food that made his mouth water. Remembering that the chocolate bar on which he had spent his last dime was still in his pocket, he ripped off the paper wrapping and wolfed down the candy, hardly feeling the dull ache that began when the creamy fudge and marshmallow reached his sensitive molar. He felt better. Perhaps it wasn't adrenaline after all, he thought; it must be the blood sugar that lifts you up and then lets you down.

He got out of his car and walked along the dock toward the ketch on which he had seen the girl. It was a solidly built, well-kept boat with a roomy-looking cabin and no yachty nonsense about her. A cruise south along the California and Mexican coast to Acapulco would be nothing in a boat like this one; a voyage to Tahiti would be an idyll of bright sun, fair winds, long ocean swells, flying fish, dolphins, and love.

While he was standing there, the girl, wearing the same faded jeans and red pullover she had worn in the morning, came out of the cabin and stepped ashore. Something disastrous had happened; a dreadful change had taken place between the image and the reality. She was *not* a girl at all, but a woman of forty-five or fifty, still good-looking but with her hair dyed a startling black. Her body was sinewy rather than slender, and her brown face was leathery from wind and sun.

Instead of walking past him, the woman stopped and asked, "Do you like her?"

"I was wondering how much ocean cruising you've done," Larry said.

"Tahiti once," she said. "It was a terrible trip, nothing but trouble all the way. We're getting ready now to sail back East, through the Canal. It's going to be a hot, slow trip on this old scow."

"How much would you take for her?" Larry asked.

"Fifty thousand," the woman said promptly, looking at Larry with cool blue eyes.

Larry sucked in his cheeks and squinted professionally at the boat. After a while he said, "I'll give you forty if the hull stands inspection."

The woman laughed. "You don't know much about boats. Talk to somebody who does before you make another offer. I'd think I was lucky if I could get *fifteen* thousand for her."

Larry grinned. "I don't have forty thousand anyway," he said.

The woman laughed again and walked away, striding along the dock like a man.

There was nothing for it but to go home to Jill. As he slid behind the wheel of his car, Larry realized that he was feeling much better. The encounter with the woman from the ketch had raised his spirits, and, besides, there was absolutely nothing else that could possibly go wrong. His only real trouble, after all, was money. Barrow's would surely give him another week if he called them and explained the circumstances. He had three days to cover the rent check, and even if Stopus locked them out, that wouldn't be the end. Marconi would pay up, and, though he would be sore as a boil, he could be managed. Larry smiled as he pictured Marconi's stormy face and angry voice. Anyway, he reminded himself, whatever happened, he still had his ace in the hole, the kangaroo lottery.

As he reconsidered the idea, he wondered why, a bare half hour before, he had written it off. There wasn't anything the matter with it that a little nerve and imagination couldn't carry off. It was precisely the sort of offbeat notion that would appeal to Arch Lamoreaux. He could see the old man now, roaring happily at the prospect of populating San Francisco with life-size plastic kangaroos, each one swallowing a fortune in half dollars for the Children's Fund. *Fair dinkum, mate.* But how was he to get through to Lamoreaux? A phone call to New Haven? No, it would have to be more direct than that, more personal. He would have to fly there himself and actually talk to Lamoreaux. There was no other way to do it.

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Dr. Caprio is a practicing psychiatrist and author of many best selling books on medical and psychiatric subjects. He has been a staff physician at Walter Reed Hospital, and received post graduate training at George Washington Univ. and in Vienna, Austria.

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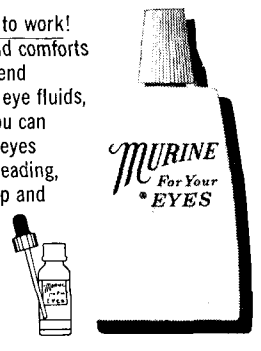

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THE KANGAROO LOTTERY

Larry saw himself hurrying along a pathway under the campus elms to keep an appointment with the financier. Already wearing his gown and mortarboard, the old man would excuse himself from the academic procession that was forming, and take Larry into the president's office, a large and luxurious room with rich wood paneling. There he would cock his leonine head impatiently and say, "I can give you exactly five minutes of my time, young man." Long before the five minutes were up, Lamoreaux's impatience would vanish as he lifted the phone to place a long-distance call to his San Francisco office, a short, decisive call instructing the board of trustees to award the publicity and promotion for the Children's Fund to Larry Townsend. Afterward, Larry would sit in a favored seat close to the platform as the old financier received his degree.

Larry stopped at the grocery on his way home. It was not the supermarket, but a local store whose owner balanced his higher prices against his willingness to accommodate customers with charge accounts and postdated checks. Larry wheeled his cart purposefully up and down the short aisles, putting into it a can of liver paste with truffles, crackers, a loaf of French bread, two kinds of lettuce, a lemon, a half-dozen tomatoes, two filets mignon, a quart of good gin, a fifth of vermouth, and a bottle of champagne.

The girl at the cash register smiled and said, "Hello, Mr. Townsend." Then she excused herself. When she came back, she was accompanied by the owner of the store. The grocer fished inside the cash drawer until he found a check, which he spread with a touch of intentional drama on the counter.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Townsend, but I'm afraid the bank has bounced one of your checks again," he said genially. "It's only for five dollars, and I know we all make mistakes with our stubs, but I'm going to have to charge you a dollar for the trouble it's caused us."

"That's perfectly all right," Larry said. "I'm really very sorry."

The grocer stepped up to the register himself and unloaded Larry's basket. "It looks like you're planning a celebration," he said.

"A new account came in today," Larry told him. "A big one. You'll be seeing something about it in the paper."

"Well, that *is* good news," the grocer said. He rang up the total. It came to $21.82. "If you don't mind, I'd rather not charge this. I'm afraid we've already let things pile up a little higher than we agreed. No reflection on *you*, Mr. Townsend."

"As a matter of fact," Larry said, taking out his checkbook, "I need a little cash." He grinned. "Will thirty be all right?"

The grocer hesitated for only a moment, alarm and caution flickering across his face, and then, reassuring himself with a glance at the bottle of champagne, he reached into the till, counted out the change from thirty dollars, took back six dollars, and gave Larry back his bad check and $2.18 in cash.

"Thanks a million," Larry said. "I'm sorry to have put you to all this trouble."

"These things happen to everybody," the grocer said expansively. As he tucked Larry's new check into the compartment under the cash drawer, he said, "Say hello to Mrs. Townsend."

"I'll do that," Larry said.

Jill was feeding the baby in the kitchen. She looked up once as Larry came in, her face carefully indifferent, and then continued spooning strained meat into Karen's mouth. The faces of mother and child were strikingly alike: pretty and soft, with pinkish-white skin, blue eyes, and fine, straight, yellow hair, cut short. The baby's eyes followed Larry as he unpacked his groceries, but Jill kept her eyes on the spoon.

Humming to himself, Larry moved between the counter and the refrigerator, putting the champagne in to cool, removing a tray of ice cubes. Most of the cubes, followed by a large measure of gin and a small one of vermouth, went into the Martini pitcher. He put one cube into each of two cocktail glasses, and, holding a glass in each hand, swirled the cubes around to chill the glasses. Karen crowed at him, spilling strained liver onto her chin. Jill scraped up the meat with the edge of her spoon and put it back into Karen's mouth. "Here you go, sweetie pie," she murmured. When the meat was gone, she wiped Karen's face and hands, and, lifting her with exaggerated tenderness, took her into the living room.

Larry opened the can of liver paste at both ends and turned it out onto a large plate. He surrounded it with crackers and added a silver butter knife. Putting this plate on a tray, together with the Martini pitcher and the chilled glasses, he carried it all into the living room.

Jill was zippering Karen into her sleeping sack. "Say good night to your father," Jill said. Karen gurgled obediently as Larry kissed her. Jill was gone for two or three minutes. When she came back, she sat down on the far end of the sofa, where she hid herself behind the evening paper.

Larry filled both glasses and, extending one of them toward the evening paper, said, "Here you are, honey."

Jill's composed face came into view above the paper. "Oh," she exclaimed, raising her eyebrows slightly, as if the Martini had taken her completely by surprise. Putting down the paper, she accepted the glass. "Thank you very much," she said.

"Cheers!" Larry said.

Jill took a polite sip from her glass. Then she put the glass down on the table and raised her paper again.

"Open your mouth and close your eyes," Larry said playfully. Jill put the newspaper on the sofa beside her and accepted the cracker he was offering. She took a small bite of the cracker, and then picked up her Martini. The newspaper stayed on the couch.

"I left a message with Bill Marconi to tell you not to come home tonight," Jill said. She managed to keep her voice so neutral that Larry couldn't tell if she was sorry he had come or not.

"I didn't call the office this afternoon," he said. "I guess I didn't want to get your message. Another night in the car would have done me in."

Jill didn't say anything. They both drank some more. "Where were you this afternoon?" Jill asked.

"Doing some research," Larry said. "You'll never guess what happened today."

"*Something* must have happened," Jill said guardedly. She picked up her glass and finished the rest of the Martini. Larry filled Jill's glass and emptied what was left in the pitcher into his own glass. After she had lighted a cigarette, Jill said, "This isn't another of your fantasies, is it?"

"Is this a fantasy?" Larry asked rhetorically, sweeping an expansive hand over the cocktail pitcher and the plate of liver paste and crackers. "Is there anything fantastic about the champagne in the refrigerator? Is there anything fantastic about the steaks?"

Jill looked at him soberly. "I guess not," she said at last. "At least you've never done anything this crazy before."

"Guess what happened today," Larry said. "Go on. Guess."

"I can't," Jill said flatly. "You tell me."

"I landed the Children's Fund,"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wonder where my husband has gone."

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Larry said, and when Jill didn't respond immediately, he added, "Arch Lamoreaux himself called me up to tell me I had the account."

Jill's soft face froze with astonishing speed, and when she spoke it was in the harsh, strained voice with which she had ordered him out of the house. "If there's one thing I'll never forgive, it's being lied to."

"I'm not lying," Larry said. "Cross my heart." He smiled his lopsided smile.

Jill picked up the paper, opened it to an inside page, and read aloud: "San Francisco financier and civic leader Arch W. Lamoreaux will receive the honorary degree of LL.D. at Yale University commencement exercises in New Haven Friday. Mr. Lamoreaux, who is widely known for his work on behalf of local charities, was graduated from the Ivy League institution in 1919. He left by plane yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Lamoreaux." Jill slammed the paper down on the coffee table, shaking her glass so violently that the Martini lapped over the side. "I won't be lied to any more!" she cried.

Still smiling, Larry said quietly, "But you don't understand, honey. I'm going to be there too."

"Where?" Jill asked.

"New Haven," Larry said. "I'm going to fly back East tomorrow to catch Arch before he leaves on vacation. His secretary called me today to tell me she's holding a ticket for me." He paused. "At the very least, I'll make twenty thousand out of this. Maybe twenty-five. Maybe more."

Jill's face thawed a little, although the change would have been imperceptible to anyone but Larry. "What did you promise him? Why should he have picked you instead of one of the bigger outfits? You've never done a campaign as important as this before."

Larry tapped the side of his head. "Brains," he said. "Inspiration. Talent. I sold him the kangaroo lottery."

Jill looked at him steadily for several seconds before she said, "I guess you'd better tell me about it."

When he had explained the lottery, Jill said thoughtfully, "It has possibilities."

"Possibilities!" Larry cried. "My God, honey, it's practically an accomplished fact. All I have to do is to pick up my ticket and fly back East, and then we're in business. If we use any sense at all, we ought to have ten or fifteen thousand in the bank by next Christmas."

"It's hard to believe," Jill said. "We could pay off everything, couldn't we?"

"Everything," Larry said. "Every damn thing. We'll pay all the bills off the top before we spend a penny on anything else."

Jill smiled and sniffled at the same time. "I'm sorry I was such a monster last night," she said in a weak voice. "I need another drink, Larry."

Larry kissed her lightly on the lips and went to the kitchen with the Martini pitcher. When he came back, she was reading the second section of the paper, which she had spread open on the coffee table. "I'm trying to make up my mind if we ought to buy land or put the money in stocks," she said. "There's some awfully cheap acreage along the coast."

"Stocks are better," Larry said as he filled their glasses. "Land looks pretty good on paper, but it has to double its value every seven years to be a good investment."

Jill nodded. "Still," she said, "it would be awfully comforting to own some nice solid land we could hold onto until Karen is ready for college. Why don't we split it, half in stocks and half in land?"

Larry took her hand and squeezed it. "Maybe we'd better wait until we have money in the bank, honey," he said.

Jill laughed. "But it's such fun to think about. Why do you have to go away just now, Larry? This is exactly the time when I want you home. When do you have to go?"

"Tomorrow, I'm afraid. Tomorrow morning. I'll take the train from New York and be in New Haven by dinner time." He squeezed her hand again.

"Well," Jill said, "I guess I'll survive, but I wish you didn't have to go now, just when everything is turning out all right."

She slipped her hand out of Larry's and folded the paper so that the financial page was on top. With the paper in her hands, she leaned back, snuggling comfortably against Larry's side. Larry put his arm around her soft shoulders and held her close as they hunted through the stock-market reports, looking for the best way to invest the fifteen thousand dollars they were sure to make from the kangaroo lottery. □

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Illustrated by James Hill

It was a miracle, but somehow she had escaped them all. And now she needed just

THE FUGITIVE

By Rhys Davies

Mrs. Betty Leyshon, an old Welsh countrywoman whose left wrist and ankle were secured by separate lengths of cotton tape to the posts on the left side of her canopied bed, lay for a while in calculating thought after the front door slammed downstairs. She herself had suggested that an arm and leg be tied to the bedposts, so that her daughter Katrin could go on her customary shopping jaunt to the market town. The friend who came regularly from the village to sit in the cottage on Friday afternoons had gone to Swansea for a fortnight, and Katrin always became more cantankerous than usual when something deprived her of her weekly spree. She was catching the half-past-one bus at the village, and would be back soon after five.

Watching the clock on the tallboy, Betty calculated: I've got nearly four hours to do it. Plenty of time.

She was waiting for ten minutes to pass. Her nose twitched in amusement. Katrin had not demurred at the daring suggestion that her mother be tied to the bed and left alone. After all, nothing had ever happened to wreck the cottage or put the fear of God into its occupants. Betty had pointed out that the tapes would only be a reminder that she must not think she could take a walk about the house and garden. More important, she often slept in the daytime, and it was during these restless dozes that she had fallen out of bed twice, bruising her rump and—so they *said*—weakening her heart.

Dr. Vaughan, she recalled, had laughed when she told him she thought the shaking-up of those falls had done her good. But wasn't her appetite back? She was eating like a wolf now. Why wouldn't they realize what the restlessness meant? She wanted to be up and about. After her stroke, the long obedience in bed had done wonders. Strength had been returning since the winter had gone. And full use had come back to her right arm. But Dr. Vaughan wouldn't see that she was more than just "better"; he and Katrin were in league. Katrin wanted her kept everlastingly upstairs, out of the way like a nuisance. Not enough strength to go downstairs, indeed! She'd show them!

She chuckled, remembering how, with today's project in mind, she had tested her strength in the middle of a night earlier that week. While Katrin snored in the next room, she had got out of bed, crept downstairs in her nightdress, and walked several times up and down the back garden. How the fruit blossoms had shone in the bright moonlight! The next day, she'd asked Katrin what the date was. It was the first of June. So she'd been six whole months in bed! Six months of an angel's patience and a saint's forgiveness! But she *knew* her body's everyday powers were back in full measure now. She'd proved it.

Furtively, as though a supernatural eye watched, her gaze left the clock and roved to

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one more miracle—the strength to keep going, to get to the house beyond the mountain.

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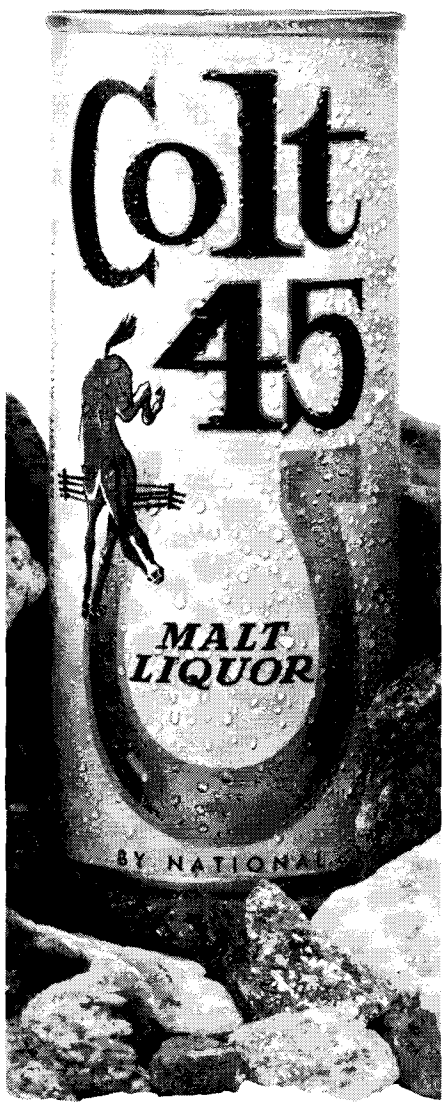

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the open door. She allowed a couple of extra minutes to pass. Then her free right hand groped under the bolster for a tiny scissors of Victorian silver hidden there. A spare pair, it had been in the workbasket she had asked for the previous day, saying she wanted to try her hand at embroidery again. Stupid Katrin, whose brain was no bigger than a wren's! Stupid, and hard, hard! She had seemed to enjoy tying her mother down to the bed, no hesitation at all in those clumsily strong hands.

The knotted tape snipped from her wrist, Betty pushed back the bed covers and, furtiveness gone, cut the other length from her ankle. She lowered herself carefully out of the bed and sat on its edge until the loud beating of her heart—wasn't it due to excitement?—eased. She listened to the bees' industrious booming among the window flowers. A companionable sound, it seemed to renew her energy. And the day was beautiful—oh, she would be able to do the deed on such a day! She found that her feet took to the floor like a girl's at a dance. Hitching up her nightdress, she pattered to the window. She peered out and saw that three last camellias remained on the bush close to the corner shade of the front-garden lime tree.

Congratulating herself on her unimpaired eyesight, but wasting no more time, she prepared for her marathon. It took nearly an hour, though everything she needed, including shoes in good condition for walking, lay in the wardrobe, the tallboy, and a cupboard. Not once was she obliged to sit on a chair, except to draw lisle stockings on the unblemished legs that had never yet let her down. She decided against a corset, chose her best voile dress, blue as the day's sky, and rummaged among several hats in the cupboard. She pondered over a black toque. Had she bought it for her husband's funeral? Was it as old as that? She rejected it—*not* black for this day—in favor of a lilac straw bonnet that had a bunch of cherries fixed to its brim.

"I'm eighty-five." She spoke with a loud vehemence that could not meet with any opposition from her daughter now. "But it's no good Katrin saying my mind's going the same way as Lady Pencisely, in Rhobell Court—*she's* nearly a hundred, and her head was never sixteen ounces to the pound."

The completed figure she saw in the wardrobe mirror was not the thin, small-statured woman of reality, but one arrayed for a gala day and, therefore, filled out to celebrating size. She wore her beads of real amber, a large gold-rimmed cameo brooch, dangling garnet earrings, and a bracelet of gold medallions. Gloves of mauve silk covered the three jeweled rings she had taken from a heart-shaped plush casket, now empty. She noticed the roused blue of her eyes. They shone with eager resolve. Smiling as she imagined the amazed face that would greet her before the sun reached far down the sky, she crept down the stairs and, a minute later, after an unnecessarily cautious peep round the front door, stepped into the silent garden. There was not even the sound or flight of a bird there.

She carried a child's three-legged stool, taken from the kitchen, and was able to mount it and tear away the three high stalks of dark shining foliage bearing the last camellias. That she could balance herself on the stool surely was proof that her old steadiness was back. But presently she found herself sitting on the stool. She gazed at the camellias on her lap as if their softly glowing color hypnotized her. Memory came of the day Megan, her firstborn, brought the camellia bush to her for a birthday present. A skillful hand at gardening, Megan had selected this sheltered spot for it, and the bush had flourished and blazed regularly with these crimson splendors. How long ago was the bush planted? But she couldn't remember that. She tied the three stems together in a lace-edged handkerchief, got up in a sudden flurry, and made off at once into the lane, the open cottage door and the stool forgotten. Time was passing, and she had far to go.

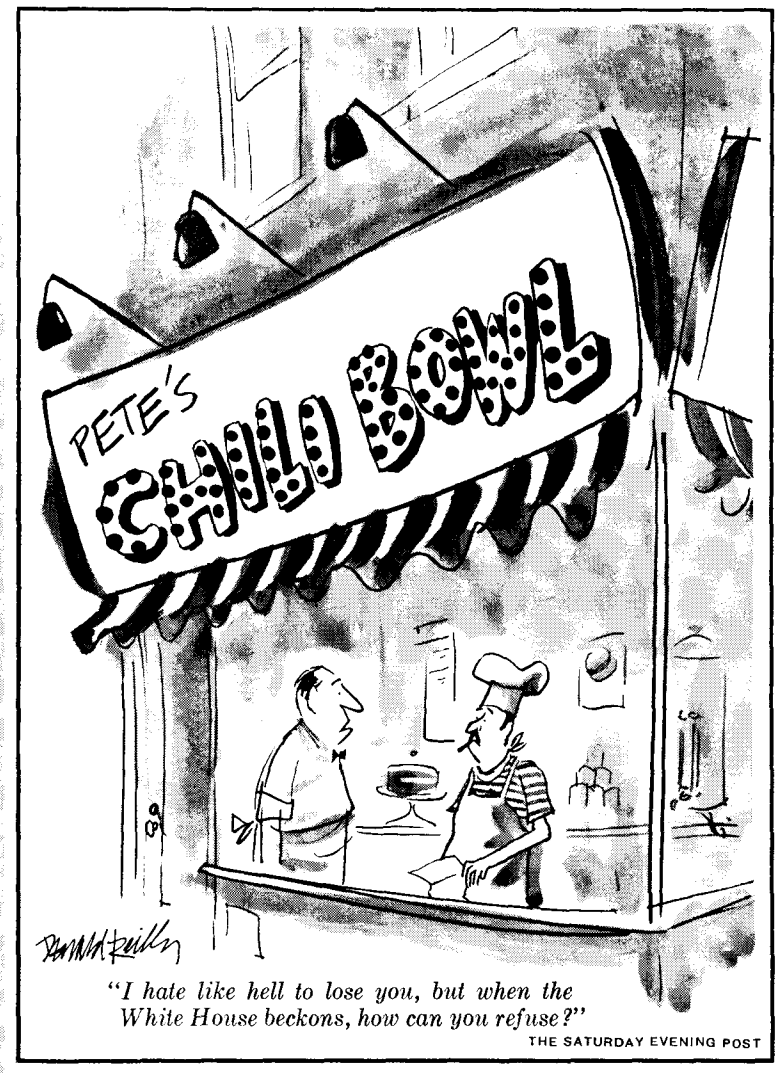
Oh, the glory of being out! The release brought to her feet, with conniving readiness, a preliminary briskness. Her eyes darted; she sniffed hedge and field odors of spacious air. Wasn't it much longer than six months since she had gone beyond the garden gate? She couldn't remember. She smiled a greeting to a crab-apple tree in blossom not far down the lane. The pots of jelly that tree had provided over the years! But she mustn't linger in this lane to enjoy the old pleasures. She must be on the watch against being seen hereabouts.

Luckily, it wasn't necessary to go near the village to reach the road she wanted; there was a winding path up through the nearby beech wood, then a detour over heathland, with two stiles to negotiate. Memory of these unfrequented tracks came back without lapses. And the Lord was with her; she saw nobody. Within an hour—in other days it would have been half that time—she was well beyond the village and its stray, tucked-away cottages and farmsteads. The first stile was crossed without fuss. But she kept glancing over her shoulder and pausing to listen.

She took small notice of a faint pounding in her head; it seemed less a threat of disaster than throbs of guilt because of her trickery with Katrin. When she rested at last on the top bar of the second stile, to draw breath, the pounding stopped. She remembered that she used to dawdle on this well-wooded heathland with Bran, her husband, in their courting days.

The warm sunshine shimmered full on her. Vaguely aware of the red camellias on her lap, yet almost forgetting where she was making for, she mused for a while. "I had a stroke on Christmas Eve," she told herself, "and I'm sitting here free as a squirrel. But it's not a miracle; it's just making up your mind to *do* a thing. I'm not one of those grizzling women that take to a bed to be difficult and upset a house." She corrected this self-praise. "It was only a bit of a stroke. I kept in bed all that time so that Katrin could feel she was boss of things, foolish girl. She's got her lesson to learn, like the rest of us. Nobody's boss of anything except themselves."

America, America



"I hate like hell to lose you, but when the White House beckons, how can you refuse?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Her eyelids shot up. Had she heard a cough? But there was nobody in view. Revived, she guided herself down the two crisscrossed steps, and shook out her dress. Her trot on the bridle path still did not lag. There was no more climbing now; she was on a flat stretch, and beyond it lay the road to Dulais, her destination.

Dismay came when she saw, beyond a fence, the endless paved road stretching down the broad valley. There were no more shortcuts to Dulais. But she would do it! The thing to keep in mind was the tremendous surprise she was going to give Megan. She heard her daughter's shrill cry. In a trice, the kettle would be filled, and the best tea service brought out. Her son-in-law, Fred, would come in and shout, too, at this outrageous antic. "You *walked* here! A miracle!"

Of course, she thought, unlatching a five-barred gate to the road, there'd be the matter of Katrin's insults to clear up—that nasty scene when Katrin lost all control of herself and accused her sister of conceit, selfishness, and neglect of their mother. Megan couldn't really be blamed for not visiting her old home since. But she wrote letters; she never failed in that, and, of course, she'd be over next Christmas, as usual. But December was long months ahead; a peacemaker was trotting out *now*. This evil warfare between sisters must stop.

A sense of virtuous crusading revived her steps for a while. Sight of a red mail van hurtling past as she walked beside the quiet road made her think of the last letter Megan had sent, with a pound note enclosed. Was that neglect? Megan, unlike her sister, never forgot a birthday gift. Oh, yes, Katrin needed to be shown that patience and love paid dividends in the long run! But with this thought came guilty awareness that peacemaking was not the true motive of her flight today, wearing all her jewelry. Her steps began to slacken. The faint pounding in her head was coming back.

She saw a flat stone, placed conveniently on the roadside in the shade of a hornbeam tree, and sat on it. Very few vehicles or walkers used this road, she recalled; the way to the market town forked off it not far from the village. She could take another rest, now that the first mile was done. She'd get up in a minute or two, she thought. But her hand fell slowly to her lap, her eyelids drooped, and she was off into the afternoon sleep she hadn't missed for many a long month.

"Do you want a lift somewhere?"

Her eyelids flew up in alarm. She hadn't heard the car's arrival. A young man leaned from its open door. Her faculties not yet assembled, she stared at him in silence. He glanced smilingly from the camellias on her lap to the cherries on her hat. "Having a snooze in the heat?" he called. "Can I take you anywhere?"

Galvanized, she was on her feet. "God above!" she babbled, "I thought you were a policeman!" Without a moment's further delay, she found herself on the soft seat beside him. He asked where she was bound for. "I'm going to see my married daughter in Dulais," she replied, jubilance in her fully wakened voice. She knew at once that this smiling young man would take her all the way.

"Dulais?" He looked at her. "Were you going to walk there? Over the mountain?" He leaned across her and slammed the door.

She had forgotten about the mountain. A long-flanked, craggy mound far down the valley, less a mountain than a sprawling hill, there was an ancient pass over it; a newer and much longer road to Dulais meandered for miles around its base. "I used to think nothing of the walk," she said rapidly. "But I haven't visited my daughter since the war started," she added at random, even with a hint of roguishness. Gloriously fast, they were on their way, and her mind became as headlong as the speed.

"The war has been over a long time."

"Oh, yes, so it has! I fell asleep just now, you see, and I was dreaming." Becoming a little less vivacious, she gave him a sidelong peep. He had a clean, gentlemanly face, and well-kept hands to match. He looked a man that would keep his own counsel. Sure that he didn't belong to the valley, she decided he had to do with selling.

"It's a rough road over the mountain. But we'll go and see the famous view. I haven t been up there for a long time myself."

"Until I had my breakdown because of nerves—they said it was a stroke, but it wasn't a proper one—I was always strong as a mule. I'm small and bony, and spindly in the limb, and women like me last longest—*providing*," she plunged on, assurance mounting into her manner, "they don't allow their *minds* to be put to bed, whatever their kith and kin say and do to shut them up out of sight." Deferential, as if to the superior sex, yet with the autocratic prodding of the ripely aged challenging the dubious young, she demanded, "You'd agree, sir?"

'Yes, that's sensible enough."

"I've got another daughter, you see," she continued, 'and she and Megan in Dulais don't love each other. Katrin—she's fifty next birthday, I think, though nobody would believe it—well, *she* says that Megan was always favored by me and had the best of everything because she was firstborn. You got opinions on daughters, sir?"

"I'm not married yet. And I never had sisters. All I can think of is King Lear's bad opinions of daughters."

"Ah, a king! I expect he owned a lot of jewelry." Betty tittered, and, in a burst of still more headlong confidence, said, "I'm taking my bits and pieces to Megan in Dulais, while I've still got my wits about me. It's true that children often cling to silly old grudges all their lives. So they must expect the punishments children get. Oh, the wickedness of temper and words!" She shook her head, and the long garnet earrings swung vigorously. "Forgiveness comes. But not forgetting."

"Am I going too fast for you?"

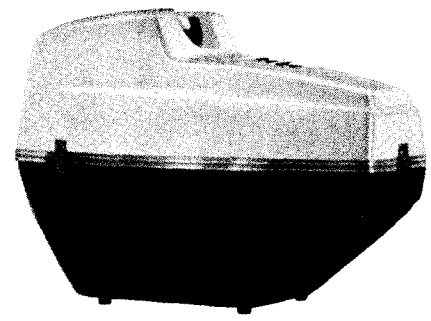
"Oh, no; go faster!" she cried, in relish. A car approached, and she held the sheaf of camellias before her face until it passed. "These are the last of many dozens this year. I'm taking them to my daughter." She chuckled to herself, and lapsed into a quiet reverie for a full minute. Their car ate the miles with a lovely purr. She could feel a warm freshness whipping into her cheeks. Oh the pleasure of being with a man! Whatever his age. She was sick of women. For reliable confiding in, and for providing true understanding and respect, one man was worth a whole meadowful of women. A man could put a woman right. She'd always admired the whole lot of them, good and bad.

"Bran," she said, out of the blue, "my husband, was with me for nearly sixty years. It wasn't a game of skittles for him all the time, but he didn't go down into St. Teilo's churchyard with his soul in his boots."

"Any grandchildren?" The question was asked with just the right amount of interest.

"No." She sighed, briefly. "Megan talks of adopting a love child from Taliesin Home. There was a hitch. But I'll hear more today." Her earrings leaped as the car jerked over a swelling in the road. "Ah, I'm enjoying myself!" she giggled. She darted a swift

the case for the folding motor



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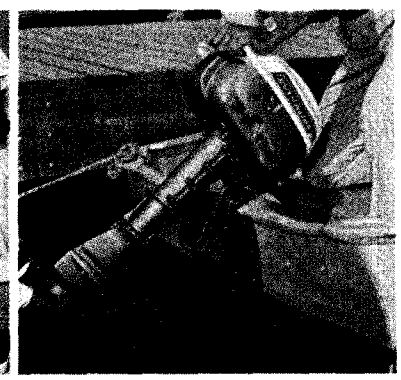

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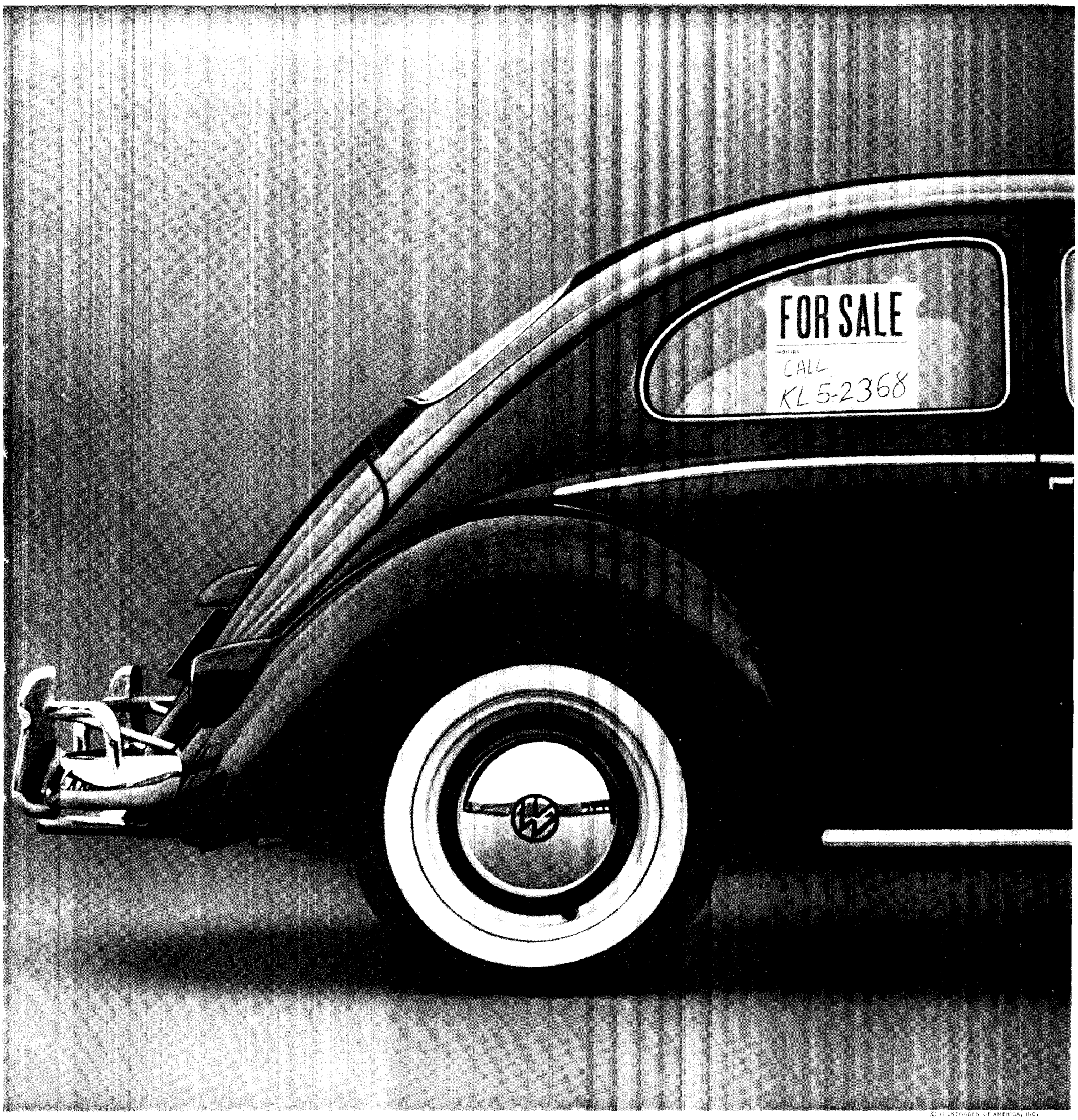

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look at him. "Are you thinking I'm a chatterbox?"

"Yes. But I like it, from you."

"Well, then," she continued, the prodding note back, "I ask you: What's the worst fault in people?"

"Greed?"

"Jealousy! It stays longer in us than greed, and there's never forgiveness in it. It keeps full of revenge. My second daughter, Katrin, can't help trying to get revenge because she thinks she *always* stayed second. She *can't* forget she had to wear Megan's castoff clothes when they were growing up. The wicked words and deeds that come from jealousy! I let her tie me down to my bed after I had my bit of a stroke that wasn't a stroke, so that I could stay in peace upstairs and let her think she's boss and lady downstairs. But she bangs pots and drops china. Oh, she's a dropper! There's something wrong with people that make bad noises. Then, when I call out for something, she takes half an hour before she decides to thump her feet up the stairs to me. And she hates cooking."

"You've managed to get away today, haven't you!"

"Katrin *drove* me out."

She did not develop this misstatement. The car was climbing the mountain now, and, gleeful at the mastery over distance and scene, she peered down excitedly at the sinking valley where she had spent all her life. Ah, she'd been bedded much too long. Take a leap out and see how one was rewarded with adventure! Here she was, flying up a mountain with a good-looking young man. When they had reached a little way past the crest, and he stopped the car under an overhanging crag of wrinkled stone, she cried, "There's wonders!"

"Everybody should go up a mountain now and again." He seemed pleased she had given him a reason to climb there. "A perfect little kingdom of its own down there."

It was a five-mile stretch of God's rough handiwork, tempered and matured by man. Along the stretch were three neat gray villages, flower and vegetable gardens, disciplined orchards, scattered white farmhouses, trim-walled pastures, cattle in eternal pausing, measured patches of grain-sown fields, precisely arched bridges over a turbulent blue stream, woods giving shade, and gloomy old Dulais Castle standing on an eminence, unoccupied, its towers and swirl of battlements defying time. Farther off, the deceptively mild contours of protective outer mountains could be seen.

"It would be a credit to any land!" Betty exclaimed, with conviction. "Thank the Lord I've kept my eyesight! I've never needed glasses. I can see two jays flying down there." She shook her fist. "Thieves! Where there's an orchard coming to fruit, there's sure to be a jay. Same as where there's a chicken run, there'll be a fox at night, and where there's a woman, there's a ——" She checked this flightiness. "We had a damn fox steal another chicken the other night. Katrin wants to buy a gun; ever since she was jilted she's wanted a gun. She went to see the vicar of St. Teilo's about the fellow. 'Katrin,' the vicar told her, 'a man that jilts a woman has got a reason for it. You're well rid of him. Go down on your bended knees and give thanks you've escaped.' Oh, her escape has made her evil-tempered, though!" she ran on, obsessively. "I often think that a full-length lot of trouble with the fellow might have given size to her mind."

"Does she vent her temper on you?" He spoke in a faraway tone, as though he had established no real contact with his passenger.

"I'm a nuisance," Betty admitted. The vivacity was beginning to flag. "Katrin gets a bad time with me. She says I'm a liar as well as a chatterbox. But it's only that I get muddled sometimes. It's Bran, my husband, I remember best after all these years. A good husband can work marvels on us, sir. Children go away, in one way or another, and often we're glad to be rid of them and their everlasting expecting things from us. But a proper husband keeps solid in the mind forever."

After this testament to conjugal felicity, she said, a little fretfully, "Well, we've seen the view."

The young man took the hint and started the car. "Is your daughter in Dulais expecting you this afternoon?" he asked.

Suspicious of the casual question, she gave him a sharp look. Had he realized she was on the run? Had she said too much? "A mother is always expected," she replied, with a touch of patrician aloofness. "Isn't the castle over there looking grand and strong? Those Roman conquerors in the history books knew how to build forever."

"The Norman invaders built Dulais Castle. But it's all the same today. There's only the English to bother us now. I expect they'd like to drown this valley in another reservoir for their Midlands. It's the right size, with that stream."

She became silent at last. They were approaching the first village below. She sagged on the comfortable seat, staring out at familiar landmarks in a perplexed way, her brow puckered. The young man asked the whereabouts of her daughter's house. Starting out of her reverie, she murmured, "The next village. Megan will give you a cup of tea."

"I won't be able to stop for that. I must get on to the coast."

She did not insist. But presently, as they speeded into the middle village, all the buoyancy came back. She sat up, gave a glance of astounded recognition at the driver. "Why, you look exactly like a handsome young man we've got in a stained-glass window in St. Teilo's! Except there's a halo big as a cartwheel behind his head, and flames are reaching up his bare legs. I dreamt of him only the other afternoon—it's all coming back to me now!... Down there!" she cried. "That turning by the whitewashed Baptist chapel." And while they coursed through a lane of hawthorns, she pointed in triumph to a lazy thread of smoke coming from a chimney visible above trees. "Megan's at home! She's lit a fire in her kitchen stove—bakes her own bread twice a week. Here!" The car stopped before a wooden gate under a chestnut tree in flower. "Brought in a motorcar!" she shouted. "I've cheated!"

"I won't tell anyone," the driver laughed.

Did he wink at her? Breathless, she leaned to him and hurriedly nipped his cheek. Ashamed of her haste to get rid of him now, she drew one of the camellia sprigs from the twist of lacy handkerchief and laid it on his shoulder. "What's the time, boyo?" she whispered, hoarse with agitation. "No, not ten past five!" she exclaimed, aghast. She needed no help to get out, stood waving frantically to him as the car began to back up the narrow lane, and at once forgot him.

All that time to come the few miles to Dulais! In about a quarter of an hour Katrin would be staring at the empty bed and the cut tapes. The chase would begin very soon. But wild horses couldn't drag Betty back now. Her hand was unlatching the gate. She had a sense that this too had happened in a dream one afternoon not long ago.

She closed the gate as stealthily as an intruder, slowly mounted three steps, and, halfway up the long, gillyflower-bordered path, halted and swayed. Then the square house became a solid fact again. She saw the familiar brass door knocker ahead and resumed walking. Megan always kept that knocker sparkling, she remembered; anyone could tell there was a good housewife within. And all the garden showed her hand. There were pheasant-eye narcissi, yellow auriculae, and runs of grape hyacinths. The leafy climber beside the living-room window was much more abundant since her last visit. Never mind that nobody was at the window to see a ghost walking up the garden.

She gave the knocker the unhesitant rap of a visitor with every expectation of great welcome. Her sly smile, ready for Megan's startled cry, faded when the door opened. A stout, youngish woman in a bibbed white apron looked at her inquiringly through horn-rimmed glasses. Inside the house, a child bawled something, a boy's clamor from sturdy lungs. He began to beat a toy drum. The woman called to him to be quiet.

"Where's Megan?" Without waiting for a reply, Betty added determinedly, "*Megan.* Mrs. Powell!" Transfixed by the sudden thought that this woman in the white apron was a nurse, she said, louder, "Megan's not ill in bed?"

"Megan Powell?" The woman looked surprised, but not especially put out. "Why, Mrs. Powell died close on six years ago."

Wariness, deep and guarded, instantly possessed Betty. It gave her faculties the stiffening needed to deal with this crisis. "Died?" Only a slight panting betrayed her tumult. Quickly, even with authority, she added, "I hadn't heard from her for a long time. I am an old friend of hers, you see." Already there was flight in the shifting of her feet on the doorstep.

Concern came into the woman's face. "We took this house after Mrs. Powell died. Will you come in? I'm just preparing my husband's tea. He'll be here any minute."

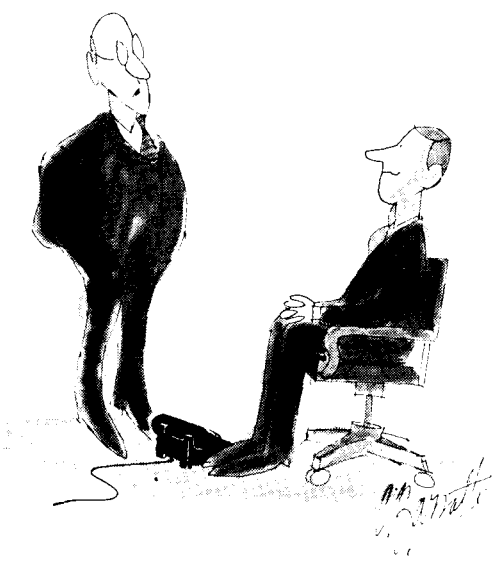
Betty shook her head, gave a rapid glance over her shoulder, and said, "Where's Fred Powell, then?"

"Mr. Powell? He took a job on a farm in Pembrokeshire after his wife died. I heard he married again. Megan Powell caught the Spanish flu a lot of people had that winter, if you remember." At this, the visitor's eyes blinked, her face wincing; and the woman urged, "I wish you'd come in for a cup of tea. You must be a stranger here."

"Dad's coming!" the boy yelled. He beat a smart tattoo, blessedly short, on the drum.

"I know the vicar's wife," Betty lied, on the instant again. "I'll go and see her." She turned away. "Thank you, thank you. I must go on to the vicarage straight away."

She reached the gate without stumbling and did not look back, though she knew the woman remained staring from the door. Slowed down in the lane, she gazed up and down the indistinct hedges. Her heart plunged threateningly, and her mind spun in confusion, but a need to hide herself dominated all else. Her sight cleared. She went a few yards up the lane and took the first opening she found in the hedge. A footpath lay there, winding among pink-budded briars. Another path ran off it, leading, through a gate, to a field of buttercups where a flock of black-faced sheep, quickened nostrils pulsing at her approach, suddenly scampered away. A churchyard wall skirted the field's far end. Reaching the wall, she went along it and found an unlocked side gate in its low, creeper-hung length.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Perhaps, Edwards, you are asking yourself, 'Why was my desk removed over the weekend?'"

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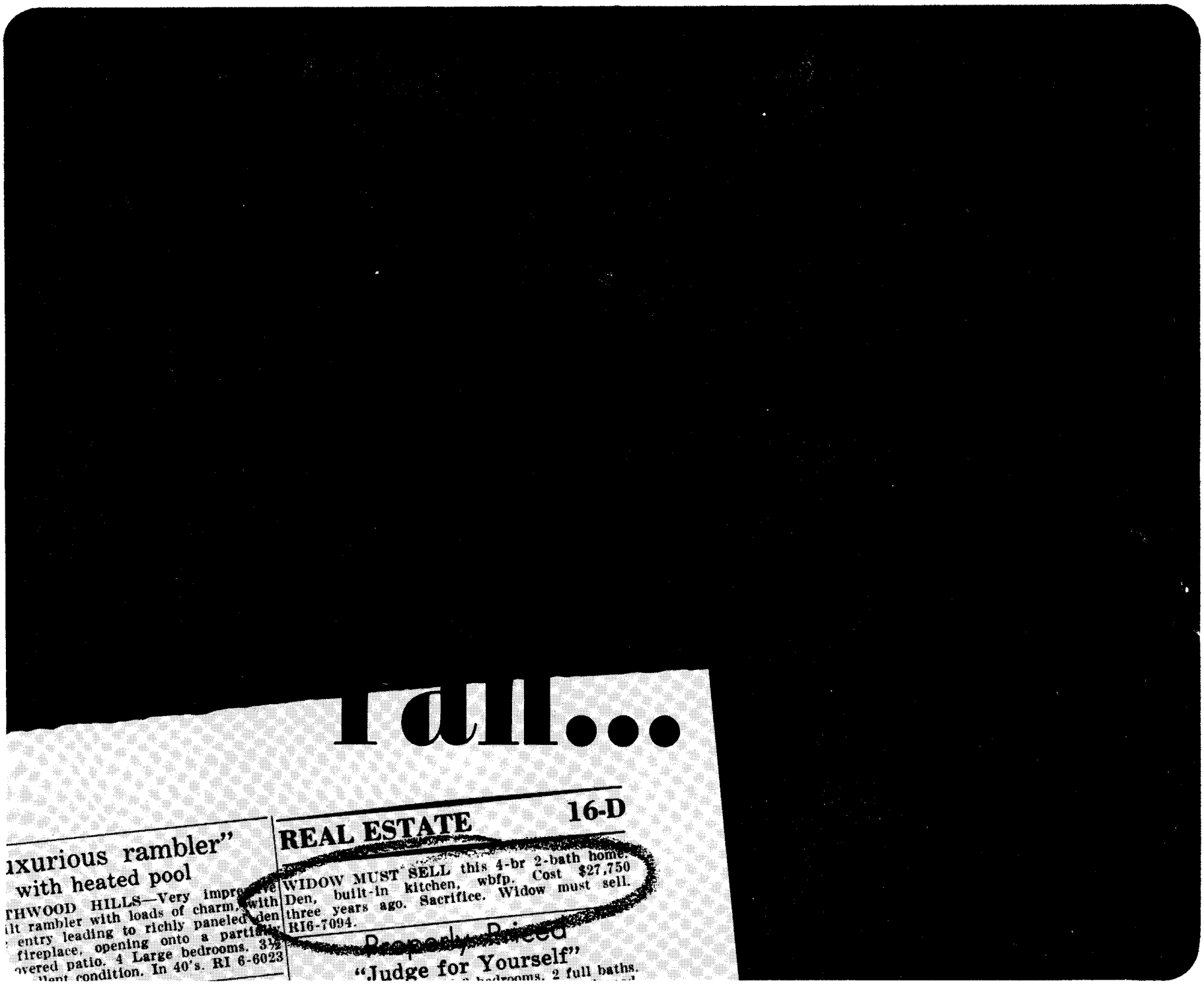

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In the spacious churchyard, she gave no attention to the several new gravestones standing, white and secure, beyond crooked old slabs and lichen-patched stone urns nearer to the cypress-fringed path. When the worm-eaten door in a side porch of the church yielded to her turn of the rusty latch-ring, she panted in relief. Her gaze darted up and down the dim interior. There was no feel of a human presence inside. Odors of lilies, dank stone, and dust lay in the silence. She crept up the nave and went behind an octagonal baptismal font placed near the shadowy main entrance. A dark bench was fixed against the mildewed wall there. She sank onto it with a long sigh.

She could think about the disgrace now. That she had committed the treachery of forgetting her daughter's death brought a guilt that made her feel as though a horde of malicious devils was at her heels. A crime against her firstborn! Oh, what had time done to her? Had she lived too long? It was only when that woman had said "Spanish flu" that memory of the death had returned. Distinctly now, she recalled Dr. Vaughan telling her, "The germ comes from Asia, not Spain," as though that explained the wholesale evil. He was attending her for shock and nerves. Bran had died only a few months before. She hadn't been able to go to Megan's funeral. And Katrin—she realized it now—had never mentioned her sister's name after the death. Had she been ashamed of those jealous insults when Megan used to come home?

Katrin? She'd be justified in her hard lecturing after this! Only the other day, she had said, "You *can't* go out. It's not your arm and body now, you silly. It's your mind. You'll soon be fancying Queen Victoria is still on her throne in black, the same as Lady Pencisely thinks." What else had she said? Yes—"You ought to be glad it's only your mind. Forgetfulness can be a blessing. I often wish I could forget a lot, and if I can stay Christian long enough, perhaps I will."

The guilt did not ease. She told herself she must entreat forgiveness here and now. She picked up the camellias, went to the chancel, and laid them below the communion rail. But there was no time to pray. She left by the side door at once. Somewhere among the mounds of the yard lay Megan's grave. But it wasn't safe to loiter. She made for the gate by which she had entered. Voices of children at play on the village green came from beyond the main gate facing the church tower.

It wasn't bedtime for anyone yet, she thought. The tyranny of bed! She understood the resentment of children snatched from the active day and forced down between smothering blankets. She became aware of the huge boredom she had endured, the endless hours of golden daytime in her little room while Katrin fumed and fretted downstairs, banging pots and pans, speaking irritably to the milkman, the postman, and the kerosene man. Preoccupied with this, she did not hear a high-pitched voice calling to her. She had gone a pace or two beyond a large, half-toppled memorial stone under a cypress before she heard the repeated question. "What's the right time?"

She stopped. Wariness came to her aid instantly again. Turning, she saw a lanky girl of ten stepping onto the path from beside the gravestone. The child stood gazing at her measuringly from enormous, dark-brown eyes. She kept a hand behind her. Her face and her frock needed a wash.

Relief brought a clear focusing on the small figure. Betty's heart ceased plunging. "There's a clock on the tower, my dear," she pointed out.

"I can't tell the time by the clock. My mother sent me out for caraway seeds."

"You won't find caraway seeds here, will you! If your mother's making a cake, you'd better hurry before the shop closes."

"She's not making a cake. She chews them as they are."

Approval of the stranger came into the girl's unflickering eyes. Her hand came from behind her back. "It's for you," she said. "Johnny Parry's got seven of them." In the open palm lay a white china rose.

'You shouldn't steal those from the wreaths, my darling!" Betty scolded.

"The glass over the wreath was smashed." The grubby hand was still held out invitingly, its sculptured white flower filling the palm. "What's the time?"

"Oh, my dear, I don't know at all!" Betty cried in despair, forcing herself to turn away. "Put that back, put it back!"

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She could feel the child's eyes on her as she went through the side gate. The lingering regard brought companionship. But all the way down the buttercup field where the full-bellied sheep had lain down in evening meditation, thought of Katrin couldn't be shaken off. Remorse came. Had it been a cruel trick to suggest that Katrin tie her to the bed? Everybody would gossip about it now. Katrin would never forgive her. Taking the jewelry to Megan, too! There would be a long punishment for this.

Her step became quicker. Remembrance of Megan was already slipping away. Her face wasn't clear anymore. That was what happened to the dead, she brooded, her eye on a thicket of trees at the bottom of the field. It was the powerful living that couldn't be forgotten.

Although her chest began to burn disagreeably, still her feet did not falter. She had mastery over her body yet; she could force it on a while longer. When she reached the thicket of hazels, she found it was not nearly so dense as she had imagined. There were open patches of grass. It was very silent there. Why couldn't she hear any birds at their evening chirpings? She wandered on, her thoughts rambling. Pleasures of the day came back. She recalled the mountain ride a kind young man had given her, and the day became a victory after all. Kindness of strangers was the only true kindness. Families couldn't help keeping their eyes on property, couldn't help flying at each other's throats over never-forgotten trivialities; it was deep in their nature, she decided, drawing up at a fence of loosely strung wire.

For a time she rested against a post of the fence, peering into the lane lying beyond a ditch of curled young bracken. Then she went effortlessly on her knees, crawled under the bottom strand of wire into the ditch, and remained on her knees among the bracken, gazing assessingly up and down the lane. She got up with much less ease than she had gone down. But she began to walk the lane with undiminished steps, going upward, toward the last of the three villages, beyond which the mountains closed round. No house came in sight. But where there was a lane, rough or not, there would be a passerby or vehicle, sooner or later. Wheel ruts were visible in the dried mud.

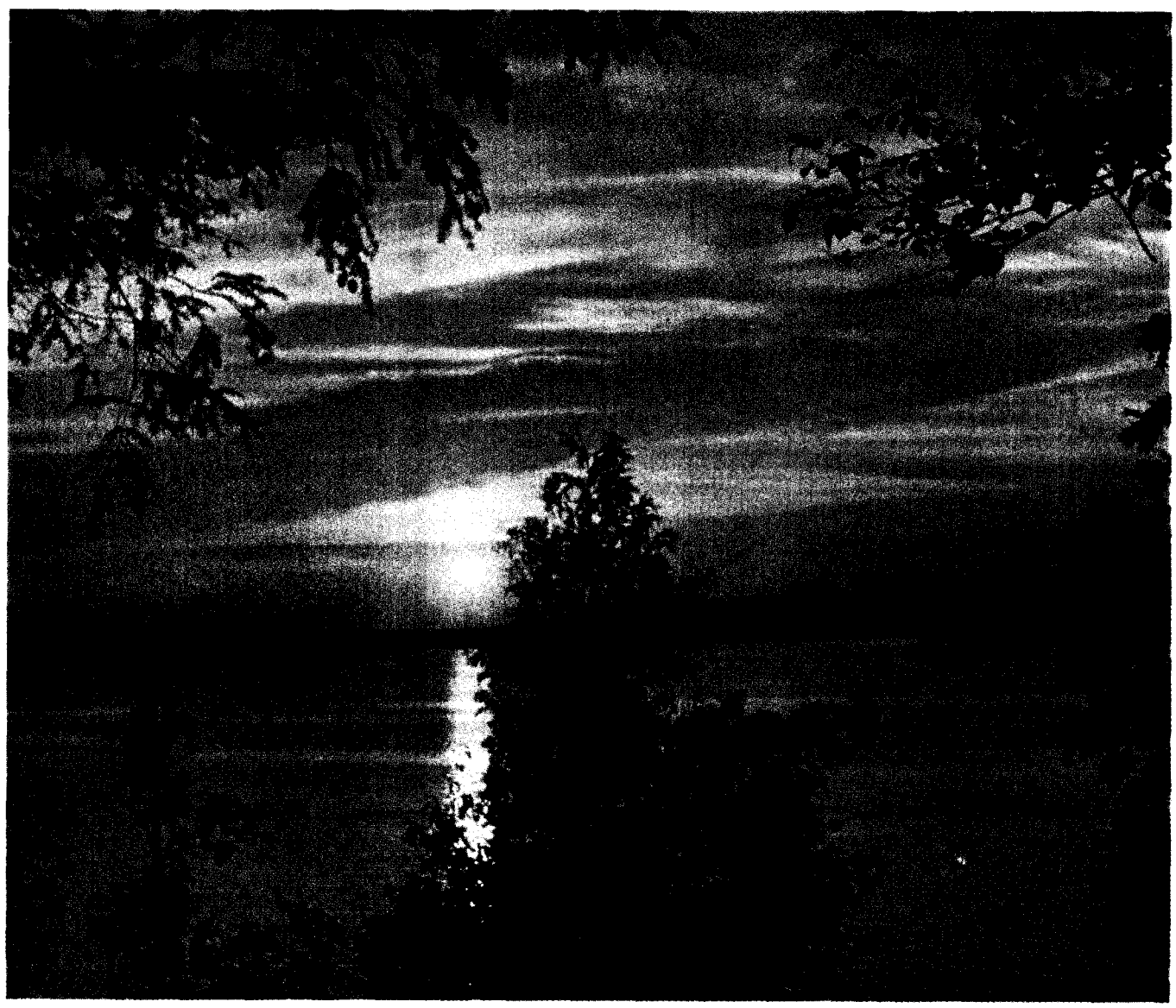
Her eyes searched the bordering hedge of closely woven briar. The light seemed much darker in this solitude below the golden village where children played. Why couldn't she hear any birds singing? Her hands felt cold in their silk gloves. She forced herself on, then, suddenly, halted. There was something beyond the lane's dim bend ahead. What was it? No sound came. Fear held her heart, but she did not turn to hasten back the way she had come. She went compulsively toward the threat.

A figure came round the bend. When she and the man drew abreast, she saw Bran's swarthy face. The very same bold nose, high cheekbones, and dark eyes! "*Nos da,*" he said, and passed on with the slow, measured tread of a man who has walked that way for a lifetime. She could hear the soft shuffle of his footsteps now. She chuckled. There were plenty of men in these valleys with that strong-boned dark face. They belonged to an old tribe, and this one had wished her the native good night. She was of his kindred. But somewhere ahead there was a farm. She must avoid it.

Sight of the stranger, who was not a stranger, restored her. She had long passed the bend in the lane before she found what she had been seeking, but she had to peer closely. At one moment, the hedge was a cloudy haze; the next, she saw distinctly the small, tightly folded buds of dog roses that presently would garland this lane. She had enough energy left to crawl into the small, bough-strewn gap low in the hedge. A thorn-spiked bough snatched away her hat; another tore her dress, and she thought, "There goes my best Sunday voile." But she got safely inside. She remained on her hands and knees until enough strength returned for her to ease herself into a sitting position.

It was pleasant in this secret, green shelter. Was there honeysuckle somewhere near? The memory of delicate, wild scents familiar to her from the time she first walked, told her of her bed of fresh moss, wood violets, and soft primrose leaves. Deep and certain and true, the recognition came that she must yield and rest at last. She was able to lower herself onto her side, and, before she knew it, the gala day faded.

Her hat, with its cherries, dangled above the gap until the farmhand passed that way again, the next morning. □



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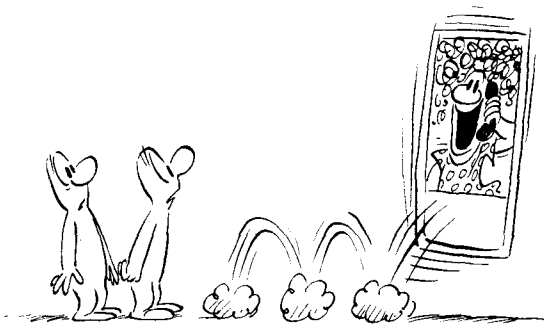
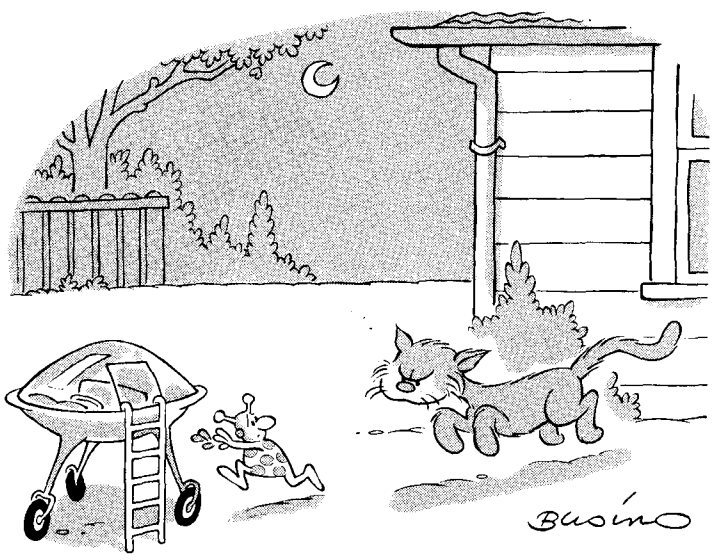
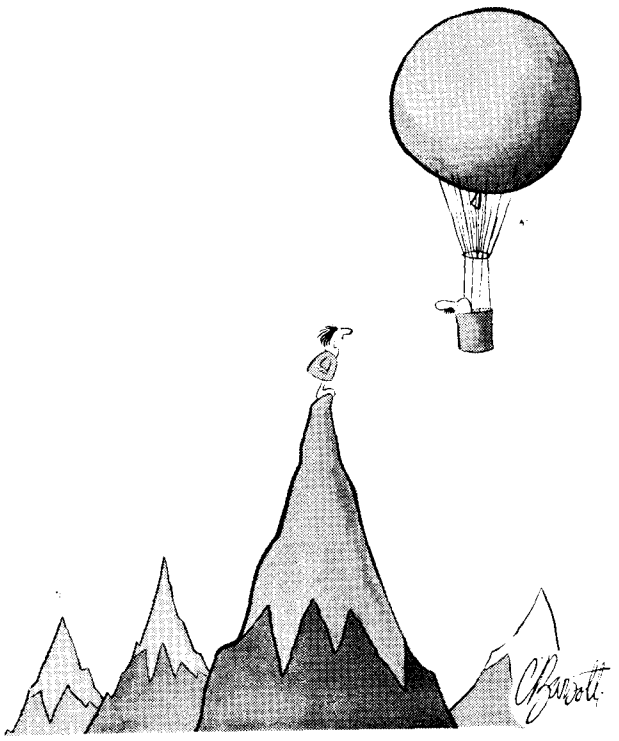
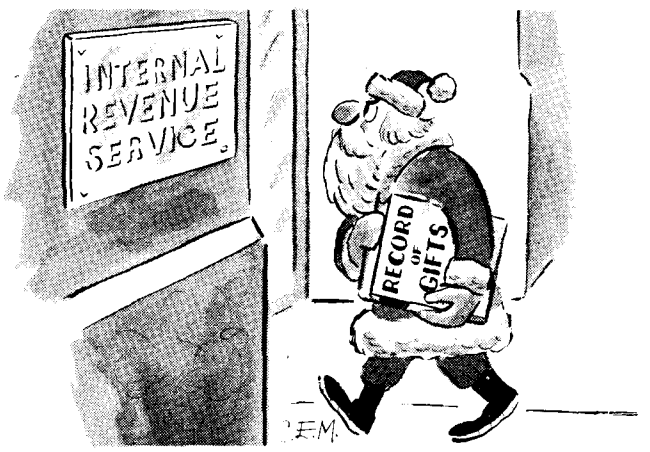






"But, Herman, I don't want to take separate vacations!"

"Please, Mr. Morrison—I'm sure I never said I loved you in so many words. . . ."



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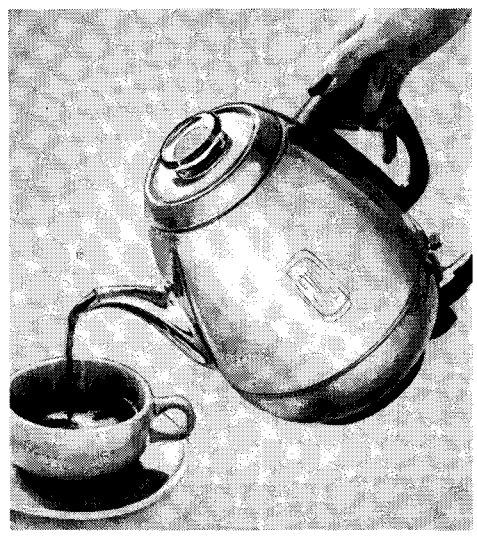

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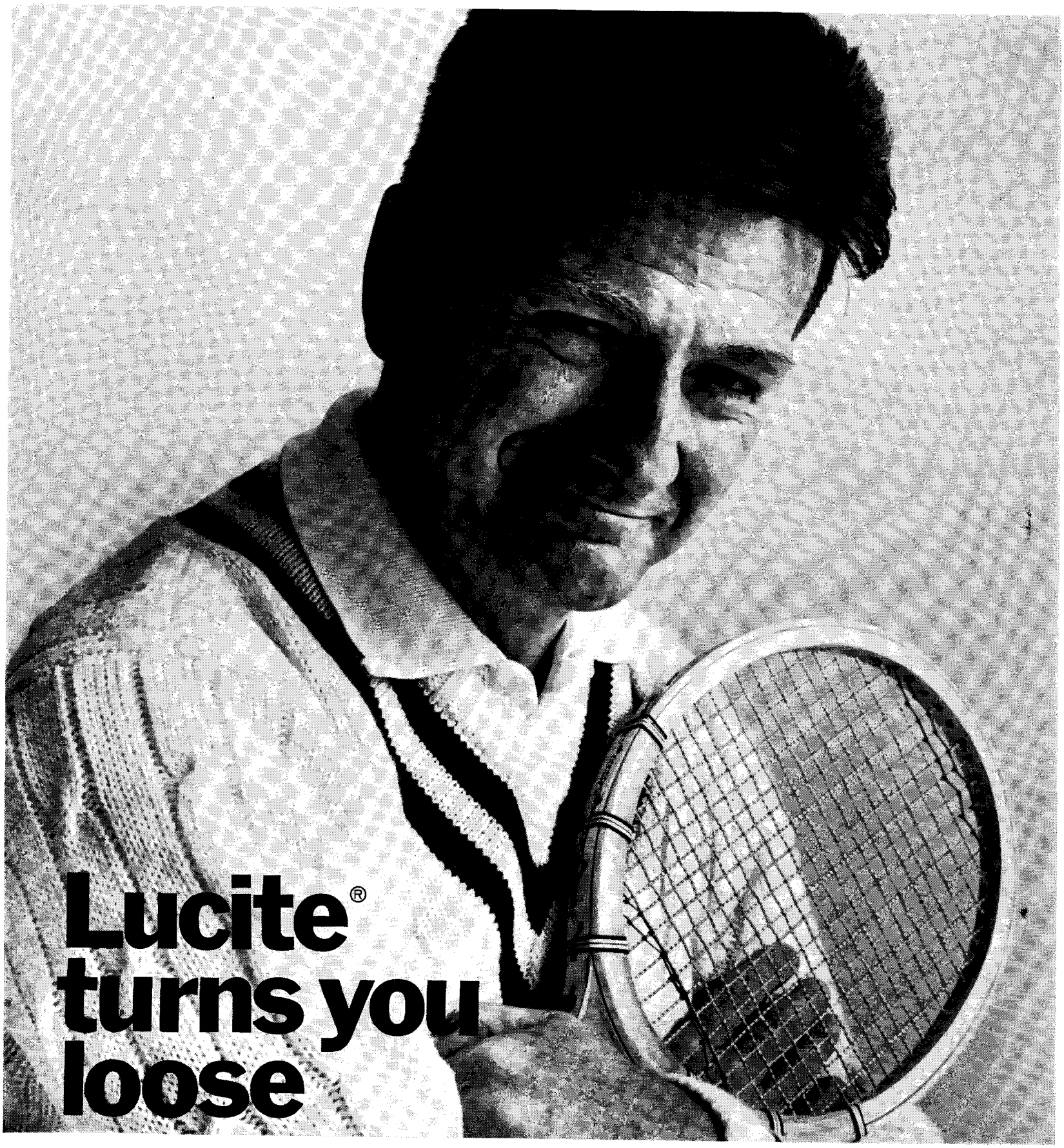

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Glancing at the clock, Auerbach savors his infuriating cigar as the Celtics defeat the Lakers for his 1,000th victory in the N.B.A.

A LAST CIGAR FOR A LAST HURRAH?

Fighting for his eighth straight basketball championship, Celtics' coach Red Auerbach hopes to retire in a victorious cloud of smoke.

BY MYRON COPE

The scene was a luncheon in Cincinnati. The guests were the players and coaches of the National Basketball Association who were taking part in this season's all-star game. As might be expected, Cincinnati's Mayor Walton H. Bachrach was on hand to greet his city's guests, and as might be expected the mayor swelled with civic pride. He described his metropolis as "the basketball capital of the world." Not only was the city holding the all-star game but the young and hungry Cincinnati Royals were playing as though they might be able to win the N.B.A. championship.

It was at this point in the luncheon program that a chunky, balding man stalked to the dais. "I'd like to clue the mayor," said Arnold Jacob Auerbach, coach of the champion Boston Celtics. "There's a little town out West"—a reference to Los Angeles—"that said that a couple of years ago and they haven't won a championship yet. Until you've won a championship, mayor, just take it easy."

This season has been like that for Auerbach from the beginning. People have been telling him that his string of championships had finally run out at seven straight, that the Celtics would not win again, and they have usually given him the word with a good deal more savage glee than Mayor Bachrach exhibited. The world of professional basketball that lies outside the environs of Boston Garden dearly wants the Celtics and Auerbach to lose this year. They want them to lose not for the reasons that people used to cheer against the Yankees—because they were bored with efficient and emotionless success. They want them to lose because they detest Auerbach, and they know he is retiring after the league playoffs, which begin at the end of this month. Auerbach has predicted that he would depart a champion, and they want him to go out a loser.

The reason that Auerbach is disliked is simple. He has been the most infuriating winner in the history of professional basketball. It isn't the fact he wins—it is the way he does it. When the Celtics have built up a safe lead, Auerbach stops baiting the referees with the sharpest barbs in the game. He stops rolling his scorecard in his fist and he stops spitting on the floor. Auerbach lolls back on the bench as though he were soaking up the sun in Miami and elaborately, deliciously, lights up a cigar.

For Auerbach, the cigar is a symbol that goes back to the days when the gambler who had bet on a sure thing would say of his wager, "It's a cigar," sit back, light up and relax. Auerbach's opponents and their fans, watching every insolent puff, have ached for the day when they could jam that cigar right down his throat.

This year they very nearly have. One night in Philadelphia the 76ers pulled comfortably ahead of the Celtics in the fourth period and suddenly, throughout the crowd of 9,000, there was the blaze of matches as hundreds of cigars were lit. Bags of peanuts and empty beer cans, hurled from the balcony, bounced near the Celtics' bench. As the game ended in defeat for Boston, a Philadelphia fan charged up and threw a cigar at Auerbach as though he were heaving a hand grenade.

Later, in the sanctuary of the Celtics' dressing room, Auerbach pointed to a smudge on his forehead and bellowed, "A guy hits me with a lighted cigar, where are the cops? Two cops and nine thousand people! What a bush town!"

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Auerbach and Celtics' star Bill Russell, two strong-willed men, have coexisted peacefully for years. At 32, Russell is beginning to fade, and Boston faces a battle for another title.

A LAST HURRAH

A few days later the Philadelphia *Bulletin* received a letter from a fan who proudly admitted throwing the cigar at Auerbach. "It did not hit him," said the fan. "That so-called smudge he showed on his fat head was probably from his dirty hands."

Auerbach later returned to Philadelphia to attend a sportswriters' banquet honoring Bill Russell, the Celtics' star center, as the Athlete of the Year. There were boos when Auerbach advanced to the microphone. He had expected as much in Philadelphia, but a few hecklers kept insulting him after the booing had died down.

"Do me a favor, will ya?" Auerbach said. "Shut up. The only time I've ever heard you people quiet was during *The Star-Spangled Banner*."

The attacks on Auerbach only made him gloat more openly when he won. One night in Boston, when his team raced to a 101-78 lead over Cincinnati, he had a fine time rubbing it in. Every time a Celtic scored another basket Auerbach would roar with delight, flinging his fists into the air and kicking his feet high above the bench, like a noisy boy on a swing. Throughout the exhibition, Jack McMahon, the Cincinnati coach, stared at Auerbach, his red face fixed in a tight, wry grin.

There came a night in Cincinnati when the glowing cigars were as thick as fireflies as the Royals pulled far ahead of the Celtics. With 20 seconds left in the game, a generously endowed blonde wearing maroon stretch pants and a white Angora sweater bounced from the stands, a foot-long cigar in her mouth. She wiggled straight up to the Celtics' bench and blew smoke in Auerbach's face, which went blank with astonishment, but not for long. He grabbed the cigar from the blonde's lips and flicked the ashes at her navel.

Red Auerbach—the red is for the hair that is now gray, what there is of it—has decided to quit with this season because it is his 20th in pro basketball and he feels there is a nice balance and symmetry to 20 years in the game that 19, say, or 21 would not have. At the age of 48, Auerbach also feels that it is time for him to sit in the front office of the Celtics and fuss over his other jobs with the team—vice president and general manager. He has had his fill of buses and hotel rooms and the exhausting barnstorming of the N.B.A. and stewardesses who try, unsuccessfully, to make him put out his cigar.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm afraid I'll have to insist."

"Don't be afraid, honey, and don't insist."

In the best of circumstances, with all of his players healthy and young, Auerbach would be having his troubles this year running his string to eight straight championships because several other teams in the N.B.A., notably Philadelphia and Cincinnati, have been steadily improving. And this year not only have some of the most valuable Celtics been hurt, but the team has suddenly grown old. The great Bill Russell, the marvelous rebounder and defensive star, the man who gets the Celtics the ball, is now 32 and starting to show it. Playing head to head with Russell in four games, Wilt Chamberlain, the towering center of the 76ers, outscored his rival 123 points to 45, and outrebounded him 144 to 74.

"They're just like us now," says Wilt about the Celtics. "They're fighting, digging and scratching. But we've got as much, and we're younger."

The Celtic who is fighting, digging and scratching the most is Auerbach himself. He often seems to be trying to intimidate the referees in every game. Not long ago a young ref named Don Murphy turned up in Boston to officiate a game between the Celtics and the Baltimore Bullets. In a matter of minutes, Murphy heard Auerbach yelling that he was incompetent. Murphy whirled and slapped a technical foul on the coach. The smart players on the benches assumed that Auerbach had outmaneuvered the kid. N.B.A. referees are generally reluctant to call a second technical foul on a coach, because it means automatic expulsion from the game, a rather drastic sanction. With one technical foul, Auerbach seemed to have a license to chew out Murphy for the rest of the evening.

But when Auerbach started in again, Murphy slapped him with the second technical. For an instant, Auerbach stood there stunned. Then, head lowered, he charged Murphy as if bent on destroying him. Baltimore coach Paul Seymour and referee Earl Strom combined to intercept him, and he departed to the dressing room. Later someone said to Auerbach, "You know very well that when you take a technical you do it for a purpose." Auerback grinned. "Not always," he said.

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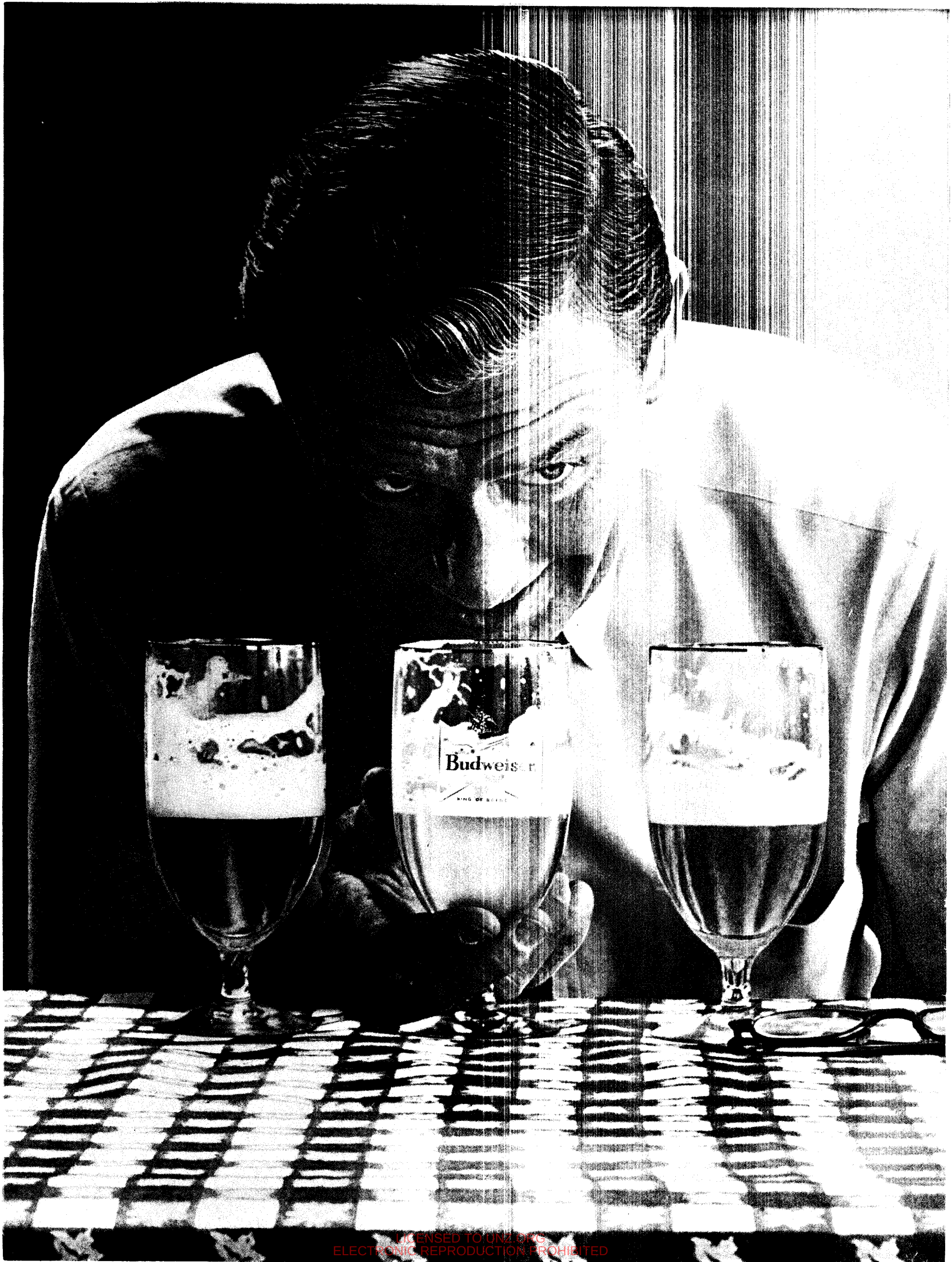

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A LAST HURRAH

Auerbach has discovered that even if he is thrown out of the game his flaming departures fire up his players, as Coach Fred Schaus of the Los Angeles Lakers notes with admiration. By mid-February Auerbach had been thrown out four times, and the Celtics had gone on to win each game.

Auerbach has been using tricks to win ever since his boyhood games back in Brooklyn. When he didn't have to press pants in his father's dry-cleaning store, Auerbach practiced basketball on the rooftop court of Public School 122. In 1936 he managed to win a scholarship to George Washington University in Washington, D.C., and found himself competing with five men for the one guard position that was still open on the team. "I had four fist fights in the first two weeks of practice," Auerbach recalls. "I got the job."

He spent World War II in the Navy as an officer in a rehabilitation program for casualties. In 1946 he persuaded Mike Uline, who was forming a Washington team in the new N.B.A., that he should be the coach. At the time, Auerbach had coached only briefly in a Washington high school and had spent some time working with a Navy team. But he got the job, and that first year the Washington Caps won the eastern-division title.

In 1950 the Boston Celtics hired him for a $12,000 contract. Auerbach promptly exposed the Boston press to his native charm. When a newsman asked if Auerbach intended to draft a local favorite named Bob Cousy, Auerbach turned to Walter Brown, then the co-owner of the club, and said, "Do you want me to get together a basketball team, or do you want me to satisfy the local yokels?"

Cousy became the property of the Chicago Stags, a team that disbanded before he got a chance to put on a uniform. When the other owners in the league prepared to divide up the Stags' players, Auerbach still did not want Cousy, who was only six feet one inch. But Walter Brown drew his name out of a hat, and so Auerbach had forced upon him the game's deftest and most entertaining ball handler. "I've been wrong too," Auerbach admits.

With Cousy and Russell, Auerbach began winning championships in 1957 (he missed only in 1958) and soon learned the price of success. Because the top-ranking professional team gets the last pick in the annual college draft, Auerbach had to sit by while the other clubs drained off the handful of players both talented and tall enough to excel in the N.B.A.

To compensate for this handicap, Auerbach began searching the rosters for players who could do one thing well, even if they were not great college stars. "I think other teams have had personnel as good as Boston's," says the 76ers' Chet Walker, "but on the other teams you're paid to be an all-around ballplayer, offense and defense. On the Celtics, you're paid to do one job. Take Satch Sanders. He's paid to play defense. He can concentrate on defense, and anything he gets on offense is a bonus. Sam Jones is paid to shoot. That's all he has to do. When the Celtics get an offensive rebound, they don't try to put it back up themselves. They look for Sam."

Getting the best out of his material, Auerbach last year established a precedent for the N.B.A. When Tommy Heinsohn injured his foot, Auerbach promptly replaced him with Willie Naulls, thereby putting an all-Negro lineup of Naulls, Russell, Sanders, Sam Jones and K.C. Jones on the floor. The unwritten rule in the league said that it was all right to start three or even four Negroes, but never five, because the white customers would stop buying tickets. Auerbach's Negro lineup won 16 straight games with no loss in attendance at all. When asked about his motives for the act, Auerbach explodes, "Let's get one thing straight." He then proceeds to deliver a lengthy speech that boils down to the warning that no one should confuse sound coaching principles with do-good sentiments.

Auerbach has done more than to introduce equality and a rare kind of teamwork to the N.B.A. He also established a dictatorship. Auerbach is wary of getting deeply involved with the personal lives of his players. He has never dined in a player's home. He regards players' wives as potential troublemakers. You let them cook you a meal and the next thing you know they're trotting out little Sylvester and Debbie Sue in her pink party dress and buckled shoes, and then one day you want to fire the ballplayer, and you find you're carrying him a month past his usefulness out of sympathy.

"You can't become emotionally involved and be impartial," Auerbach says. Auerbach leaves his own wife and his two daughters in Washington every season and holes up in a suite at the old Hotel Lenox in Boston. He has a bottle of pop and cake for breakfast, and constantly nibbles on pistachio nuts and sunflower seeds, while fining players he catches eating pancakes.

For the sake of rapport, Auerbach tolerates a certain amount of light sass from his men, but for the most part his approach is gruff. Auerbach has made Larry Siegfried the team scapegoat, the successor to Heinsohn who retired last spring after nine years of being goaded to a white rage. During one practice session, for example, Auerbach punished Siegfried by rolling a ball along the floor time after time and making him scoop it up on the run. Before long the perspiration began to soak through Siegfried's ankle-length sweat pants. Siegfried was selected to suffer as a reminder to the rest of the Celtics that they were not being driven as hard as Auerbach *might* drive them if he chose. In their relief, the Celtics are an alert and happy team.

However, it is the genius of the successful tyrant to know when to compromise, and Auerbach knows that it is better to bend a little than to risk angering his most valuable property. During calisthenics, Auerbach barks, "Elbows straight!" while his players run in place with their arms held straight out. Bill Russell holds his arms limp, flapping his hands effeminately, a comic Fu Manchu grin on his goateed face. Auerbach looks right past his star. "Elbows straight!" he shouts.

A moody, independent man, Russell could easily have brought Auerbach more grief than success if he had been forced to conform. The two men have coexisted for years, although Auerbach does a fast burn every time someone suggests that the reason the Celtics have won so long and so often is that they have Bill Russell to get them the ball and to break up the plays coming through the middle.

"The coach has *something* to do with the emergence of stars," says Auerbach.

Russell occasionally delights in elbowing Auerbach on his sore spot. "He's versatile," says the center of his coach, "he's intelligent, astute, flexible and he has me on the team."

Auerbach slips around this barbed banter. "I admire Russell," the coach says, "because he's smart enough to understand me."

One of the things that Russell understands about Auerbach is that he is a man of remarkably little patience. One day recently the Celtics' coach was delayed at a Massachusetts Turnpike toll gate by the driver of a small, foreign-made car. With growing disgust, Auerbach watched the driver fumble helplessly in his pockets for a quarter before finally giving up and handing the collector a five-dollar bill. "You got to be a jerk," Auerbach yelled at him. Auerbach already had his own quarter ready in his hand. "That guy's got to be a nut," he said. "He doesn't know how to think—he'll never be a coach."

Auerbach also loves to play the role of the great man. Decked out in Chicago-mobster clothes—black worsted suit, pin-striped shirt, emerald cuff links, Auerbach climbs into his Cadillac convertible, complaining that he must go to a $100-a-plate dinner for the governor of Massachusetts lest his absence disappoint some very important people. "I just gotta make an appearance, that's all. I'll say, 'Hi, guv,' and then leave."

Yet after he has favored the guv with a hi, Auerbach is able to take a realistically modest view of his own profession. "I'm not egotistical about that," he says. "Coaches are no smarter than anyone else. I think a lot of people become coaches because they want to do anything to keep from going to work every day in traffic. See, a coach is a lot like a writer. You ever turn around and look at the want ads and say, 'What the hell am I fitted for?'

"The thing I've got to watch is being carried away with my own importance," he admits candidly. "You're dealing with a game where everybody wants to be heard, to go down in history. You let them know you're human too, that you can't be up for eighty games. I don't think I'm a dictator to the extent that I'm never wrong. It's a dictatorship with compassion."

Besides running his compassionate dictatorship, Auerbach seems fitted for making money. Last March he got a sizable block of Celtics' stock as part of his contract negotiations. When the Celtics were bought three months later by the Ruppert-Knickerbocker Brewery, Auerbach had his quarter ready. He sold his shares for a reported profit of $250,000.

He has all the money he needs and a nice, quiet job waiting in the front office. Now all Red Auerbach has to do is drive the Celtics to the championship so that he can light his last cigar. □

Hazel by Ted Key

"Storm flags are flying from
Cape Hatteras to Cape Cod."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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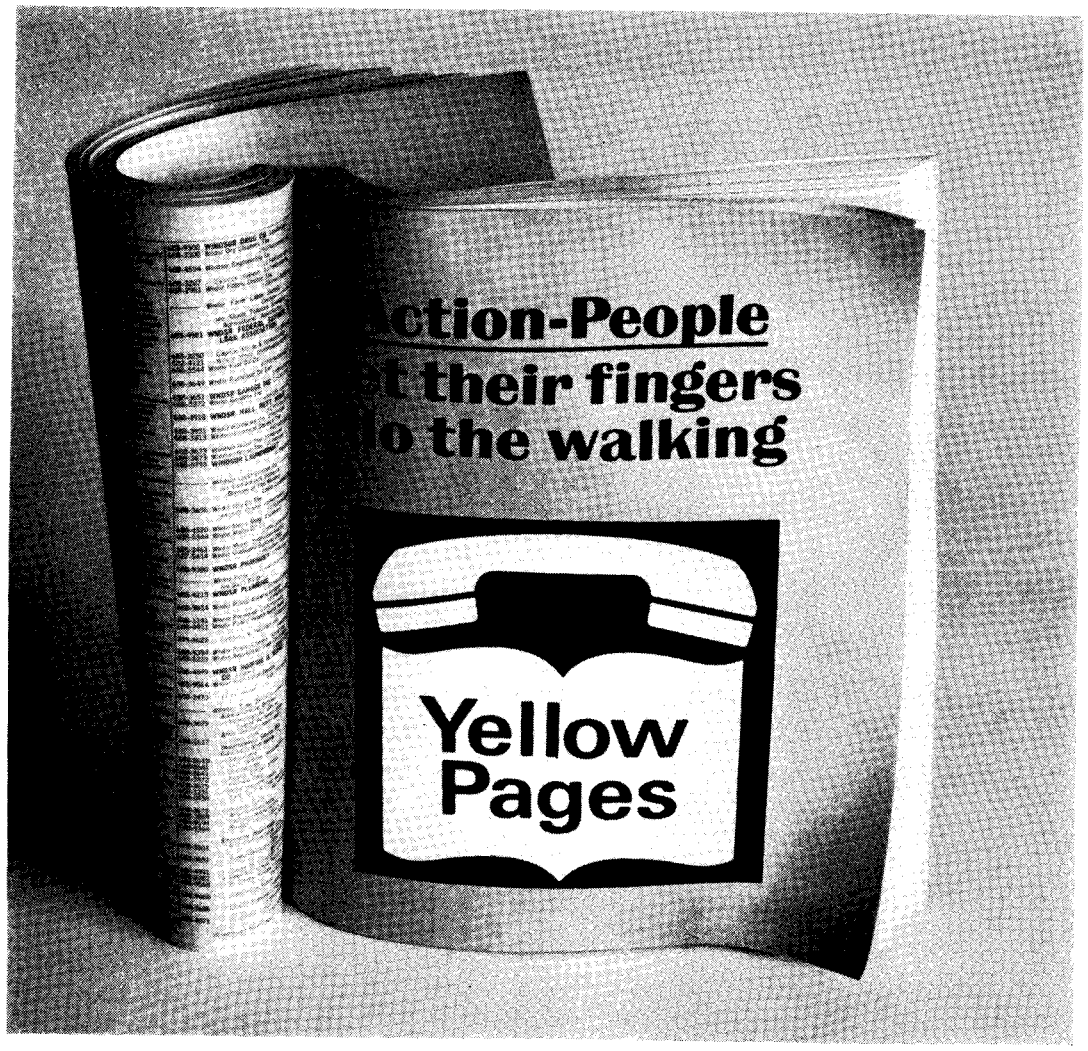
The world's dullest book

(until you want to find anything.)



Just let your fingers do the walking.

Action-People do.

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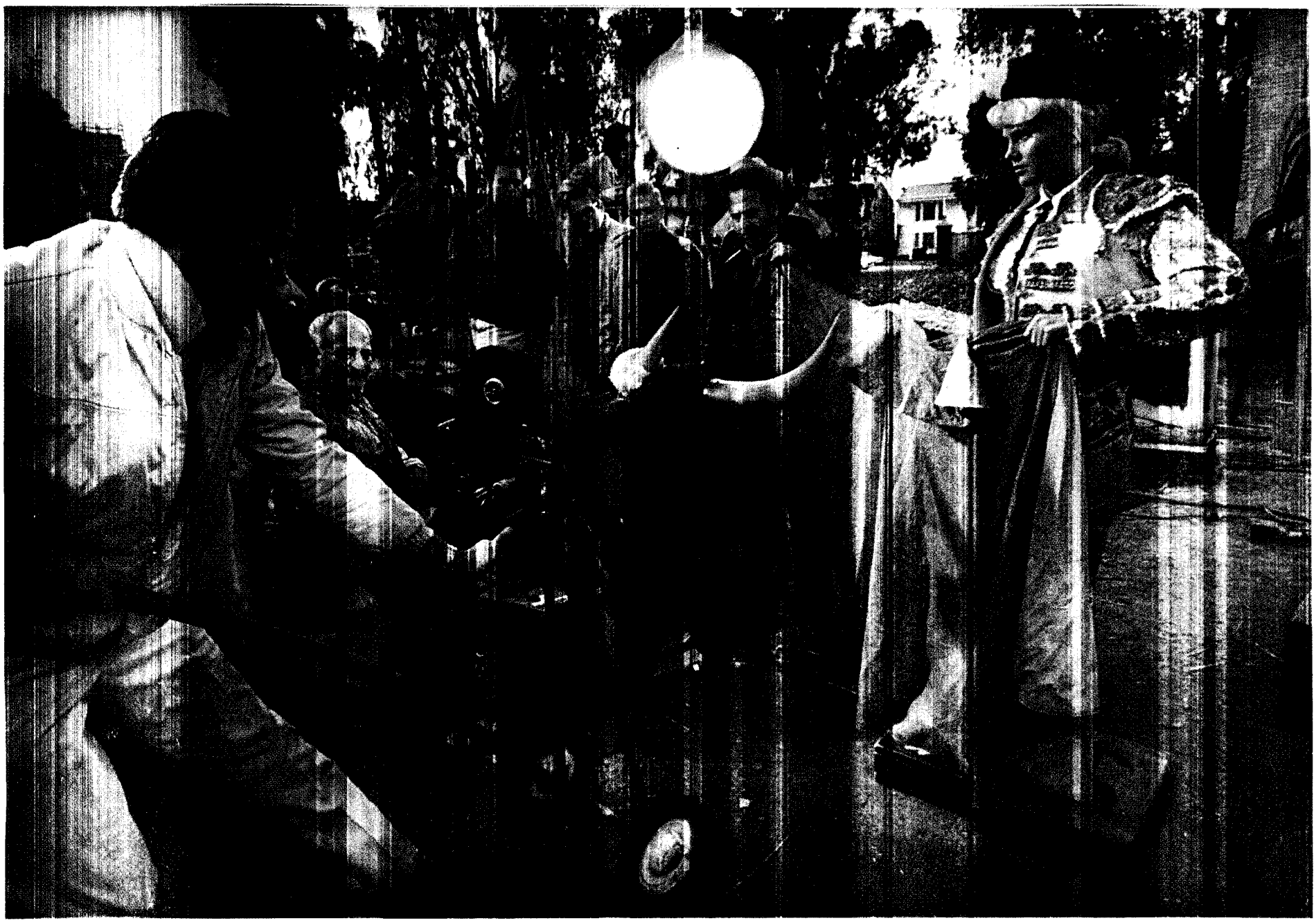

TV MADNESS

Hollywood is gambling a record $30 million on television pilot productions—over 100 new series for next fall, of which a score may make it to your screen.

By BILL DAVIDSON

Photographs by Bill Bridges

Every once in a while, usually on a Sunday evening, a strange private film festival takes place at the ABC television studios in Hollywood. Filing into a projection room, a group of ABC officials watch three or four hours' worth of television shows which have never been on the air and never will be. Some of the shows are as good as the pap that flows over the airwaves today—but others are infinitely better. They have been resurrected from a lonely storeroom deep in the recesses of the studio, and among them are some obvious favorites of the assembled executives. As they watch the films, you can hear groans, laughter and muttered comments—"I still can't understand why *that* one never sold," or "How am I expected to learn anything from *this* mistake when it isn't a mistake?" At the end of the evening the executives leave, and the cans of film are once again put away in their graveyard.

In the coming few weeks, over 100 new shows like these will also be interred. Their commitment to the film repositories will be the final act in a peculiar madness which takes possession of the television industry every winter. The madness is called "the pilot season," and its principal symptom is an uncontrollable obsession to waste money. As you read this, for example, some $25 million of hard-earned TV capital is inexorably going up the Hollywood spout. This is the amount spent to make pilot films—sample episodes—for TV series you will *not* see on your screens next fall.

The arithmetic is simple: Of the astounding total of some 150 pilots made this winter, at an average expenditure of $200,000 and an overall cost of about $30 million, probably only 20-odd will ever get on the air. The rest, representing that staggering $25 million-plus loss, will go—as one TV executive put it—"to that great big sewage-disposal plant in the sky."

Bankrolled by CBS, THE PERILS OF PAULINE features winsome Pam Austin (below) as the revivified heroine of silent films. She is menaced (above) by a prop bull.

This year's bumper harvest of pilots—ranging in theme from the adventures of an Iroquois detective on the New York City police force to those of a Missouri butcher contesting a piece of real estate with the U.S. Government—is the costliest in television history. How does the insane cost affect the viewer? It inevitably brings on a tendency for producers, networks and advertisers, with such a huge investment involved, to play it supersafe—imitating "sure-fire" but tired formulas and assuring season after season that mediocrity will continue to breed more mediocrity.

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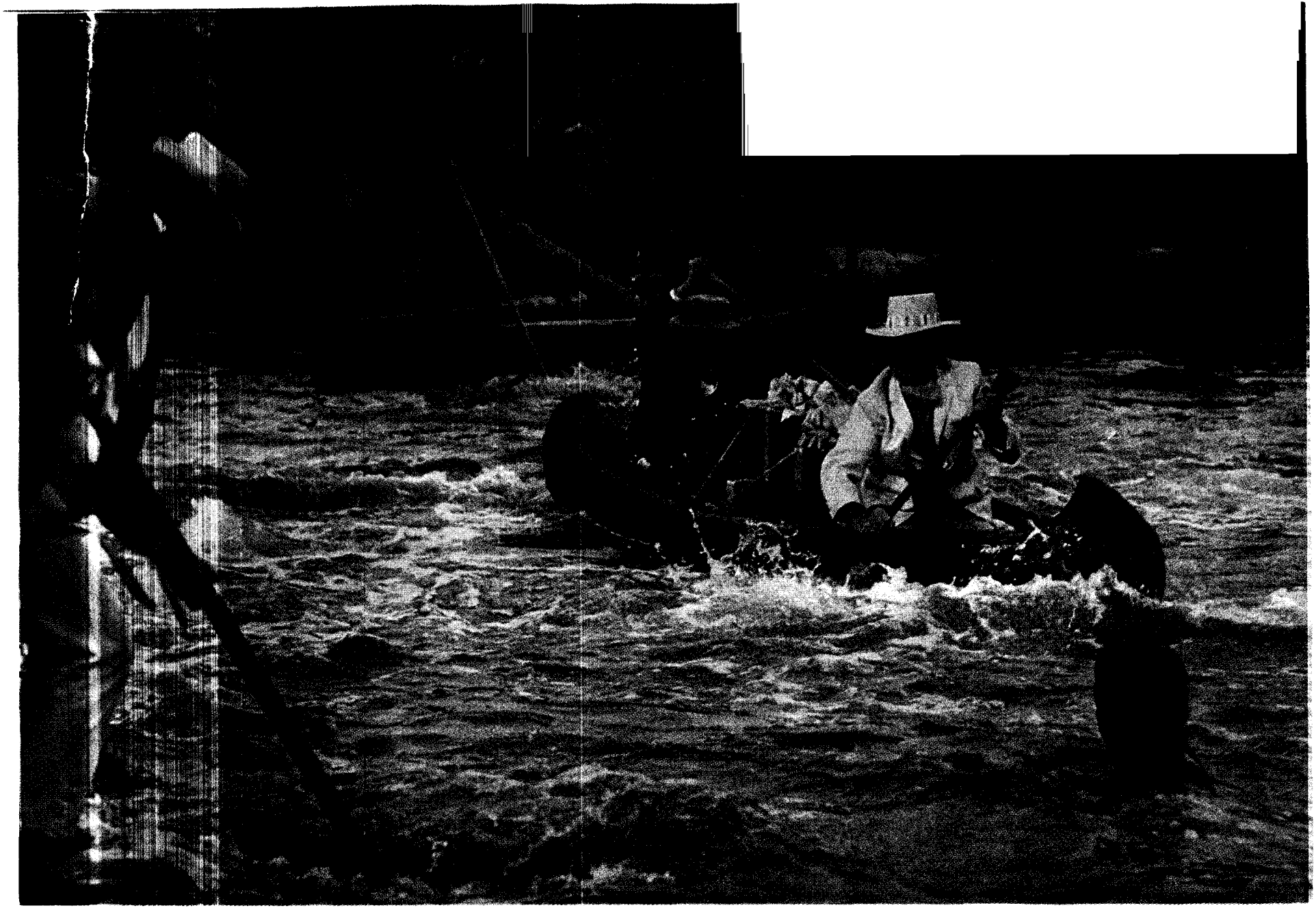

Studio grips churn up the rapids for Pat Boone (right), who also stars in PERILS. Production costs for pilots run far ahead of the budgets for typical series episodes.

The pilot season is known by other names within the industry. It is called The Great Crap Shoot and Hollywood Roulette. These names come from the fact that if a $200,000 pilot sells as a network series and survives, its producer, writers and stars can automatically become millionaires. Pilot madness, therefore, is akin to compulsive gambling, chronic insomnia, delusions of grandeur, persecution fantasies, and twitches of the check-writing pen. In December, at the height of this year's pilot agony, Harve Bennett, ABC's West Coast Director of Program Development, met me for breakfast at the unusual hour of seven A.M., to evade pursuing producers. "I don't have time to get a cold until May," he explained. "I can't answer two hundred phone calls a day." Perry Lafferty, CBS's West Coast vice president in charge of programs, said, "This whole town is crazy. Producers and writers accost me in parking lots and even in the men's room. I've had three suits nearly torn off my back. When I try to play catch with my son on my back lawn, some guy is lying in wait to sell me a pilot idea." In the office of William Self, head of TV programming at 20th Century-Fox, his entire eight-foot couch seemed to be upholstered with manuscripts.

"Ideas for pilots," he explained wearily. "Just one week's worth."

In pilot time, ordinarily stable people tend toward loony behavior. This year, for example, Talent Associates and CBS jointly financed a pilot for a half-hour series called *Run, Buddy, Run*, a spoof of the successful *Fugitive* series. It concerns a man, played by Jack Sheldon, who overhears a syndicate murder being planned and then for the rest of the series has to flee from Mafia retribution. Over at NBC there is another half-hour pilot from Universal, called *Run, Jack, Run*. This also, by admission, is a spoof on *The Fugitive* and stars David Astor and Adam Keefe as two men who inadvertently are involved in a Mafia murder and spend the rest of *their* series running away from the mob. Each side knew of the coincidence in the script stage, yet each plunged blindly and stubbornly ahead. The combined cost of the two pilots is nearly a half million dollars. Although such close duplication can be fatal, *Run, Buddy, Run* as of now is on the CBS fall schedule.

A prime manifestation of pilot mania is a compulsion to imitate something else that is already successful. When *Get Smart!*, this year's series about a bumbling secret agent, hit it big in the ratings, an even dozen ideas involving other bumblers popped up in the new pilot crop. There is Larry Blyden, a bumbling insurance investigator in CBS-United Artists' *Green For Action;* Richard Mulligan, as a bumbling Western star in NBC-Talent Associates' *The Hero;* and a whole family of bumblers in ABC-Universal's *The Clumbsys*. This season's hit, *Hogan's Heroes* (about a rollicking group of P.O.W.'s in a German prison camp) has spawned an NBC pilot, *The Unpardonables* (about a rollicking group of convicts in an American jail), plus a slew of other prison shows. The hit Broadway musical, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, apparently inspired at least 10 ancient Roman comedy pilots, only one of which, ABC's *Friends, Romans, Countrymen*, starring Jack Carter, even seems to have a chance of getting off the ground. Wherever you look on the TV roster, there are hopeful carbons of James Bond, *Bewitched, The Beatles, Gilligan's Island, Bonanza, Lost in Space, Combat, 12 O'clock High, Batman* and assorted comic strips.

Besides imitation, another gambit is to try to cash in on the success of a star in an established series. This is called "capitalizing on the track record"—no matter how ludicrous the new pilot role may be for the star. Paul Burke, the sidewalks-of-New-York lad of *Naked City*, was pressed to do a rural comedy. "If they had a cat series," he says after being offered the lead in 25 pilots, "they would try to get Flipper."

Some of these case histories have become classic. In the fall of 1963, to cite one, James Aubrey, the recently departed head of CBS; Dick Dorso, the recently departed head of United Artists-TV; and producer Robert Alan Aurthur approached actor Robert Horton about a pilot for the current 1965–66 season. Horton, a very hot TV personality because of his long run in *Wagon Train*, had, in the year since he had left that series, considered and rejected nearly 100 pilots. This one interested him, however. The Aubrey-Dorso-Aurthur series was to be called *Mark Dolphin*.

As Horton tells the story, he was in Boston rehearsing for his starring role in the Broadway musical, *110 in the Shade*, when he was visited by the triumvirate. "They discussed the pilot with me," says Horton, "and Aubrey made it very clear that the show was a cinch for CBS for either 1964–65, or 1965–66, depending on the length of my Broadway run in *110 in the Shade*. They gave me a script to read, and it was very good. It was written by Richard Nash, who had done *110 in the Shade* and also the play, *The Rainmaker*, on which the musical was based. It was just the kind

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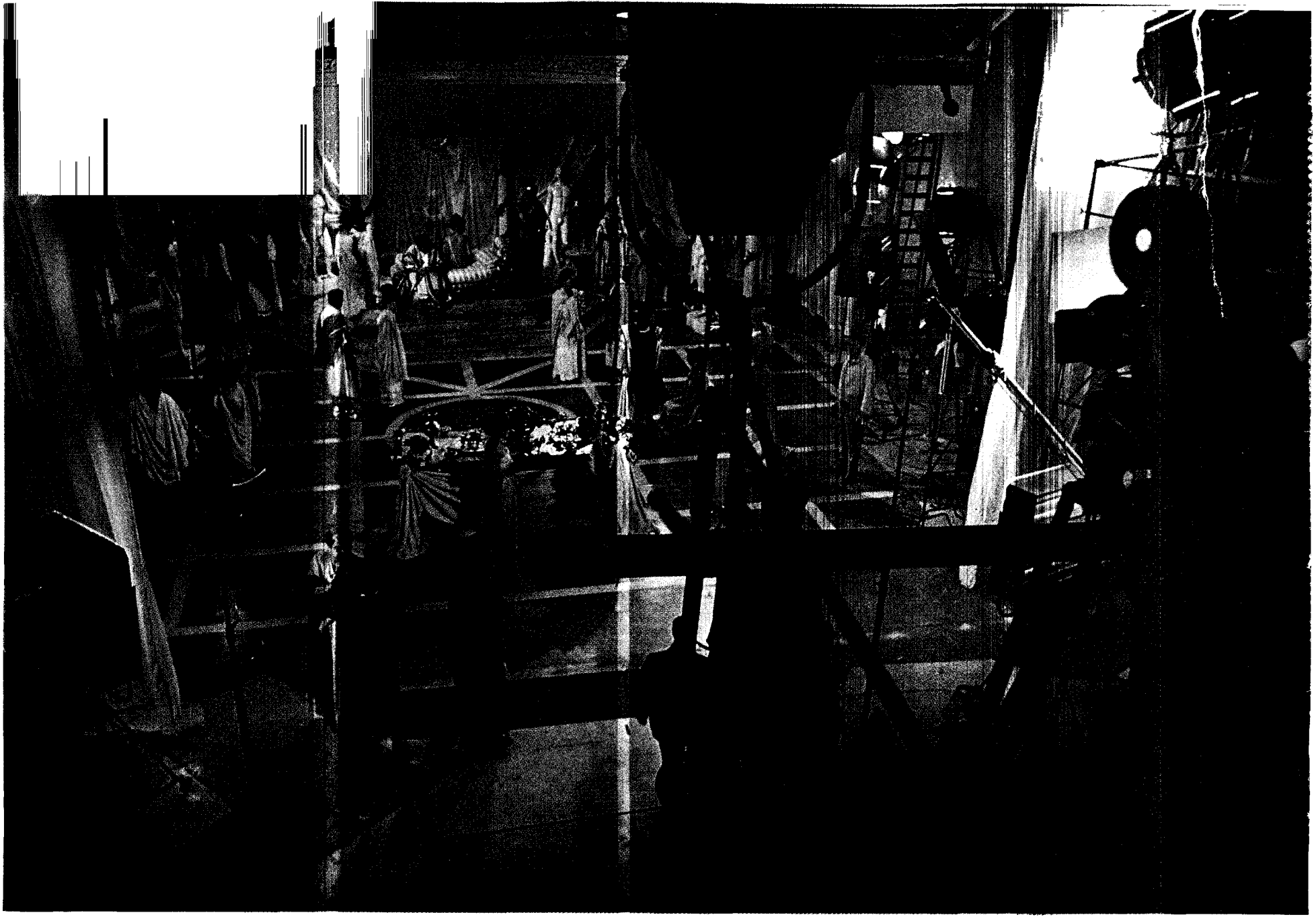

of role I had been looking for after years in Westerns. The hero, Mark Dolphin, was a suave New York multimillionaire living in a Park Avenue penthouse. He involved himself in people's problems and solved them for them. Dolphin had a charming off-beat personality, so I signed to do the pilot. It was a great deal. I would have had thirty-three-and-one-third percent of the profits plus a big weekly salary."

110 in the Shade opened on Broadway, and it was a hit. It was then agreed that since the show would run for at least a year, the *Mark Dolphin* pilot would be made in 1964 for the 1965–66 season. "Until then," says Horton, "everything seemed fine. But from that point on, an incredible series of events began to happen."

First, according to Horton, the producers of the pilot asked him to pick his own director, after which they hired someone else. Then there was a foul-up on the starting date. Without informing Horton, they scheduled shooting to begin when he was committed to rehearsing an appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show. Horton says, "They had already hired Michael Rennie, Shirley Knight and Lew Ayres to begin work that week at salaries totaling thirty thousand dollars. I just *couldn't* get out of my Ed Sullivan commitment, so the thirty thousand dollars went down the drain for lack of a ten-cent phone call.

"When I was able to clear time to do the pilot," Horton continues, "they hired the actors again for another thirty thousand dollars, and then they gave me my shooting script, which Aurthur proudly said had been rewritten a dozen times. I could hardly believe what I saw. Instead of a suave millionaire, I was now playing a tough Humphrey Bogart character who owns an antique shop in New York. Putting me in a role like that would be like asking Mickey Rooney to play a pro-football tackle. I phoned my agent and said, 'Get me out of this.' He said, 'I can't. If you don't do the pilot now, CBS can sue you for everything you own.'"

So Horton went back to finish the pilot, and one calamity piled upon another. An entire wardrobe of hand-tailored black mohair suits was ordered at a cost of thousands of dollars, but when the cameraman saw them they all had to be discarded because the glistening black photographed with a halo around it. A whole day's shooting had to be canceled because there was no permit from the city to film in the streets of New York.

"Worst of all," says Horton, "they kept rewriting the script, and it got more and more awful. We redid scene after scene, and the costs kept mounting. Soon the budget was over six hundred thousand dollars—for a one-hour show. Later I was told that the total cost ran to nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and Academy Award-winning movies have been made for less than that. But we finished it, and my wife and I went to see some of the scenes, and it all looked pretty meaningless. Still, it was difficult for us to tell, so I asked the others what they thought of it. Someone said, 'It's so good that if it doesn't sell as a pilot, we're going to release it as an art film in the old movie houses.' Well, they tested it with an audience, and got some of the worst results in history. As it turned out, it couldn't even be given away free. I went back to Westerns and signed for *A Man Called Shenandoah* a few months later."

ABC is backing FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN *with the kind of money that can buy these Neronian interiors.*

The only result of all this effort and expense was that the name "Mark Dolphin" has since become synonymous with total disaster in show-business idiom: "For God's sake, let's not have a *Mark Dolphin* on our hands," or "Don't try to pull a *Mark Dolphin* on *me*, sweetheart."

Throughout the year, the program departments of the three networks consider anywhere from 500 to 1,000 pilot ideas. So do the TV subsidiaries of the movie studios, which, in addition, comb through their old films looking for possible series pegs. This year, for example, 20th Century-Fox has done a pilot based on the movie, *Three Coins in the Fountain*. Of the 1,000 pilot proposals submitted (three-page outlines to elaborate 100-page presentations), only one in 10 will reach the script stage. The first moment of truth comes in May, when the networks look at the scripts, and each selects approximately 30 to be filmed as pilots. The studios and production companies, in the meantime, are deciding to proceed with pilots which they are financing independently in a gamble to keep all the profits, if any. These are known in the trade as "freeballs."

Madness then sweeps over the industry, first during the November-December period when the pilots are made, and next in the even more harrowing "selling season." Early in January, every television executive travels to New York from Hollywood with cans of film under his arm. Every

Jack Carter stars as the imperial banana in ROMANS. *The slapstick-in-toga theme is suddenly popular this year.*

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'Everything seemed fine, but from that point on an incredible series of events began to happen.'

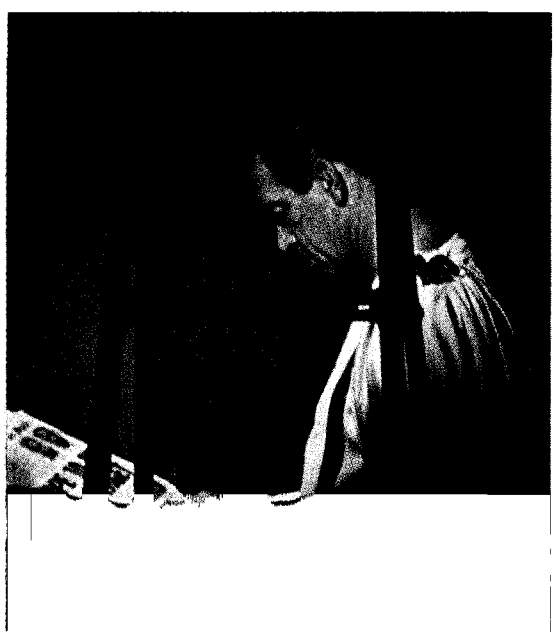
pilot then is screened by the network brass. They look at those they have financed themselves, at all the advertiser-financed pilots and the "free-balls." Restaurants, the network lobbies and corridors become scenes of bedlam, with harried men buttonholing each other, spreading rumors, and comporting themselves with manic desperation.

In mid-February the networks announce a tentative schedule for the following fall. Seven pilots, perhaps, have made it on each of three networks. But even then, for the lucky handful of survivors, the battle is far from over. Network salesmen now have to make the rounds of advertising agencies to line up sponsorship for the new shows, in the face of formidable competition from the established ones. The frenzy now moves to the lobbies and corridors of the agencies. Frequently, a pilot accepted by a network is rejected by the sponsors, who foot the bill once a show gets on the air. Only rarely will a network take a chance with a pilot that cannot attract full sponsorship, as CBS did with *The Defenders*, *East Side/West Side* and *Slattery's People*. When the smoke finally clears, around March 15, four-tenths of one percent of the total number of submitted ideas and 12 percent of the total number of pilots actually filmed have made it.

There are a few defenders of this spendthrift system, among them producer William Dozier, a veteran of *Studio One* and *Playhouse 90*, whose current brainchild is *Batman*. "I wish it were not necessary to make pilots," Dozier says, "but I don't know how to get away from them. It's basically a sound procedure, like making the prototype of an automobile before putting it on the assembly line. It gives you a chance to recognize and correct your mistakes before you spend millions of dollars in actual production."

There are several case histories to back up Dozier's contention. The *McHale's Navy* pilot, for example, was a sea drama, with no comedy. From the time the pilot was sold until the series went on the air, the format was shifted to its present irreverent burlesque of the Navy. Only Ernest Borgnine remained from the original large cast.

"Pilots are an evolutionary freak, like the wallaby in Australia," says Universal production boss Jennings Lang. A handsome, bagel-eating New Yorker, Lang has observed the development of the process since 1952, when he became a television pioneer with the Music Corporation of America. According to Lang, all the early television people came from radio, where shows had been sold on the basis of auditions held for advertisers. Says Lang, "This worked for a while in TV because a lot of radio shows became TV shows, and names like *Ozzie and Harriet* and *Amos 'n' Andy* were familiar enough for advertisers to say 'Go ahead.'"



Gin rummy, a classic Hollywood avocation, kills time for these supers while the crew sets the stage for ROMANS.

But with TV's startling growth came an almost insatiable demand for shows to fill up network time. "This was the opportunity for the movie industry to take over the infant," Lang observes, "but they chose to ignore it, hoping it would go away. If the big, familiar movie names had moved in then, I'm sure the system of pilots never would have developed. Instead, the fringe people, who couldn't make a living in films, or who were just starting, were the only ones who would take a flyer in TV. But the advertisers said to them, 'Who the hell are *you*, and what have you done?' And pilots were born."

At first pilots were fairly reasonable to produce. Up until a few years ago a half-hour show could film its sample segment for as little as $20,000; an hour pilot rarely ran over $50,000. But after ABC made it a three-network race in 1961, the price zoomed up out of all proportion. Today, with *all* pilots filmed in color—and with intense competition for actors, writers and technicians—it is almost impossible to make a half-hour pilot for less than $150,000 or an hour pilot under $400,000. Costs for an hour show more than double the half-hour figure because pressure to retain the viewer can involve the company in outdoor and even foreign locations, instead of the usual single set. The gamble has now reached a point where pilot budgets bear little relationship to the shows that may later be seen on the air. Jackie Cooper, the former child star who heads Screen Gems, the lucrative TV arm of Columbia Pictures, recently said, "We're forced to spend six hundred thousand dollars for a pilot of a show. When it gets on the air, it has a one-hundred-forty-thousand-dollar-per-segment budget. What we're showing the networks and the advertisers is what would never be a typical episode."

With risk capital seemingly limitless, pilot-making flourishes as an industry within an industry. It even has its own separate standards of pay. An actor who gets $7,500 for doing a segment of a running show can demand and receive as much as $25,000 for doing a pilot. A $2,500 writer earns up to $20,000 for a pilot script, and a $2,500 director can get $15,000. Some young directors even make a specialty now of doing pilots. Former actor Richard Donner, for example, is known as "the pilot doctor" and earns a good deal of his living by helping out in the desperate hours when a faltering production needs to be revamped. He has a contract to direct four CBS pilots a year, at an average fee of $20,000.

There are two major reasons for these inflated prices. First of all, anyone signed for a pilot can't make another for a year, so that he can be available for production if the show sells. Actors, particularly, balk at this, and they must be bribed with triple and quadruple fees, sometimes even with a movie commitment. Secondly, nearly all pilots are made at the same time—November and December—during which Hollywood dissolves into chaos, and prices recall the Yukon gold rush, when eggs were five dollars apiece.

With normal TV and movie production under way at the same time, everything and everyone

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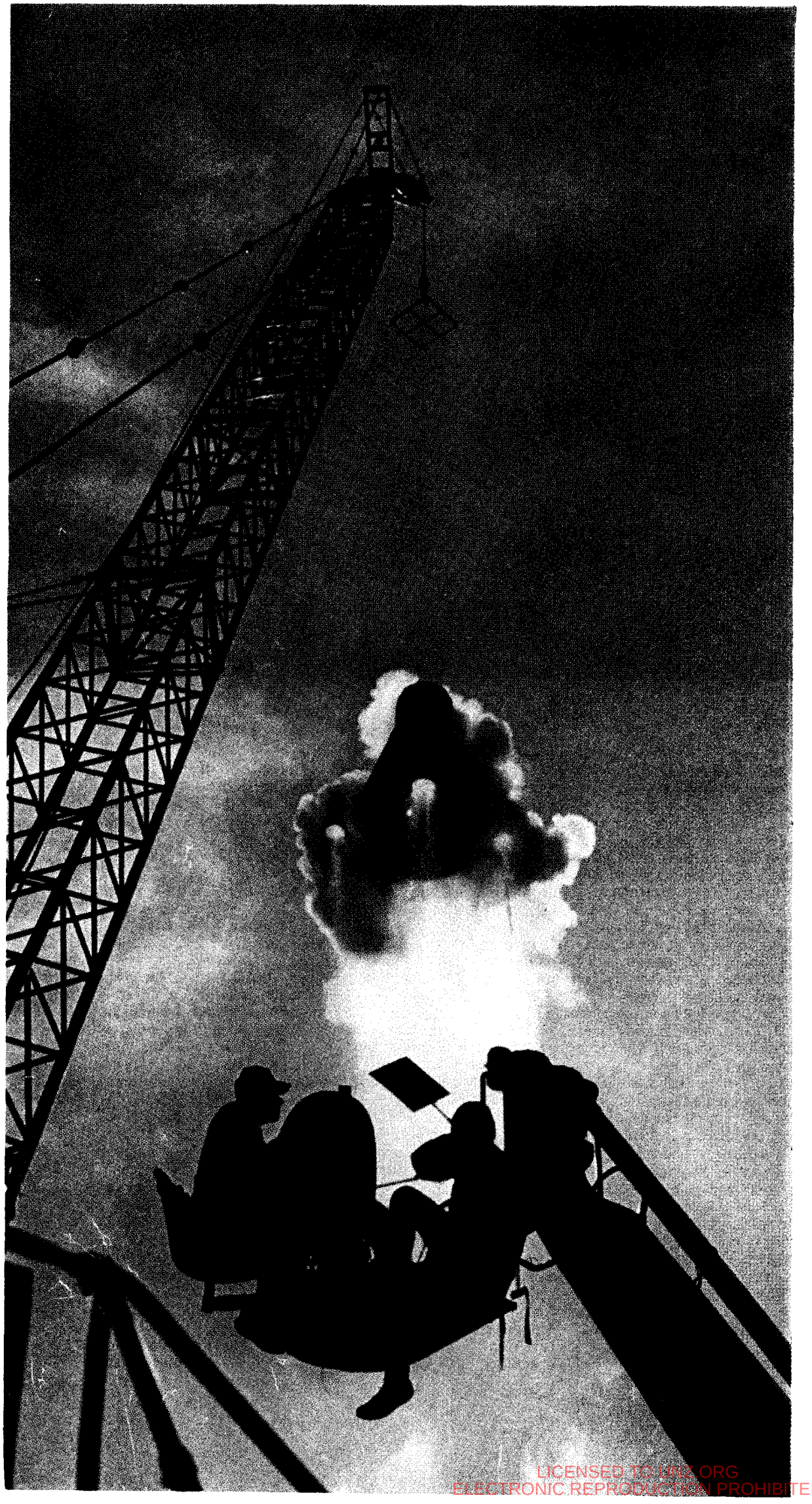
Chaos on sound stages, panic in offices, millions down the drain—and everybody's cashing in.



must be bought at inflation rates. There is a sudden shortage of cameramen, technicians, filmcutters, carpenters, *et al.* Ordinary electricians who install household appliances are pressed into service, at bonus wages, to supplement studio crews. Film-processing laboratories work 24 hours a day and pass their overtime charges on to the producers. Studio space is at a premium. No sooner does one pilot finish shooting on a sound stage than a set costing perhaps $50,000 is torn down and a new one built for another pilot shooting at 11 o'clock that night. One of this year's crop, CBS's *Perils of Pauline*, starring Pat Boone, Terry-Thomas and Pam Austin, was shunted around to four different studios.

In December I suffered through a typical pilot experience with writer-producer Sherwood Schwartz—whose new show probably will be one of the chosen few to get on the air this fall. Schwartz is a nimble-witted little man in his 40's who bears a slight resemblance to Kukla of *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*. He has what is known in the industry as an excellent track record. During nearly a decade of service as a writer on *The Red Skelton Show*, he won two Emmys and four other awards. He created and produced the extremely successful pilot, *Gilligan's Island*, which was sold to CBS in 1964 and has rated in or near the Top Twenty ever since.

In May, 1965, Schwartz had "an idea for a TV series about two astronauts getting lost in time—the Einstein theory of relativity, you know—and ending up living with a community of cavemen a million years ago. I couldn't get the comic possibilities of such a situation out of my mind."

Schwartz jotted down the idea in an outline and asked for a meeting with officials of United Artists-TV (with whom he had a contract) and CBS. They met in the Hollywood office of Perry Lafferty, the CBS man. Lafferty and the others took a six-minute look at the six pages and said, "Go make a half-hour pilot." They gave Schwartz's Redwood Productions $200,000 to produce his sample of the show, which he calls *It's About Time*. CBS put up a little more than $100,000 of the money, and United Artists supplied the rest.

From June to December, Schwartz and two other writers struggled through seven versions of the script. Fees to the writers ate up about $40,000 of the budget. On December 1, when I caught up with him, Schwartz was going through the agonies of production. It was the height of the pilot season, and the only way he could get a crew, finally, was to close down *Gilligan's Island* for three weeks and borrow its technicians. He was fortunate in acquiring Richard Donner as his director (Donner had also worked on the *Gilligan's Island* pilot), but five days before the scheduled start of shooting on December 6, less than half the cast was lined up.

Panic set in. Schwartz and his casting director, Pam Palifroni, got on the phone and called everyone they knew. They ended up with Joe E. Ross (late of *Car 54, Where Are You?*) as the caveman father, wrestler Mike Mazurki as the caveman villain, Cliff Norton (ex-comedian on *The Dave Garroway Show*) as the caveman chief, Frank Aletter (*The Cara Williams Show* husband) and Jack Mullaney (the *Ensign O'Toole* sidekick) as the two astronauts. On the daytime soap opera, *Never Too Young*, they found their teen-age cave

The space capsule of IT'S ABOUT TIME *lands the heroes into a caveman community. With the crane crew and delays and retakes, this short sequence cost $20,000.*

Wrestler Mike Mazurki (right) the stone-age heavy of IT'S ABOUT TIME, *welcomes perplexed astronauts Frank Aletter (far right) and Jack Mullaney to Cave City.*

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Producing IT'S ABOUT TIME *for CBS and United Artists, Sherwood Schwartz (left) checks Robyn Grace's costume. Cave family (right): Joe Ross, Imogene Coca and Robyn.*

girl in Robyn Grace, a beautiful, blond daughter of the Grace Lines shipping family.

Then Schwartz clapped his hand to his balding head and yelled, "My God, we need a big-name female star." Someone thought of Imogene Coca. Miss Coca's agent brought her in to see Schwartz, and while they conferred behind the closed door of Schwartz's office, tension gripped the anteroom. Finally Miss Coca was persuaded to play the part of the cave mother. She had been convinced after seeing six awards hanging in Schwartz's office.

Schwartz heaved a sigh of relief, but immediately went off into another panic. "She only has six lines in the script," he exclaimed. "We've got to rewrite to beef her up. Also, we've got to add another ten thousand to the budget to pay her—that's plus what we already allotted for the part."

The budget was also straining its seams elsewhere. An entire cave city of plaster and wood (cost $38,000) had to be constructed on Sound Stage 12 at CBS's studio center, along with a primitive outdoor jungle at the lagoon ordinarily used for *Gilligan's Island*. Two plaster banyan trees cost $1,500 apiece, and jungle foliage ran to $500. Dry Ice to cause primordial mists on the lagoon cost $100, dinosaur bones rented from a museum were $500. It took $2,500 to revamp a capsule. Animal skins for costumes ran to nearly $5,000. A stuffed tiger was rented for $50 a day; a live tiger, with handler, cost $325 a day, not including a charge for tranquilizers to prevent the beast from making canapés of the cast members.

Shooting began on December 7—one day late because Donner felt he needed additional rehearsal time—and the director's skill brought the filming to a conclusion on December 16, just one day over schedule. A few minutes after *It's About Time* was finished, workmen began to destroy the elaborate sets. The *Run, Buddy, Run* pilot was scheduled to shoot that night on the same sound stage.

Is there any alternative to the wasteful procedure of pilot-making?

One device has been the "spin-off." In the simplest terms, a spin-off is a pilot which is shown on the air as a segment of an existing series, thus earning back a good deal of its cost. This winter, for example, Mary Ann Mobley starred in a segment on NBC-M-G-M's *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* If this segment, entered by producer Norman Felton in the pilot sweepstakes, survives the "selling season," it will become a new series next fall called *The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.* Similarly, *Gomer Pyle* was an *Andy Griffith* spin-off.

Meanwhile the pilot graveyards continue to fill up. In them, nearly every top TV producer has stillborn shows which he considers to be better than his successes. 20th Century-Fox's William Self, for example, speaks fondly and sadly of a pilot called *Sam and Sally* (with Gary Lockwood and Cynthia Pepper) which failed to make it a couple of seasons ago. Despite all his success at M-G-M with *Dr. Kildare* and *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, Norman Felton's favorite creation is a three-year-old defunct pilot for a series about a sportswriter. It was called *Grand Slam.*

Recently, just before he moved on to his new job as one of NBC's top producers, Felton screened *Grand Slam* at M-G-M, for the last time. As he made his dejected way from the projection room, someone said, "Forget it, Norman. You know a pilot doesn't have to be *good*. It only has to sell." □

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Editorials

Television and Vietnam

The recent controversy within the Columbia Broadcasting System, which led to the resignation of CBS-News President Fred Friendly, raises interesting and important questions about how the American people get their information on complex national problems.

The specific issue at stake was whether CBS should continue complete daily telecasts of the Fulbright committee's inquiry on the war in Vietnam. John A. Schneider, the newly appointed head of all CBS broadcasting, decided against it, and so, on the day that former State Department policy planner George F. Kennan began testifying before the Senate committee, CBS broadcast a rerun of *I Love Lucy*. Schneider argued that Kennan's testimony could be presented in condensed form that evening. Friendly, who had fought long and hard for more news programming on TV, resigned with an angry denunciation of Schneider's decision as "a business, not a news, judgment" and as "a form of emasculation" of television news coverage.

Schneider and Friendly are both able and dedicated men, and their conflict on this issue is full of irony. For though Friendly was right in insisting that TV journalists be free to rely on their own news judgment, and though there is much to be said for telecasting news events live, as a public service, and though the Fulbright hearings were an important event, shedding some needed light on our murky commitment in Vietnam—granted all this, is it really good news judgment, and good journalism, to devote hours of broadcasting time to a verbatim presentation of a Congressional hearing? Or is it the exact opposite of journalism?

Outside of television, no journalist operates as a recording device. No war correspondent cables home every detail of the battle he covers, no trial reporter files a complete transcript of the testimony in court, and even *The New York Times*, which considers itself the newspaper of record, printed only excerpts from Kennan's statements before the Fulbright committee. The essence of journalism is not to reproduce raw material but to see, to question, to evaluate, to separate the important from the unimportant, and the true from the false. The journalists covering Vietnam have been doing just that, and they have been widely accused of "prejudice," but they have gone on reporting the news as they saw it.

The first irony is that there were legitimate journalistic reasons for overruling CBS's news chief and presenting the Kennan testimony in condensed form to a larger audience during the evening's prime time. But the second irony is that once the daytime space had been cleared for a resumption of commercial broadcasting, the first thing that went on the air instead of the news was a rerun of a familiar comedy. Thus while each of the antagonists could make a sound case against the other's demands for air time, neither one had strong evidence to justify his own arguments. As so often happens in the clash of sharply opposed views, the solution lay somewhere in the middle.

Toward the end of the death penalty

"Only" seven men were executed for murder in this country last year—the lowest execution rate ever recorded. In the same year, four states—New York, Vermont, Iowa and West Virginia—abolished the death penalty except for certain special types of crimes. That brings the total of states without death penalty to 13.

We have come a long way since torture was the standard procedure for questioning a suspect and the condemned were burned alive. Still, it seems strange to recall that as recently as 1935 no less than 199 people were executed in the United States and that they could be put to death for such crimes as burglary and armed robbery.

The day will probably come when it will seem equally strange that any citizen was ever condemned to death and executed for any reason whatever. The sooner that day comes, the better.

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